The Saturday Evening
POST
July 27, 1957 — 15¢

JUL 2 3 '57

HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP FLOYD PATTERSON
By W. C. Heinz

I CALL ON ALFRED HITCHCOCK
By Pete Martin

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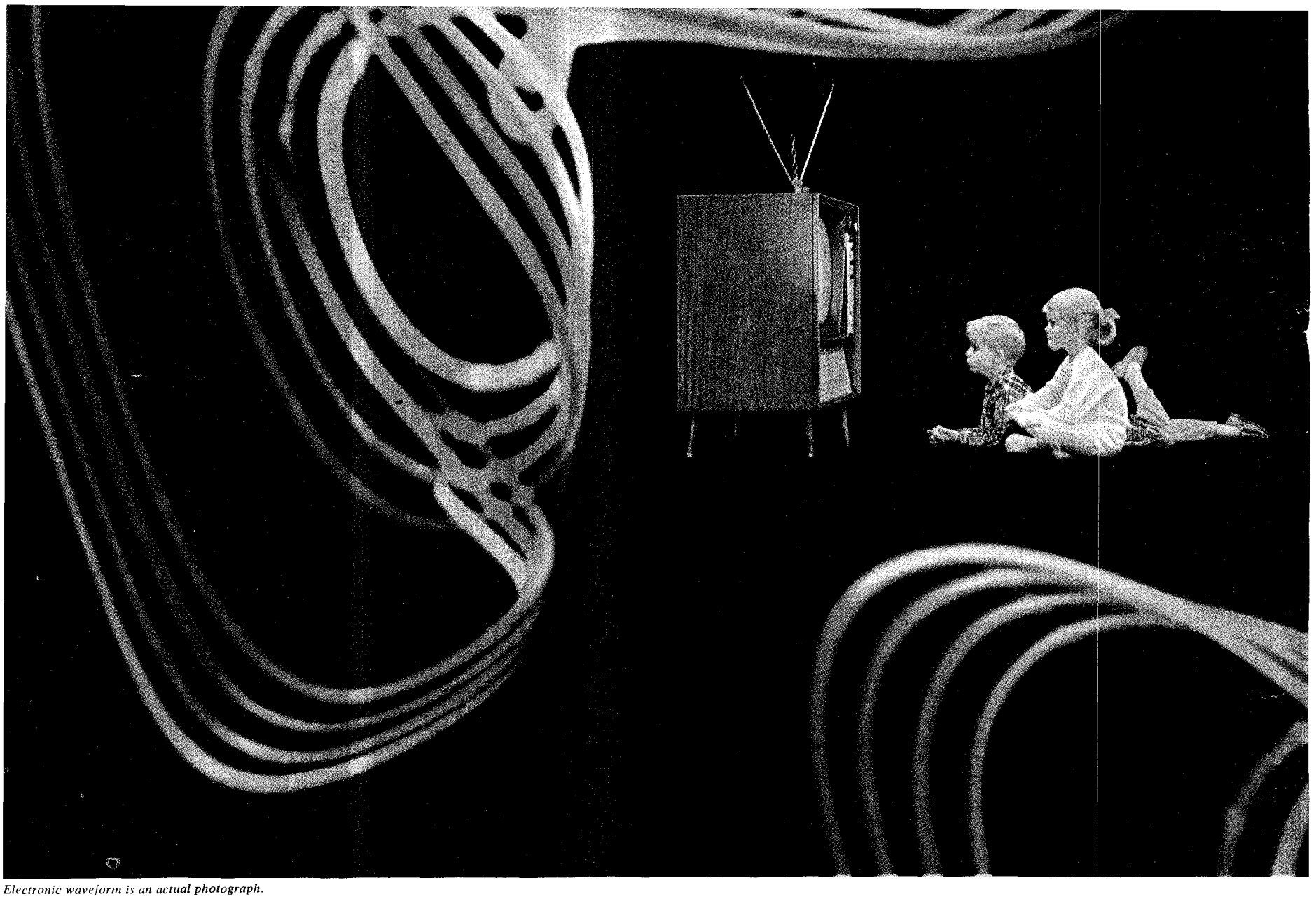

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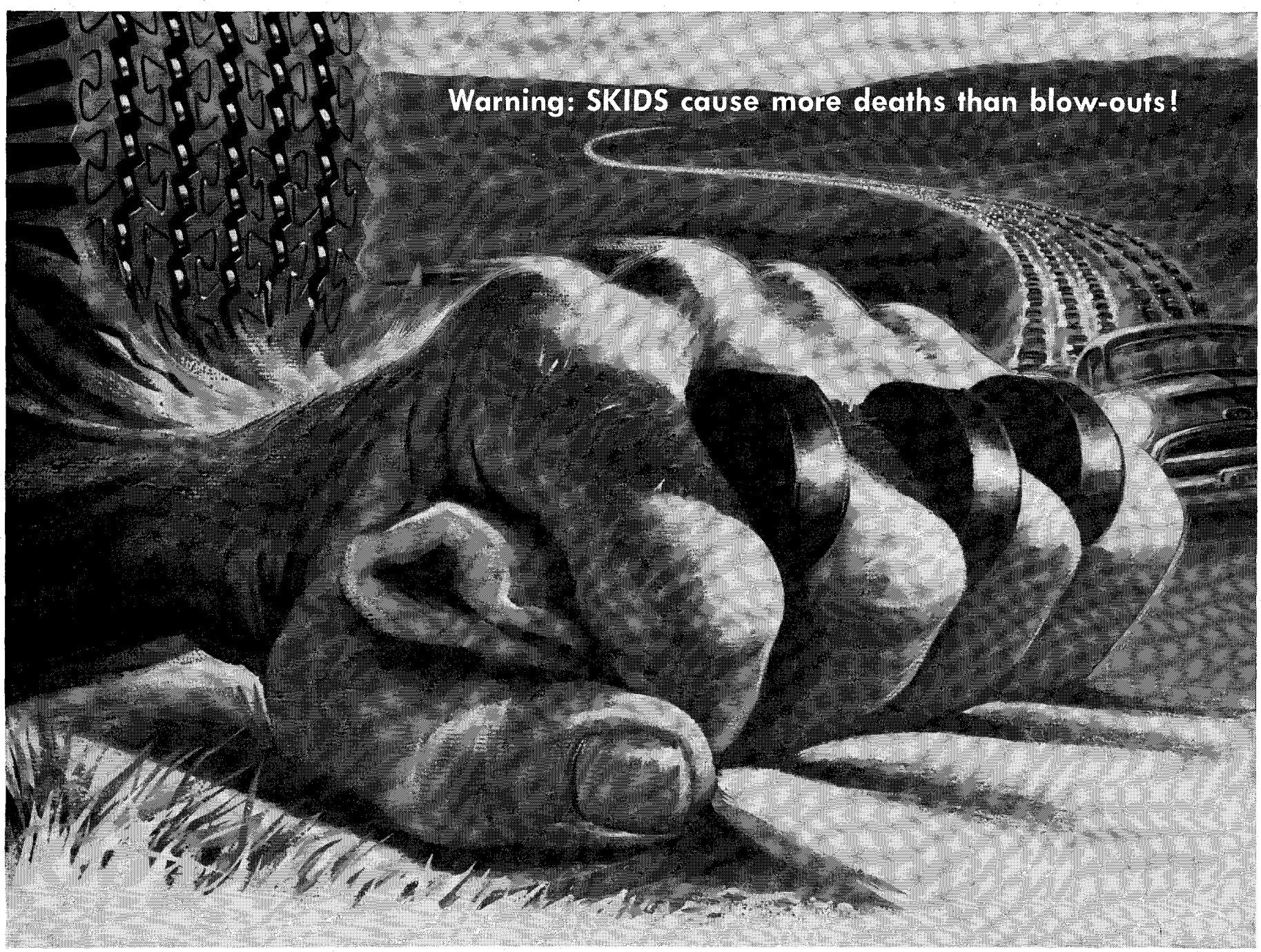

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THE COVER

Well, after all the cover journeys that J. Clymer has taken among the charms and glories of inland America, look at what he has bumped into now—an ocean! John C. must feel like Balboa; it's the Pacific. Here, near Lapush, Washington, people go down to the sea in automobiles to acquire fish, or to play at being fish, or just ecstatically to be. Now behind those rock cathedrals (or would you rather call them sea-going desert mesas?) the ebbing sun mixes colors on its palette to paint a lavender-and-gold sunset. And on the flooding tide the boats head for port—home is the angler, home from the sea. To emphasize what a gifted modern sculptor old Mother Nature is, shouldn't some pieces of that driftwood be polished up, given abstract names and hung in a museum?

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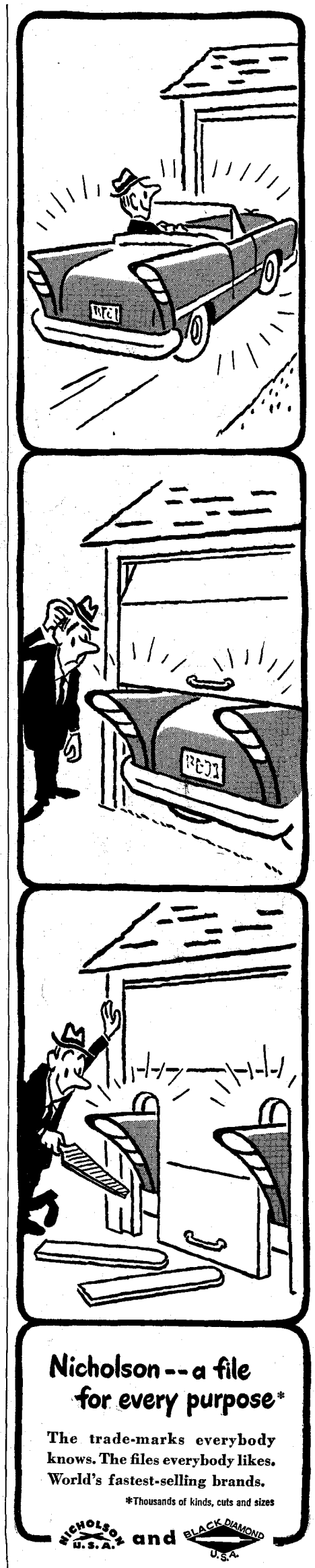

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TRUTH
About Speed of Pain Relief–
Without Stomach Upset

Medical Science reports important new findings on BAYER versus an aspirin with a 'buffer' added... based on major studies to determine speed of pain relief *without stomach upset.*
Yes, this research further verifies that BAYER Aspirin is still the *safest, gentlest, fastest-acting* pain reliever you can get!

TRUTH *based on 3 years' research*

In 1954, as part of a continuing research project, in the field of pain relief, BAYER sought the aid of one of America's foremost analgesic authorities, whose work is centered in several large New York clinics.

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Thousands of tests were made on patients actually suffering pain... the findings were analyzed and corroborated beyond any question or doubt. Throughout three years, the results verified that BAYER is the *safest, gentlest, fastest-acting* pain reliever you can buy.

TRUTH—*confirmed . . .*

BAYER *called for further tests,* further evidence. This new research was conducted by members of the staff of one of the East's prominent Medical Schools.

Again and again, BAYER and aspirin with a 'buffer' added were tested clinically to determine speed of pain relief *without stomach upset* . . . tested on people suffering from many types and degrees of acute pain suffered daily by millions.

Again, the results were the same . . . adding further confirmation that ever-dependable BAYER Aspirin is still the *safest, fastest, gentlest* pain reliever you can get!

TRUTH—*confirmed again!*

To climax its relentless search for the truth about pain relief, BAYER requested an eminent professor of a renowned Mid-Western Medical School to undertake a new study of people in actual pain. The two pain relievers were again compared under true pain conditions. The findings of this third study were indisputable!

Hundreds of pain-ridden patients in the three independent studies verified over and over again that BAYER is still the safest, most reliable antidote for pain in medical history. You can *trust* your body to BAYER to *feel better fast.*

THIS RESEARCH is based on the one final and absolute method for testing the value of pain relievers—by studying people suffering from real pain.

YES, FROM RESEARCH COMES TRUTH...

The safest, fastest-acting pain reliever you can get... BAYER® ASPIRIN

Letters

The Burning Issue

Dear Sirs:

Re. THE DEEP SOUTH SAYS "NEVER!" by John Bartlow Martin, June 15–July 13: I go to a high school in Oklahoma. We were integrated last year. There has been no trouble whatsoever in the school, in spite of the fact that several parents of school children opposed it.

The Negro kids in our school take part in all our activities. They are stars on our football and basketball teams and they are in our music organizations.

From this example it should be plain that if the so-called "intelligent adults" who raise such a fuss over the thought of their children going to school with Negroes would just leave things to us kids, there would be no need for all the uproar.

DONNA SHIRLEY
WynneWood, Oklahoma

Dear Sirs:

John Bartlow Martin, in the first article of the series . . . has simply reported the truth. We of the South know we are not perfect, but we do want the truth about the fact of race to be presented to the people of this Nation.

The Post is to be commended for this article, which, by presenting both sides, casts a ray of truth upon the most critical issue of these times.

ROBERT B. PATTERSON
Executive Secretary
Assn. of Citizens' Councils of Miss.
Greenwood, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

I would appreciate it if you would direct Mr. Patterson's attention to the Golden Rule and also to Webster's definition of bigoted: "adj. So obstinately attached to some creed, opinion, or practice as to be illiberal or intolerant."

Mr. Patterson most certainly is a bigot—intolerant, prejudiced, stupid and unChristian. He puts himself above the Negroes, who are human beings endowed by God with immortal souls, and the right to enter heaven.

JANE E. FARRELL
Brighton, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

The Southerners have many faults, as have an equal number of Northerners, but their treatment of the Negroes will stand comparison with any regional group and will show up to better advantage. Many a Negro in the North would give anything to be able to return to the South, but the agitators now have lessened his chances of doing so.

C. A. GILSON
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

We have come in close contact with the Negro, individually and collectively, and we have all had dealings to a larger or smaller degree with his various organizations, such as the NAACP, and we have formed an opinion *re* the whole matter which leaves much room for sympathy for the White Southerner.

T. LEON
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

On page 98 of the June 22 issue . . . Mr. Martin says ". . . in August, September and October, (they are paid) $2.00 per hundred pounds to pick it. (Cotton) They earn about $3.00 a day that way."

This is about 150 pounds of cotton per day. I live on a farm here in Texas, and I have seen twelve-year-old boys by the dozen pick 150 pounds or more. If a man is even a moderate worker, he can make $10 dollars a day picking cotton, not $3. I have seen a Negro man pick 600 pounds of cotton per day, and quit at four o'clock in the afternoon.

BERNARD BERNSEN
Corpus Christi, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Whether John Martin's reports do any good or not, they should at least give more people a better conception of this very difficult problem. Maybe it will be solved someday, but to those of us who have lived in the South all of our lives, the solution seems very far away.

W. F. MCGEE
Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Most of us who live in this section believe that the NAACP is master of the art of perverting the truth; but, at this writing, I believe your man, John Bartlow Martin, has outclassed them in this art.

J. T. TOUCHBERRY
Summerton, S. C.

● *Summerton is the town that "lit the integration fuse." Mr. Martin devoted Part II to it.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

There will continue to be civil strife in this country until the busybodies of the North cease their policy of attempting to impose their inane doctrines on other people. . . . Surely the South does not force its segregation on the North!

CHARLES PAXTON MARTIN
Pasadena, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Yours is one of the very few publications that dare to tell the truth about the attitude of the Southern States, and you may help to solve the question of integration, which is the most important problem in the world today.

H. C. PATTERSON
Clarksdale, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

We will never give up our hard-earned and fought-for way of life to appease a few politicians and minority groups.

DURELL C. BOWIE
Greenwood, S. C.

Dear Sirs:

The border states are not surrendering to desegregation either. It has been over three years since the Supreme Court's Black Monday mongrelization law, and there are still only two percent of the Negro school children of Texas attending classes with white children. Governor Price Daniel (my first cousin) has just signed into law a bill requiring local option elections before any more school districts in Texas can integrate.

Our White Citizens' Councils are multiplying all over east Texas. Our Dallas Council, which I helped to organize, has grown from a handful of about 25 to nearly two thousand already.

REV. CAREY DANIEL
Executive Vice President
The Dallas Citizens' Council

(Continued on Page 6)

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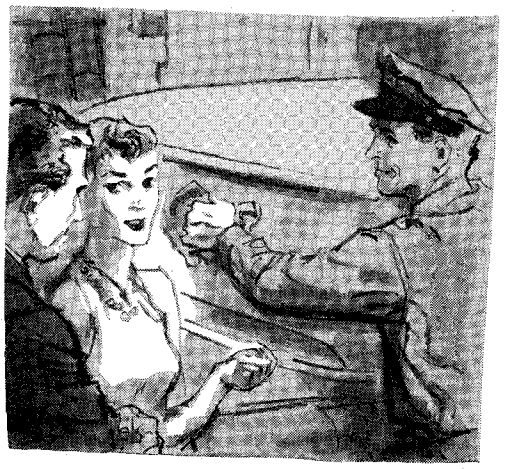
2. Let's fill up...

3. Fresh up...

4. Check up...



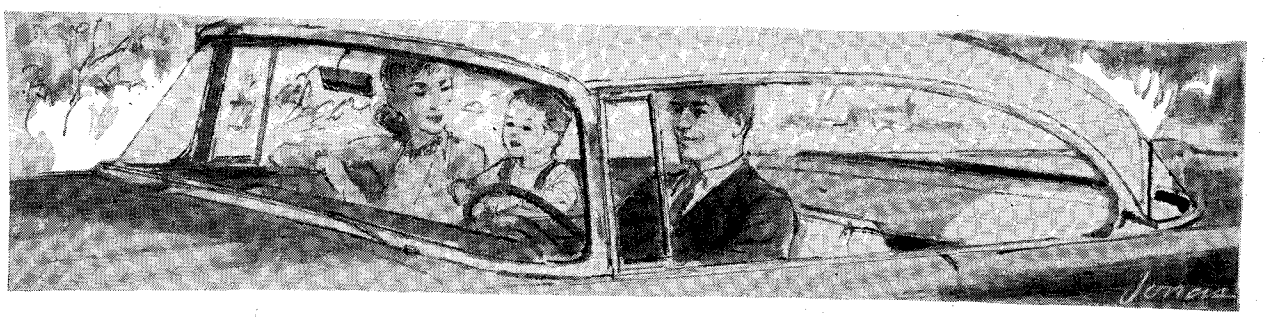
5. Let's ask...

6. About our route ...

7. And chat awhile...

8. With a friendly smile...

9. Let's go again...



10. With thanks to the service station men who make driving such a pleasure!

THE HELPFUL, friendly way the man in the service station does his job has earned him the respect of all his customers . . . whether they be passing motorists or his fellow townspeople.

There are over 200,000 men like this ready to help you, and every motorist, on every highway and byway throughout America. Knowing that trained, experienced and friendly help is as near as the next service station makes motoring a carefree pleasure.

America's modern service station teams give today's motorists the road-long reassurance that they never drive completely alone.

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Manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compound —used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines.

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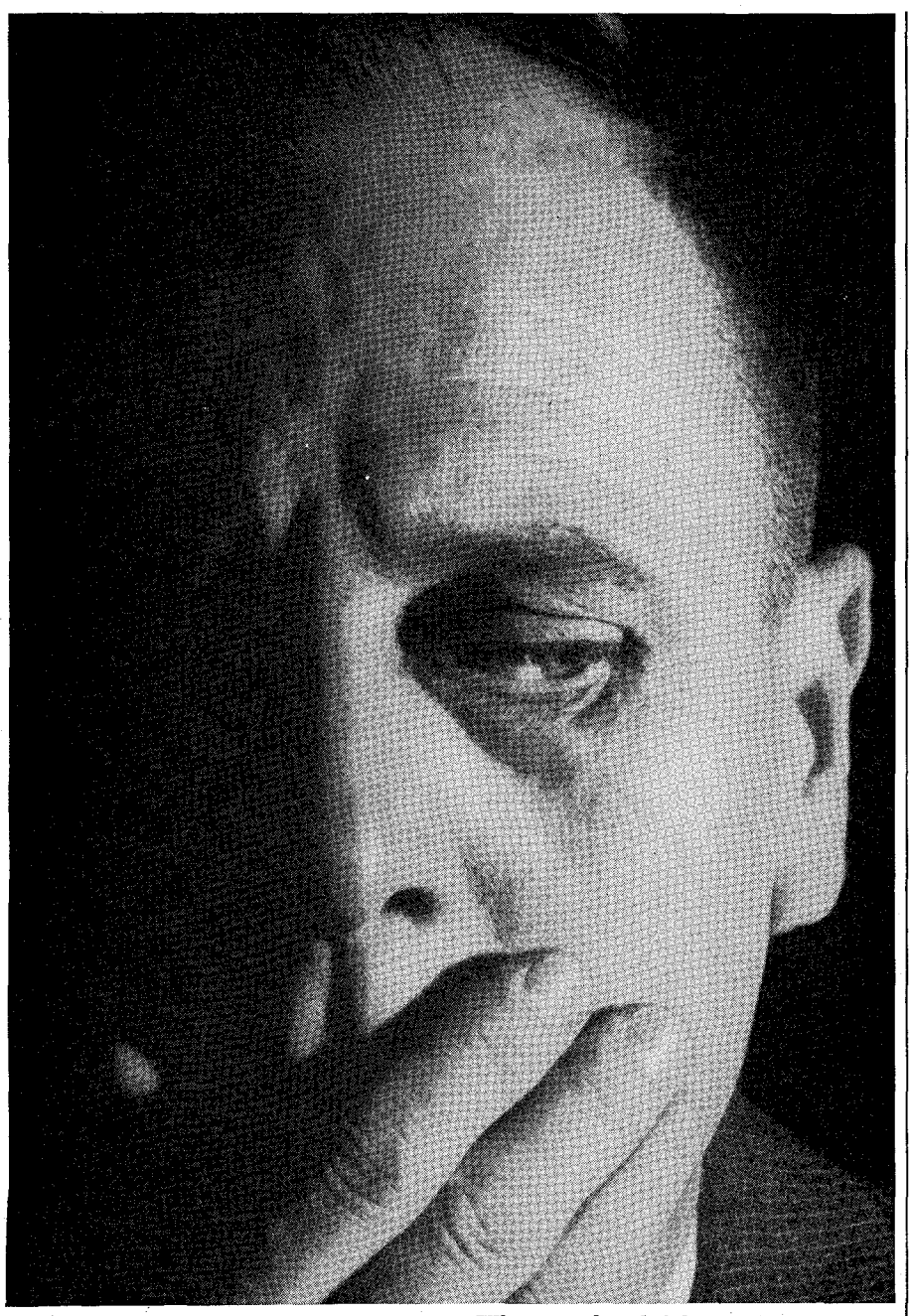

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Unless you face these facts about

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...you may be in trouble!

You can't clean false teeth the same way you clean natural teeth and expect them to be naturally white . . . and odor-free!

But it's so easy to clean dentures properly with Polident. This wonderful denture cleanser dissolves film – sweetens your mouth as no toothpaste can.

With Polident, you're never embarrassed or self-conscious because of denture breath or dingy film!

Easy to use... Instant Action... Just mix Polident powder with water. Slip your plates into this amazing "bath". Stubborn stain loosens. Film dissolves. Clinging food particles and odor breeding bacteria are washed out of tiny cracks and crevices no brush can reach. Suddenly your false teeth start looking naturally white again... and no more Denture Breath!

With Polident it's a soak, a rinse, a clean fresh mouth. No wonder thousands of dentists recommend it.

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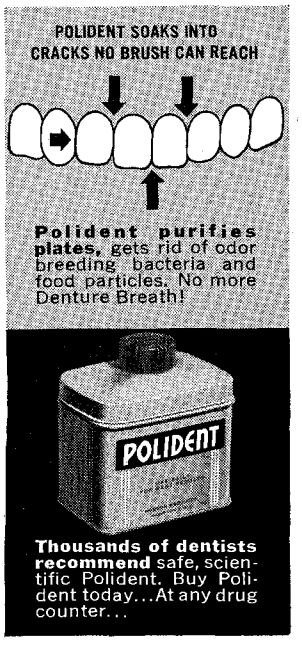
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Polident purifies plates, gets rid of odor breeding bacteria and food particles. No more Denture Breath!
POLIDENT
Thousands of dentists recommend safe, scientific Polident. Buy Polident today... At any drug counter...

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

If your articles can get over to the rest of the fine, law-abiding, decent and well-intentioned people of the rest of the country that we are dealing with a monstrous situation that they cannot possibly know anything about, and that we are not going to be pushed any farther, you will have rendered our nation a great service, and one which may prevent much heartache and unnecessary strife in the future.

WILLIS J. MILNER, III
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

The tragedy in the whole interracial situation is that the South knows not, and knows not that it knows not, what the Negro is thinking. Even unlettered Sambo behind a mule in the cotton field is thinking.

WILLIAM H. HOLLOWAY, D.D.
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Isn't it possible that the Southern "poor whites," who outnumber the educated group, foster racial prejudice, abetted by the politicians, because they must have someone they feel is lower in the social scale to look down on, to keep their own self-respect?

JAMES GIBSON JOHNSON
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

Are we closing our eyes, we white Christians, to God's promise that we are equal in His eyes. Too often we forget that in countries where Christianity has spread, Christ is pictured by dark-skinned people as being dark himself. And who are we to say He wasn't!

MRS. CHARLES IVEY
Homstead, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I think our American Pledge of Allegiance should be revised to read in part: ". . . One nation, racially divided, with liberty and justice for white only." John Martin's quotations from our Southern white diehards have almost convinced me that this great democratic land of ours, founded for the purpose of equality and freedom, has unwritten strings attached to every word of our Constitution. . . .

I am a loyal American Negro woman, and because I have spoken up, I would like it on the record that I am not, never have been and never will be subversive, left wing or out-and-out Communist.

MRS. THAIS A. HINES
Limestone, Me.

Dear Sirs:

Is not the question, really, a very simple one: Are we in this country going to continue to deny to one-tenth of the population the rights and privileges which the others take for granted?

HOYT W. FULLER
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

It seems incredible to me that supposedly "gentle, cultured people," as white Southerners claim themselves to be, can allow themselves to be worked up into such a frenzy.

They constantly bring up the dire prospect of the mongrelization of the races. The fact is, however, that in the North the number of inter-racial marriages can be counted on your fingers.

D. H. FALCONER
Washington, D.C.

On Being Sensible

Dear Sirs:

LET'S BE SENSIBLE ABOUT FOREIGN AID by Clarence B. Randall, June 22, is the most realistic approach to our reasons for helping those countries whose living standards are lower than our own. . . .

To maintain our high standard of living we must balance our exports with our imports or face the alternative of widespread unemployment and a lower standard of living. At least, that is the way I interpret Mr. Randall's article.

R. T. HENAGE
Tacoma, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Indeed this is a common-sense approach to a problem which we will always face. Perhaps some of the critical businessmen will be impressed by the fact that these are the views of a very successful man of business.

MRS. F. A. THOMPSON
Santa Barbara, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

In my book, Clarence B. Randall falls flat on his face in the seventh paragraph: "He must know what it is he wants the government to achieve." That problem was solved quite a bit ago. T. Jefferson put it this way: "A wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall otherwise leave them free." Which does not mean enslaving them with taxes, strangling them with bureaucracy or palliating the desecration of their heritage, as set forth in the Constitution, with insidious propaganda.

KARL PAYNE
Santa Susana, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

It seems that every time the words "sensible" or "realistic" come up in a discussion of this sort, you can sit back and forget about anything but the old law of survival of the fittest. Being "sensible" seems to mean to forget all about humanistic values. I'm not criticizing Mr. Randall personally, but it seems that all policy makers think the same. They worry about what's best for them and their country and not for the greatest number of people. They forget that most of the world's population is outside the United States (and the U.S.S.R., for that matter).

NEAL F. WILGUS
Tucson, Ariz.

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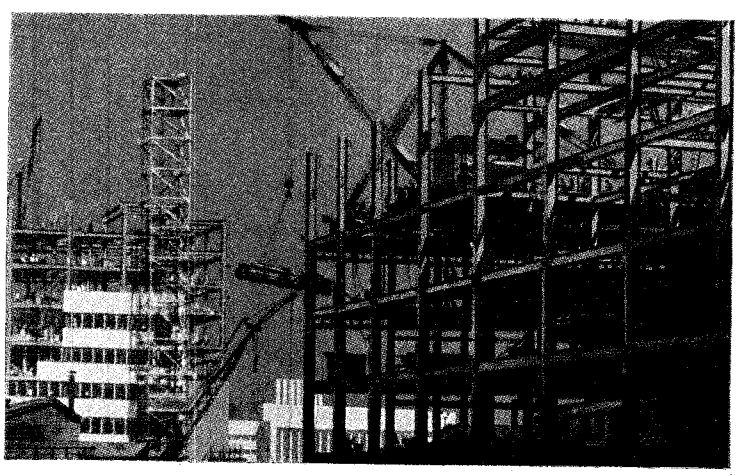
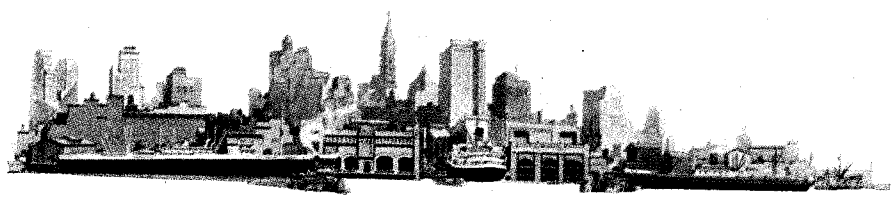
Penn Center—a new central hotel, business, and transportation group, now partially completed.

The boom in Delaware Valley echoes on every street in Philadelphia



The eyes of the nation are on a new and greater Philadelphia. No other area has the combination of features which can be found here: the fastest-growing world seaport, a rail and highway network bringing a third of our population within overnight delivery distance, a modern international airport, a 20-million-person market within a hundred miles, nearby resources, room to grow, electric power in abundance—now and for the future. If you are planning to expand or relocate . . . let the boom in Delaware Valley echo in your mind.



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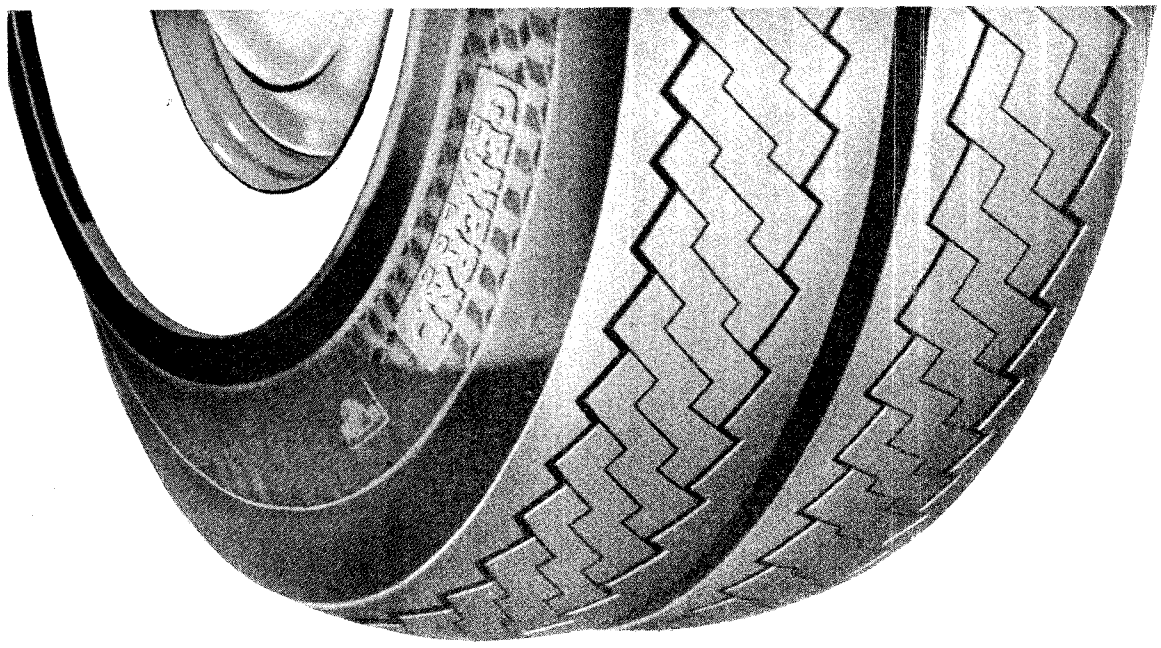

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Editorials

Khrushchev Had a Free Shot at the American Mind!

Sometimes one wonders why it is necessary to hand the Communists quite so many propaganda triumphs just to prove that we democrats are open, aboveboard and devoted to free information and untrammeled discussion thereof. So often our efforts work just the other way.

For example, the recent televised interview with Communist dictator Khrushchev has been peddled around the world in a score of languages. American news and radio reporters, addressing this murderous character as "sir" and solemnly soliciting his opinion on agriculture, foreign policy and atomic energy, allowed Khrushchev to be presented as a mildly humorous, fatherly soul, seriously taking the West to task for its capitalistic ineptitude. He accused the West of plotting a new war. All this went almost unchallenged, because, if the questions had been tough, there would have been no interview. The performance had to be acceptable as Soviet propaganda, and we democrats are so anxious to be considered tolerant and broad-minded, that we let it go at that.

In the nature of things, as Eugene Lyons pointed out in a letter to The New York Times, nobody was around to interpose the information that Khrushchev was "one of the toughest of the strong-arm crew around Stalin, a key criminal in the obscene blood purges, leader of the forced collectivization of the Ukraine," and the benevolent despot who "ordered the blood bath in Hungary, the kidnaping of thousands of freedom fighters and the Kadar regime terror now under way." Undisturbed by any citation of his bloody record, Khrushchev was permitted to say that the suppression of the Hungarian revolt was called for by the Hungarians themselves and that, if American troops were withdrawn from Western Europe, the Kadar regime would "flourish for ages to come." Mao Tse-tung knew better than that. In a recent speech he declared that, until Khrushchev's muscle men moved in, the Hungarian Communist "party simply disappeared in a matter of a few days." Nevertheless an anti-Red Russian witness testified before a Senate committee in Washington that Khrushchev's rosy picture of life in Russia had tempted some refugees to consider returning to the U.S.S.R.

To be sure, a week after the Khrushchev appearance a panel of newspapermen put on a rather dull discussion of what "Mr." Khrushchev could have meant by this or by that. But that discussion, which in all probability never caught up with the original telecast, at any rate outside the United States, did little to acquaint the credulous listener with the real history and character of Khrushchev or the falsity of his statements. The net of it is that a performance which was presumably intended to enlighten the nation and the free world added to the global total of false information and opinion as to the intentions of the Soviet leaders. The idea of permitting the Soviet dictator to "tell his story" is commendable if the story includes footnotes to cancel out the lies. It will take the Voice of America a long time to catch up with Mr. Khrushchev, a Red gangster cleaned up and introduced into the American home by a rather naïve employment of the "miracle of television."

Ike Treats His Party Mates as Equals. Why is That Bad?

On many occasions the President has said plainly that he cannot, with propriety, claim complete control of his party organization within the legislative branch. Specifically, he has recognized deep divisions on principle between himself and Senator Knowland, Republican leader of the Senate. But, in spite of the clamor of eager coat holders, he does not believe in using the full weight of White House pressure and patronage to force Republican senators to drop Mr. Knowland and choose another spokesman.

This moderate attitude is not only in strict accord with the spirit of the American Constitution. It is also recommended by every lesson of political party history.

Better than a century ago, de Tocqueville observed that Jackson treated the elected representatives of the people as if they were his servants, with unfortunate results. The Jacksonian tradition had its latest exponent in Mr. Truman, who still holds the all-time record for presidential vetoes overridden by congressional votes that included enthusiastic opposition from his own Democratic Party.

It is still possible for a President to treat his party in Congress as George III used to treat Parliament, enforcing his will by jobs and pork-barrel handouts, to impose leaders whom members do not want. But it is scarcely advisable.

In 1859, Buchanan had Stephen A. Douglas removed as chairman of the Committee on Territories in the Senate. The purpose was to break the opposition to bringing Kansas into the Union as a slave state, even though Kansas voters were 10 to 1 against it, thus making hash of Douglas' doctrine of "popular sovereignty." No part of the scheme succeeded. Kansas came in as a free state, and the result in 1860 was a disastrous split in the Democratic Party.

General Grant, in 1871, was so infatuated with his plan for the annexation of Santo Domingo that, after Senator Sumner opposed the treaty, he had his administration stalwarts drop Sumner as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, a post he had held since Lincoln's first term. What was the result? The treaty failed of ratification anyhow, the party split in the election of 1872, and in 1874 the Republicans lost eight seats in the Senate and ninety-six in the House.

These are hardly encouraging precedents for executive interference in the decisions of the party caucus in the legislative branch, which elects to committee memberships and determines the floor leadership. Mr. Eisenhower's steadfast refusal to confuse his immense personal popularity with a mandate authorizing him to control completely all party decisions, wherever taken, does him great honor. It is in the best American tradition.

Neighbors are All Right, When They're Not Too Darn Close

Neighbors are the people who live next door, some cynics think, too close for comfort. If they live across the street, they are usually the people whose picture window looks into our picture window. This unavoidable proximity of neighbors, and the tendency to make modern dwellings about 50 per cent transparent, has given a new edge to the old saw: people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw parties.

America is undoubtedly the most "neighborly" country in existence, a fact that causes some consternation in many parts of the world where people go in for high hedges and solid walls around their property, put a premium on privacy and feel that buying or renting a place next door hardly constitutes an introduction. Americans sentimentalize the word "neighbor," write songs and commercial jingles starting off "Hi, neighbor!" and put a lot of semantic faith in almost any international "good-neighbor" policy.

American neighbors must be credited with taking a sincere interest in each other's problems: how much, for example, the head of the house next door really earns, how much the lady of the house spends at the beauty shop, and how well Junior is doing in college—especially if he isn't. They are always sorry to hear about their neighbor's family troubles or dissensions, but, of course, they always hear about them. There is reputed to be more kindly "neighborliness" in the country and rural areas, but this may occur simply because the houses are farther apart. There is certainly much less in cities, where residents of a 200-family apartment house would have no time to make a living if they tried to be neighborly with everyone within shouting distance.

On the whole, maybe the best thing about real neighbors in towns and smaller cities is that they know all about us—certainly everything to our discredit—and if they are still speaking to us after six months, they're probably our friends for life.

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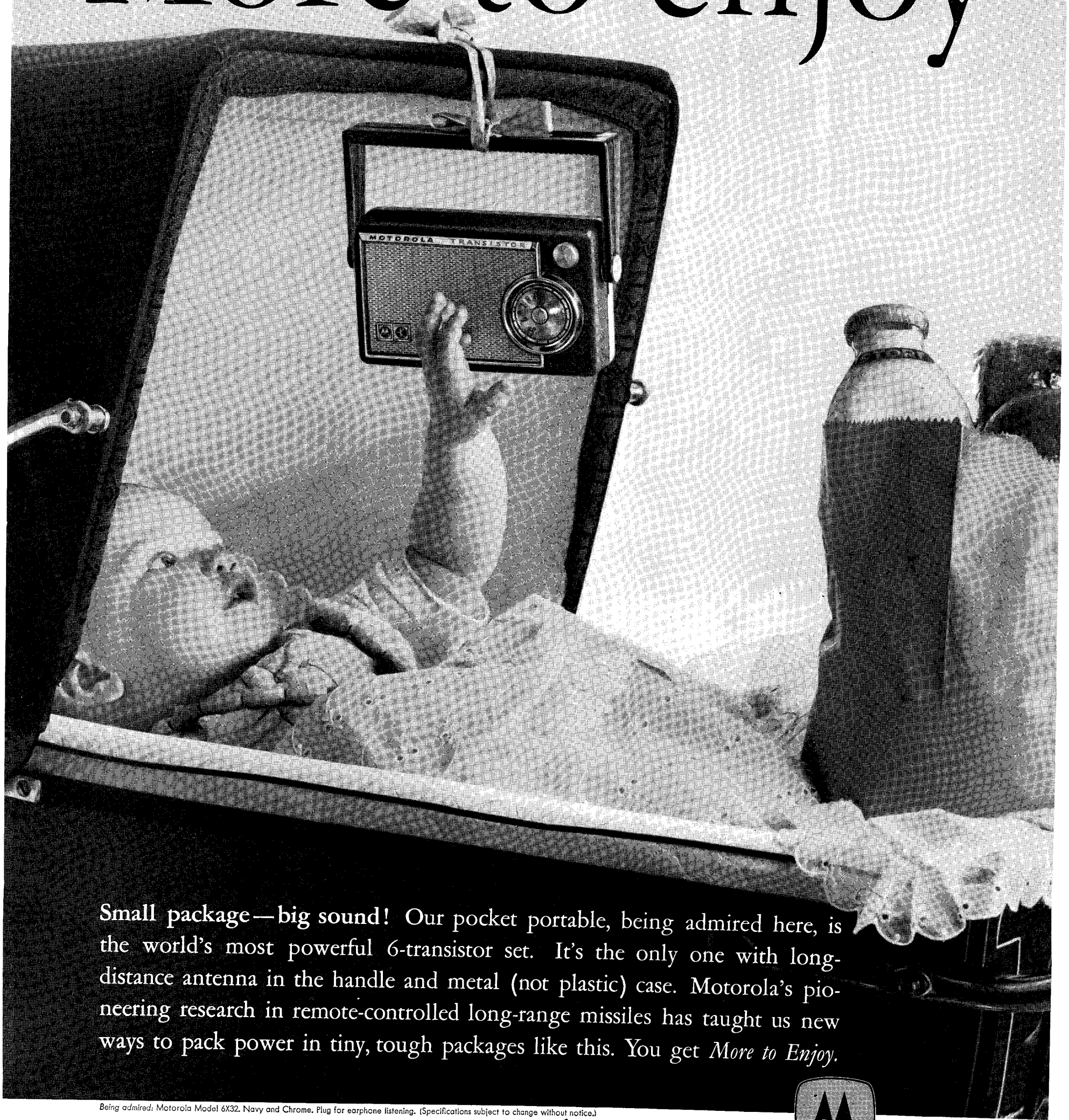

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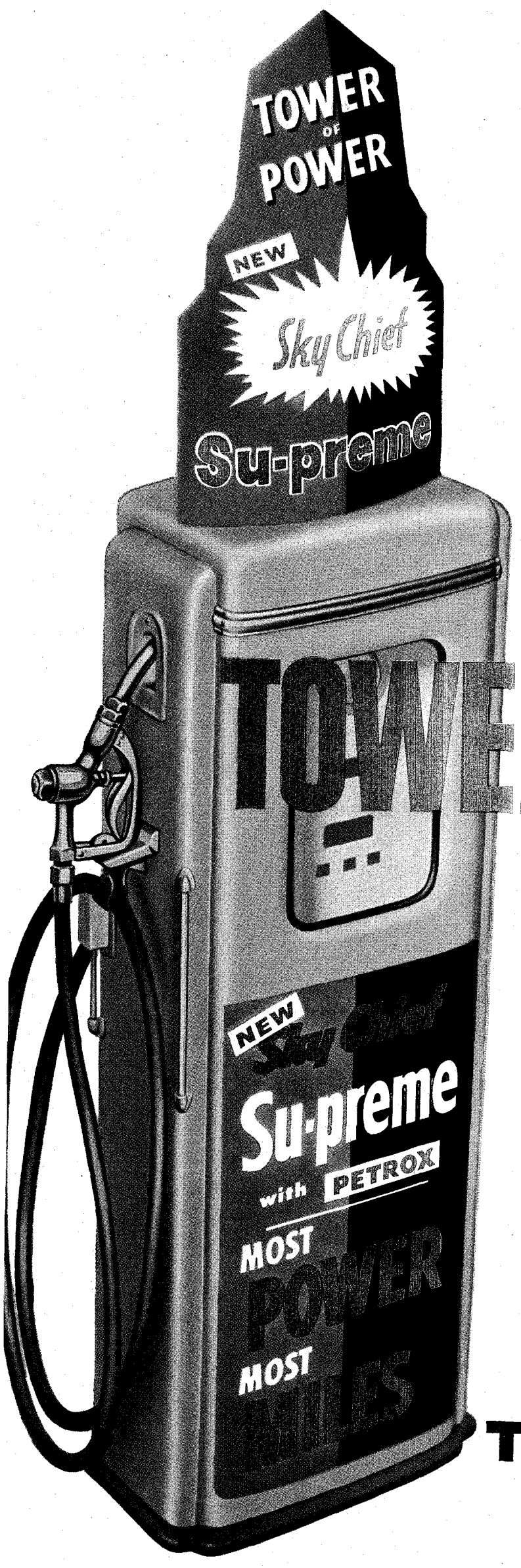

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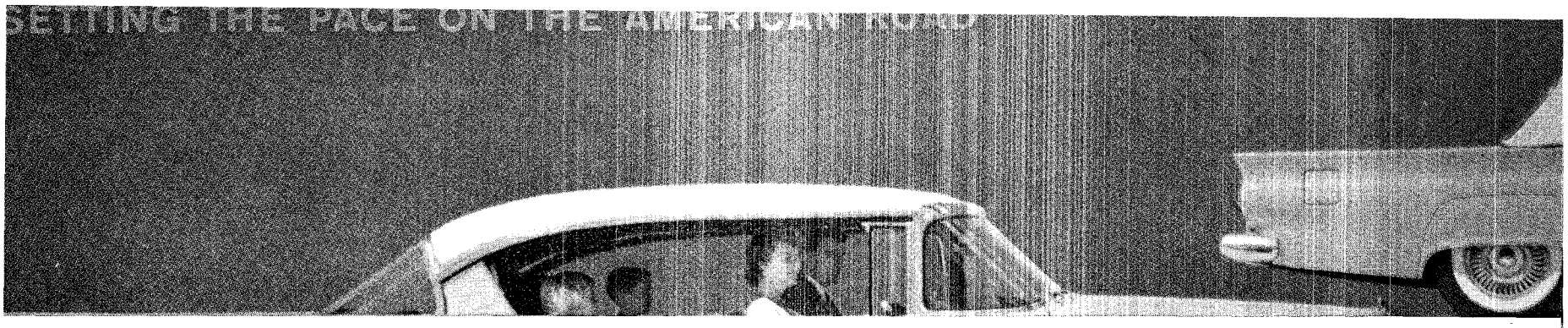

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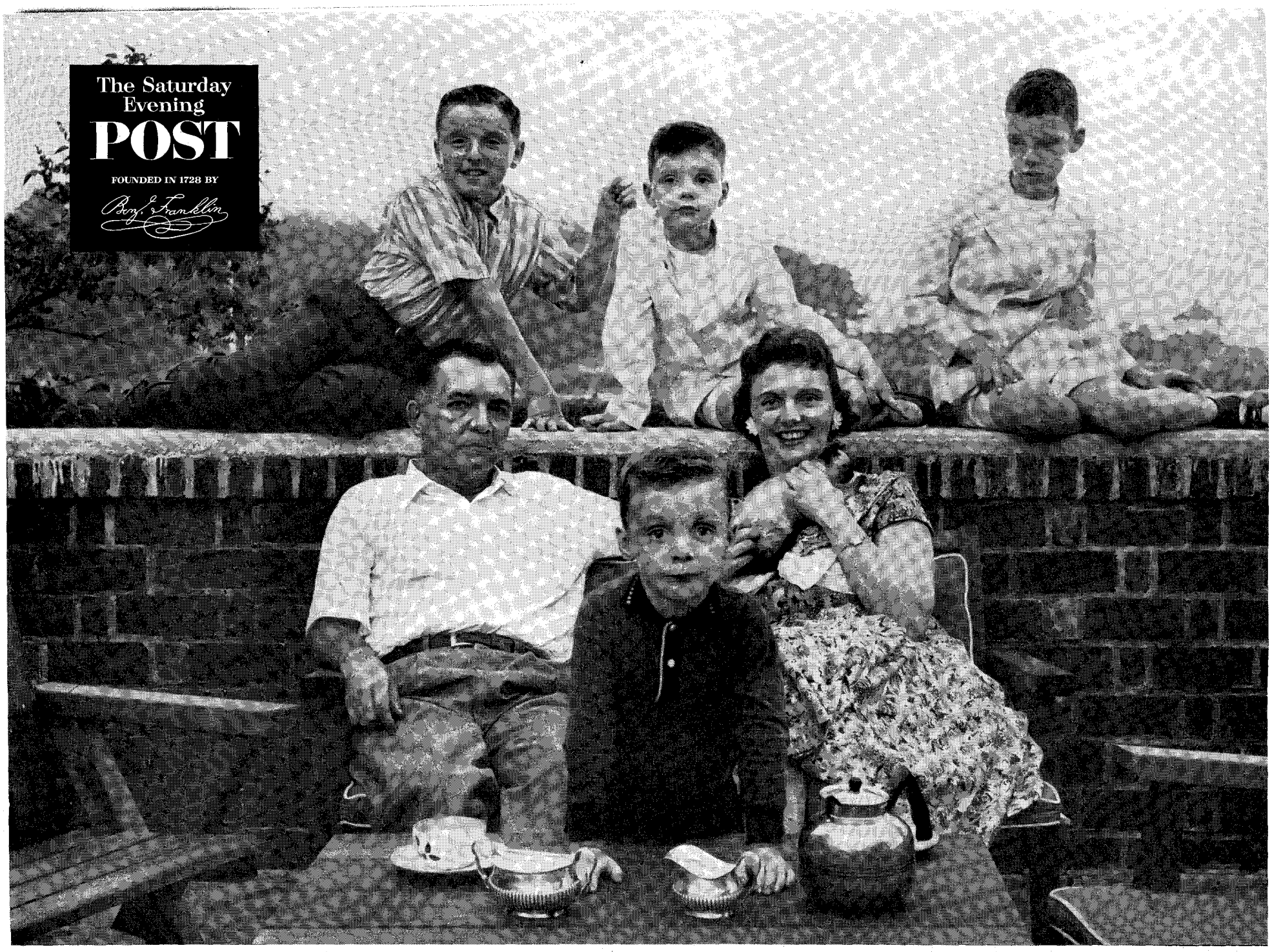

The author, her husband Walter, New York Herald Tribune drama critic, and family. Front: Gilbert, 4. Above from left: Christopher, 11, twins John and Colin, 7.

Children Really are Not People

A mother argues against the popular notion that we should be friends with our kids: "Let's have no more of this nonsense," she says. "Children are a breed apart!"

By JEAN KERR

I'd be the last one to say a word against our modern child psychologists. They try—they really try. I know that. So I am prepared to swallow a number of their curious notions, including even the thought-provoking statement that "children are our friends." This premise may be open to question or even to hysterical laughter, but it probably does contain a germ of truth.

What I have no patience with is the growing tendency among psychologists to insist that children are really people, little adults—just like the rest of us, only smaller. Really, the impression you get in some quarters is that the only difference between children and grown-ups is that children don't drink, smoke or play bridge.

Come, come, men. We all know better than that. Children are different mentally, physically, spiritually, quantitatively, qualitatively, and furthermore they're all a little bit nuts.

Take a simple matter like going to bed. An adult will say, "If you want to sit up all night watching an old George Raft movie, O.K., but I'm turning in." And he turns in, and that's the end of him until tomorrow morning.

Getting a child to bed is a different proposition altogether. First you locate your child and make a simple announcement to the effect that it is now bedtime. This leads to a spirited debate in which you have to listen to a passionate defense of the many mothers of character and vision who live just up the block and who always allow their seven-year-old boys to stay up and watch Bilko. (Indeed, if my informant is correct, ours are the only children in Larchmont who don't habitually sit up to catch Night Beat.)

You gently and gracefully present your side of the picture. "Listen," you say, "I don't want to hear one more word about Rory Killilea's mother. (Continued on Page 50)

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Second-term Inauguration, 1957: President Eisenhower believed his enormous victory would settle the ancient argument in the Republican Party in his favor.

Just What is Modern Republicanism?

A Washington expert clears away the partisan gibberish surrounding the administration's program, and spells out what Ike's political philosophy intends.

By STEWART ALSOP

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

Just what is "Modern Republicanism"? The question is worth asking, and trying to answer, partly because so much sheer balderdash, pro and con, has been written and spoken about that simple phrase. It is also worth asking because the phrase—and the political attitude it symbolizes—has brought to a head an inner struggle for power which has been going on for a long time within the Republican Party. The struggle is of historic importance, and its outcome will in all probability determine the shape of the Republican Party and the atmosphere of American politics for years to come.

The place to start our inquiry is in one of Washington's big hotels, at two o'clock in the morning of November seventh. Adlai Stevenson had just conceded defeat. A great, jostling crowd of Republican Party workers had gathered in the main ballroom of the hotel, in the hope of seeing and hearing the victor. When Dwight D. Eisenhower appeared, grinning the familiar grin and making the familiar arms-above-the-head gesture, he was welcomed with a great roar of applause. The applause continued intermittently during the President's brief impromptu speech. But perhaps the wildest cheers greeted these words:

"And now let me say something that looks to the future. I think that Modern Republicanism has now proved itself, and America has approved of Modern Republicanism."

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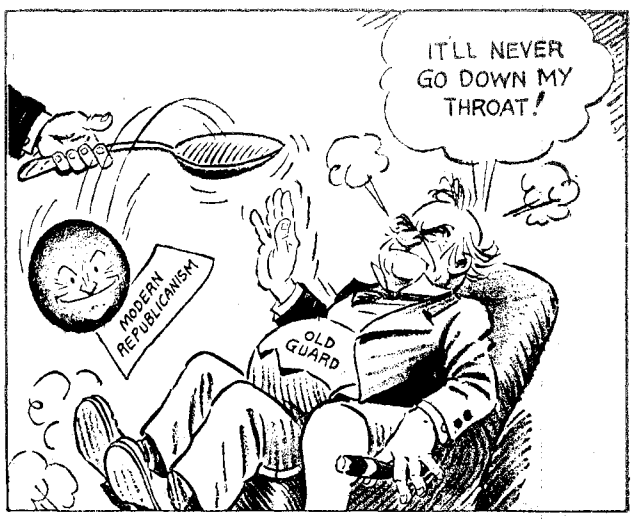
Much has happened to Dwight Eisenhower and the world in the few months that have passed since that heady moment of triumph. But politically speaking, the most important thing that has happened is that, in a powerful section of the party Dwight Eisenhower has twice led to victory, the cheers have turned to jeers.

A very unfunny little story has recently been frequently repeated in the Republican cloakrooms on Capitol Hill. Two children are talking politics. One says he is a Republican. The other asks, "What kind of Republican—a Modern Republican?" The first replies, shocked, "Heavens, no; my mother and father are married!" The anecdote will not live in future anthologies of political wit. Yet it serves to suggest the depth of feeling the phrase invented by the President has stirred up in orthodox, conservative Republican breasts.

The feeling has had frequent, loud and public expression. "Essentially," crusty old Republican Rep. Noah Mason, of Illinois, has remarked, "Ike's New Republicanism is a form of bribery, a program to buy votes with the voters' own money." In a much-ballyhooed speech decrying "the faulty premises of Modern Republicanism," Sen. Barry Goldwater, of Arizona, has described the President's budget, the outward and visible expression of his program, as "a betrayal of the people's trust." Styles Bridges, the powerful senior Republican senator from New Hampshire, has loftily dismissed the President's phrase as "a catch phrase for campaign purposes." There are plenty of other examples of bitter discontent in orthodox Republican breasts. George Sokolsky, chief journalist spokesman of the "unmodern Republicans," summed up the sources of this discontent when he wrote unhappily that under Eisenhower the Republican Party "has gone so modern that it is indistinguishable from the New Deal."

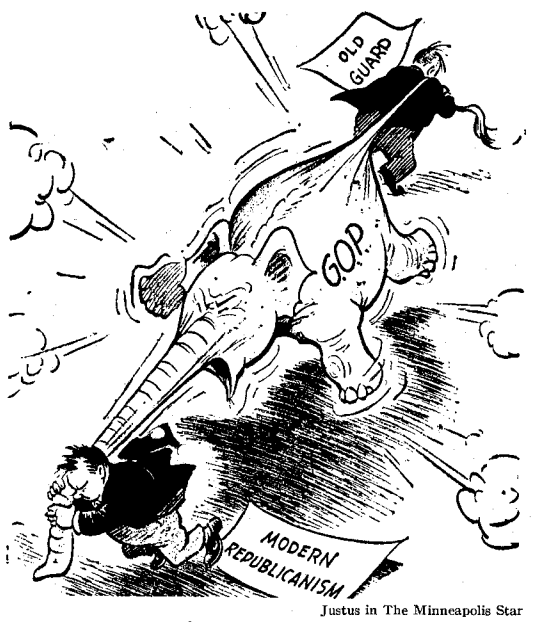
The attack on the President's program and the budget (Continued on Page 88)

Cartoonists' Barbs Underscore the Bitter Discontent of the Old Guard



Vintroux in The Charleston Gazette

"The bitter pill."



Justus in The Minneapolis Star

"Coming or going?"

Flannery in The Baltimore Evening Sun

Key Men in Modern Republicanism's Line-up

Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Folsom stole ball from Democrats and ran away with it.

Gabriel Hauge, who is the real ideologist-in-chief of Modern Republicanism, emphasizes the President's "deep faith in economic decision-making by individuals."

Agriculture Secretary Benson appropriated the Democrats' farm policies.

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Lank kissed her, then let her go. "Quite a piece of cake," he muttered, gun leveled at her again.

The Ordeal of Sally Duncan

The young actress was at the mercy of the most wanted criminal in North America. To stay alive she would have to give the performance of her life . . .

Beginning a study in suspense . . . By DAVID WALKER

He stopped the car and switched off lights and engine. He got out. He stretched. He had come a long, hard way. He looked back and listened. Darkness was thinning in the east. There was no other light. Down the lake a loon laughed once. There were no other sounds. He changed his clothes, bundled the blue suit and left it on the seat. He was a quick, methodical man.

He started her up. He secured the steering wheel—a cord from one door handle, looped around a spoke, tied to the handle on the other side. He leaned in through the driver's window and moved the lever to D for "drive." She crept, but slowly. He pulled out the manual choke for revs. He jumped away.

The car speeded up to a good clip before her nose dropped at the cliff. Then the rear wheels raced and the engine roared to muffle the splash. He reached the brink in time to see erupting bubbles, to see a big wave roll out against small riffles of the morning wind. It was dawn. There were tire marks on dusty rock. He brushed at them with a juniper switch. The first rain would finish the job.

He swung up the pack, gave the straps a pull, and it settled in the hollow of his back.

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He lacked one thing; he could do without it for a day or two; he knew where he would find the thing. He smiled. He followed the old trail westward round the lake.

They were half-pound trout on the average. Sally Duncan cut off heads and tails, and boned the fish. She rubbed the plump pink fillets one by one in oatmeal. Her father was outside the cabin. He was in no hurry for his supper. There was no hurry much for anything up here. She loved that; it made her uneasy, too, the slow place far from New York City.

A car was coming. *No hurry*, she had thought a moment ago. This car was in a hurry. It came upriver, swung off the road, ran in and stopped. Her father halloed from down at the bank. A man strolled past the end window of the cabin. She heard their voices.

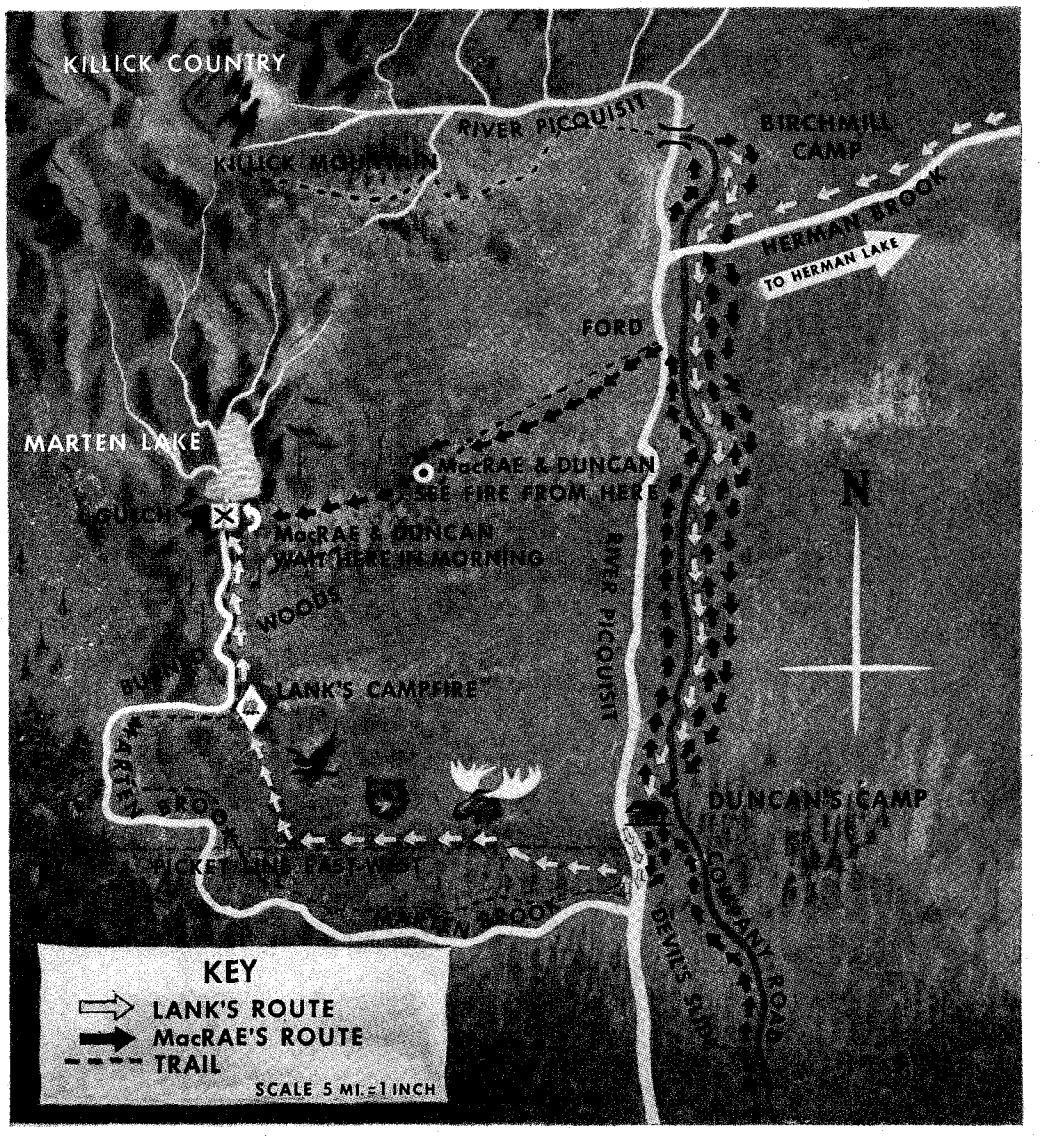
"More trout!" father shouted. He was the game warden. She filleted three more trout. She changed into a cotton dress and did her face.

The visitor would not be a fisherman, for the salmon run was over and the big trout had stopped rising to a fly. A prospector or a lumber-company man or some such type. They were more wholesome than the sort of men she knew, and duller. Every year, in summer or early fall, depending on engagements, she spent two weeks with her widowed father. He was a taciturn man and a restful man. The theater, her profession, remained a slightly off-color mystery to him, she knew. Not that he ever said so. He respected the mysteries of people. More plainly, he respected people.

The voices came nearer from the river. Father laughed. She had not heard him laugh out like that for ages. She set three places at the table.

". . . Oh, Lank's a beauty," the visitor said. "Put fifty diamondbacks and ten king cobras on the one side, and Smiler on the other; then see who tips the scale. Lank's our criminal headache Number One."

"Lank," he had said. "Smiler," he had said. What was it about those names? Then she remembered. "Our headache," he had also said, which seemed to explain what the stranger was. Not a prospector, a lumberman or fisherman, but a much rarer visitor in these woods.



Sally put bacon in the pan. She let it render down. She had read about a man named Smiler Lank. There was a picture of him in the paper she had bought in town last Tuesday. She usually skipped horrors; it was the face of Smiler Lank that had made her read—a handsome, smiling face, pleasantly aquiline, and above the photograph on the front page of the paper: MOST WANTED MAN IN CANADA AND U.S.A. She remembered the details only vaguely: Awaiting trial for murder. Prison break. Killed a man getting out. And then Montreal.

Montreal was four hundred miles from here. She stood at the window. It was the first evening in September, but sunlight flamed on one early maple.

". . . Three weeks without a trace," the visitor's voice was saying. "And we were thinking he had skipped across the way to Uncle Sam—where, incidentally, he has a nice fat charge account—when the Montreal affair occurred."

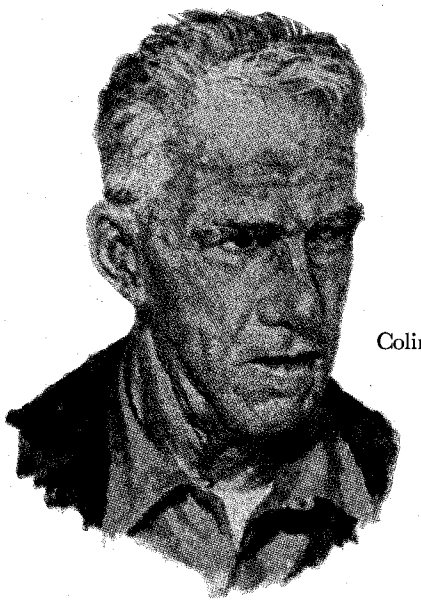
The first trout fillets sizzled.

"We knew he had some money," the voice went on. "He didn't want cash from old Burney, the jeweler. He wanted untraceable wealth in portable form, and got it—fifty thousand worth of precious stones, largely uncut. Why did he risk a robbery while the heat was on? I know why—because he was going to ground. Forethought, the calculated risk, is what makes Mr. Lank a very special kettle of cold-blooded fish. He thinks ahead. He intended to lie low for a time—perhaps a long time. Then, when he eventually emerged, he wouldn't need to stir up a rumpus by doing a job. He had the stones; he knew where to cash them in; no danger of being squealed on. Do you know why? Because every man jack in the underworld is scared palpitating stiff of a lone operator called Smiler Lank."

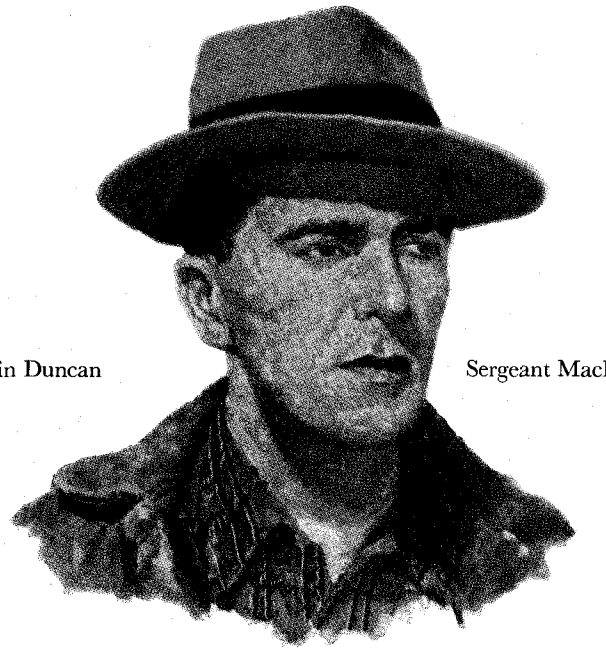
The trout were done. She put them in the oven. The blueberry pie was ready.

"Go on," she heard her father say.

"Where could he hide?" the visitor asked. "It's a great (Continued on Page 43)



Colin Duncan



Sergeant MacRae

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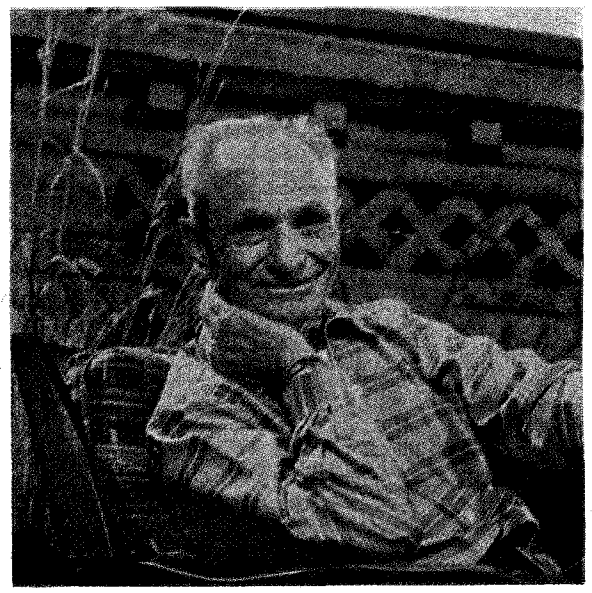
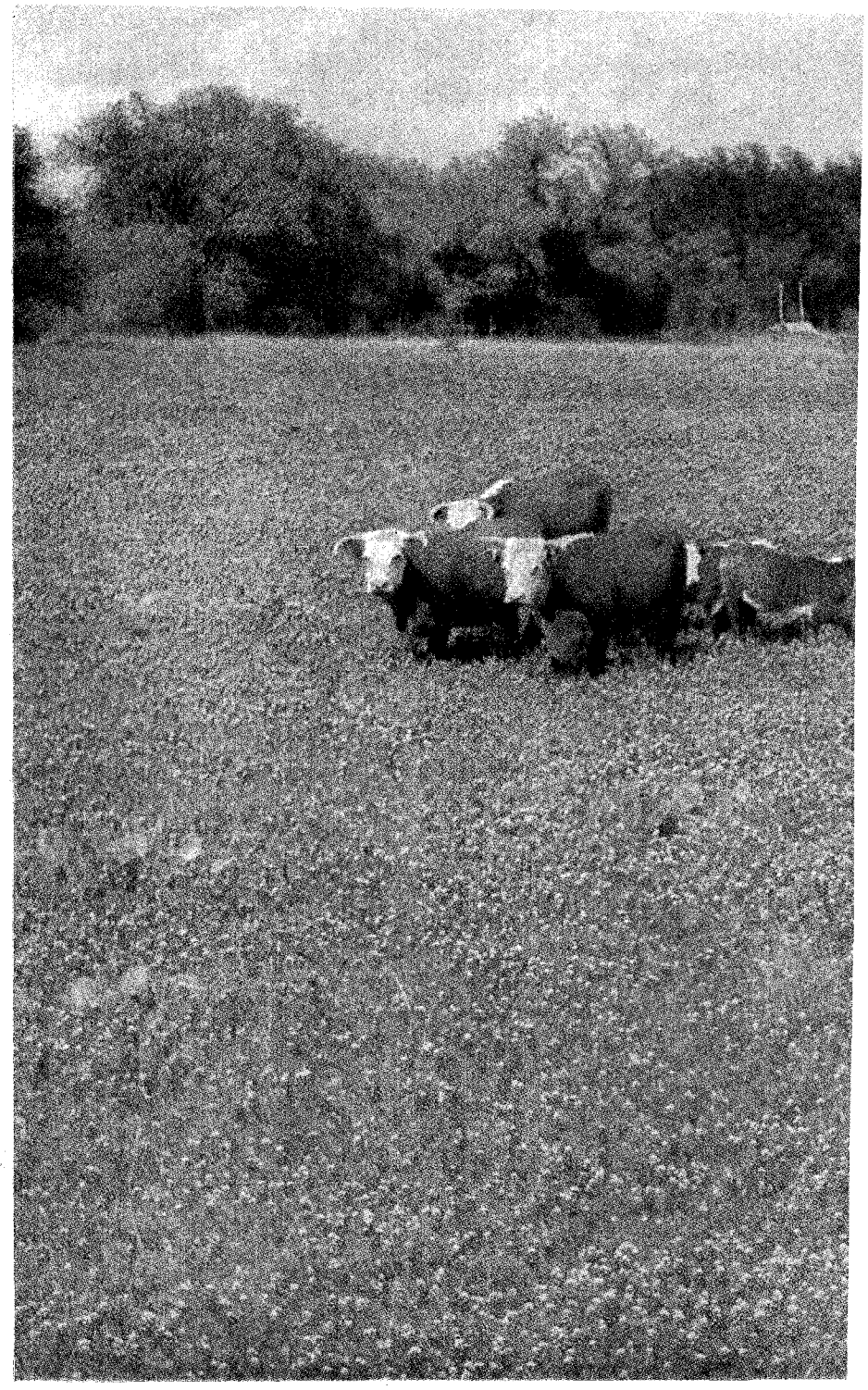


Charles Pettit, "indestructible" owner of the 17,000-acre Flat Top Ranch: "I am building something permanent."

MIDAS OF THE TEXAS RANGE

How a sick but stubborn millionaire turned his excess time and money into one of the most unusual ranches in the Lone Star State.



By Stanley Walker

Twenty years ago, Charles Pettit, a nervous, grizzled splinter of a man who had made considerable money in the East Texas oil field, realized that he was about to become a victim of the occupational disease which often afflicts Southwestern millionaires.

He had more money than he would need, he was getting on in years, and he was faced with such disturbing questions as "What of it?" and "Where do we go from here?" The men with this ailment are the Dead End Kids of Texas. Some try to get relief by long trips abroad, others by throwing Hollywood parties that would shame the Emperor Heliogabalus, others by building Moorish castles in the Sierra Madre, others by setting up as self-made experts on morals or international affairs, and still others—the utterly lost ones—by trying to pile up still more money.

Charlie Pettit was seduced by none of these quack cures. One memory, as he grew older, kept coming back to him insistently. That was his recollection of a seemingly endless ocean of high grass which he had seen as a boy the day his pioneer father drove him, in a spring wagon, through (Continued on Page 61)

Pettit (head of table) presides over a lunch of quail and chicken in the Big House. Serving him is Aline Roark, cook and housekeeper. She can put a bounteous meal in front of a half-dozen men on an hour's notice.

Photographs by Sid Avery

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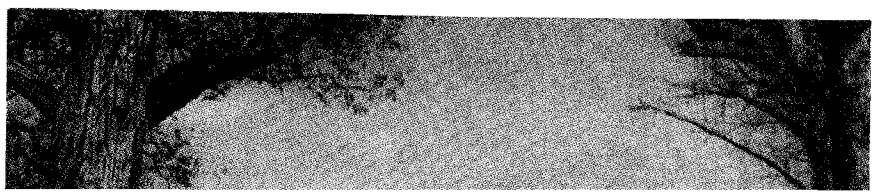
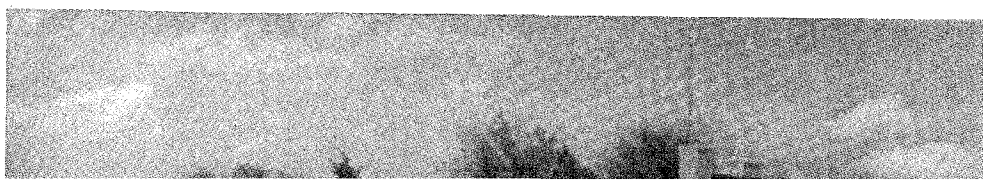
Knee-deep in blooming bluebonnets (the state flower of Texas), ranch manager William B. Roberts (standing) inspects the lush pasturage which supports Pettit's Herefords, mainstay of the ranch's income. In all, 82 different types of grasses abound in Flat Top meadows.





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Blood Sport

It happened in the third hour of the race—the hour of fatigue, and danger . . .

By KEN W. PURDY

The big skyrocket startled Stephanie Marshall. It wasn't really a skyrocket; it was a sort of aerial bomb—a "maroon" the British called it—whooshing a hundred yards into the brass-bright August sky to burst with a flat, echoing boom. It meant that there were ten minutes left.

Stephanie was alone. There wasn't much point, for her, in being with someone, trying to talk, at a time like this. She walked along the oil-stained concrete, an aloof little figure in black slacks, black Shantung blouse, a green kerchief over her head. She was blond, pale, and the palms of her hands were wet with perspiration. Stephanie was giving up a man she dearly loved, rehearsing what she would say, moving in the wash of babble and shouts in a half-dozen languages, in the crackling, ripping bite of the exhausts of one car after another being warmed up.

She moved past the crowded pit structures, their counters stacked with tools, stop watches,

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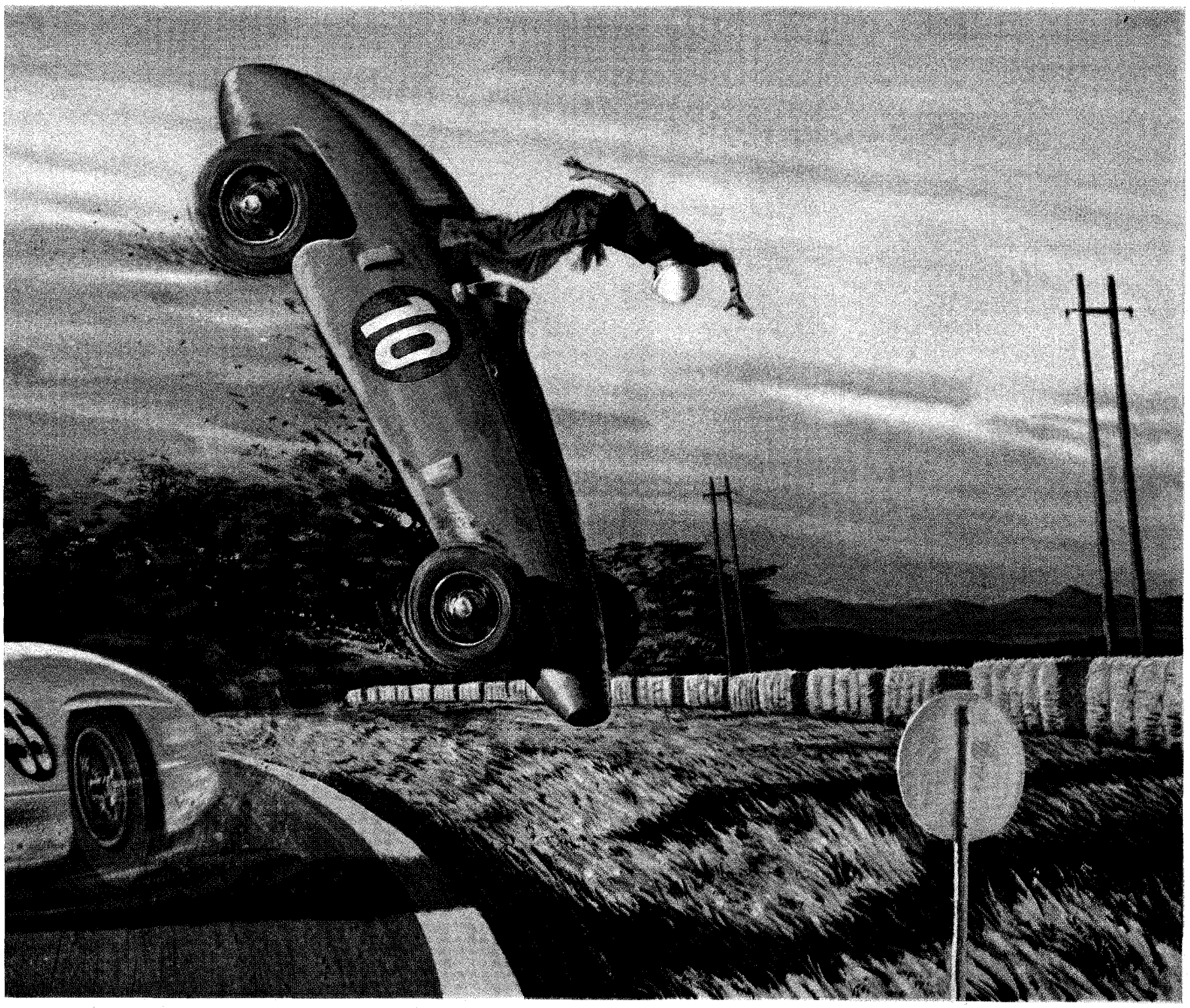

The white car swerved to the side of the road, its driver fighting to hold it out of the ditch. The blue car flipped end for end down the course, like a clown's toy.

cans of oil and the rest of the paraphernalia of racing, and came finally to Dennis Marshall's place; "26", the big sign over it read, "Ferrari." Dennis was talking with someone she didn't know. He smiled the man away and turned to Stephanie.

"Hi, darling," he said. "You look ravishing. You look a dear, good, sweet, passionate girl, and I adore you. Except that decorum must prevail, I'd certainly kiss you." He kissed her gravely on each cheek. Her hands moved to his shoulders and held him. He looked into her eyes.

"I know, baby," he said. "You're scared green. Shatters me. Here am I, about to have three hours of delirious fun, and maybe pick up two thousand pounds to boot, and you, poor Steph, poor Steph, are worried." He shook his head dolefully and a second rocket boomed in the air. "Five-minute gun," he said. "Where's m'hat?" He pulled a white-billed helmet from under the pit counter. "Run over to the bar, Steph," he said. "Have a nice vermouth cassis or something until the cars get sorted out. It's the beginning of these things that shakes one, you know. Go on, now, there's a lamb."

He kissed her and casually walked out to the lean, mean-looking red car standing with the others on the starting grid. She watched him go.

Dennis Marshall wasn't a big man, five-nine, perhaps and only twenty-five years old, but there was more of the virile essence in him than most men ever know. He had a rock-hard body and he moved it with that grace no one's given and few can earn, the price of self-discipline being what it is. He'd been born with fast reaction times. The rest had been sweat and planning. He was one of the three first-ranking automobile-racing drivers in the world and in a good year he could make a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He was intelligent, courteous, serene. *He's my husband*, Stephanie told herself, *and I'm his wife, and tonight I'll say good-by to him, and all this.*

She didn't go to the bar. She stood beside the pit counter and waited. All the cars were manned now, twenty-odd of them. She knew most of the drivers. They were strange men, terribly strange. She thought Dennis was the only reasonably oriented one in the lot. They were the gayest possible companions, when they weren't talking shop, but they were all mad. She saw Dennis jump out of his car and run over to shout something into Hilary Martin's ear. Martin looked up at him. He was a round little man, completely preoccupied for hours before a race.

There was Aldo Caducci, tall, shiny-bald, very gay, and a legendary lady-killer. Next to him, Van Groot, a Dutchman, a rarity in automobile racing. She saw Patrick Munoz, a Brazilian, twice champion of the world, a man so relaxed that he appeared, in the car or out of it, to be just

(Continued on Page 92)

Illustrated by Bruce Bomberger

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THE TERRIBLE THREAT OF NERVE GAS

By JOHN KOBLER

Workers at Edgewood Arsenal's Toxic Agent Test Site collect samples which measure nerve-gas concentrations at various heights. Despite progress in developing an antidote, no system of instant detection exists.

The fascinating story of our search for a way to counteract the only weapon that may be worse than the H-bomb.

A daring experiment on human guinea pigs will be performed in the not too distant future by the United States Army Chemical Corps in Edgewood, Maryland. A group of Army chemists, headed by director of research Dr. William H. Summerson, will deliberately expose themselves to nerve gas—the deadliest known chemical-warfare weapon—which paralyzes the nervous system.

Nerve gas was invented and manufactured in large quantities by the Germans during World War II, though never used, and now it is being stockpiled by both the United States and Russia. It might well be the weapon of choice of an enemy planning to occupy a city. Odorless and invisible, the vapor from three drops can kill in four minutes. Under optimum conditions, with a brisk wind blowing at ground level, guided missiles containing the gas could probably destroy 90 per cent of all life within an area of many square miles.

Christopher Coates, who is an authority on electric eels, displays one of the deadly specimens used in nerve-gas research.

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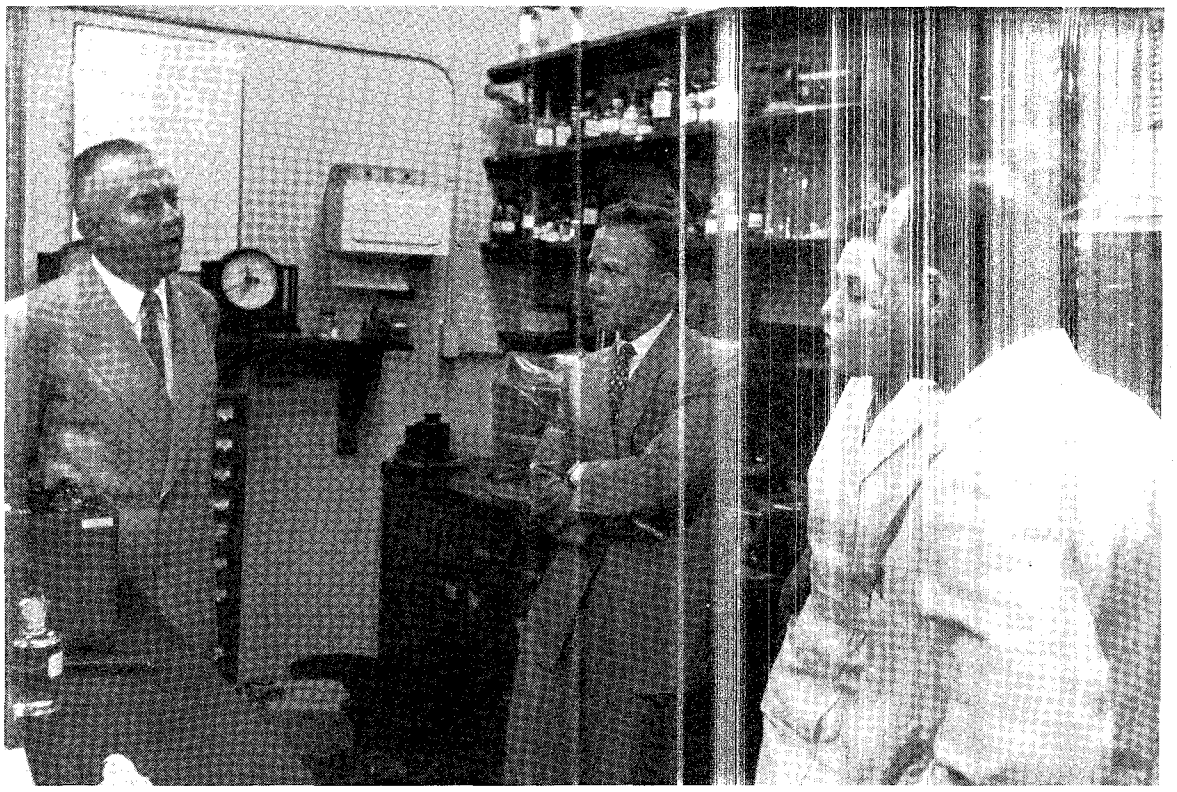

Nerve-gas researchers at a Columbia University laboratory. From left: Dr. David Nachmansohn; Dr. Helmut Kewitz, who is a Ford Foundation Fellow from Germany; Dr. Sara Ginsburg, and Dr. Irwin Wilson.

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

The Army chemists, right after taking the poison, will inject themselves with one of a number of new compounds, the products of more than sixteen years' research by the Chemical Corps and by various civilian scientific groups. If their calculations have been correct, they will suffer no ill effects. They will have gone far toward eliminating the terrible menace of nerve gas.

The prospects of success are bright. Two of the compounds have protected laboratory animals against two types of nerve gas. The first compound was developed at New York's College of Physicians and Surgeons, a branch of Columbia University; the second was developed at Edgewood.

The search for those compounds set in motion one of the strangest secret missions of World War II. Early in the war, when the Chemical Corps received intelligence reports of nerve-gas manufacture by the Germans, it sought help from a scientist who probably knows more about the chemical make-up of nerves than any man alive. He is fifty-eight-year-old, Russian-born Dr. David Nachmansohn, professor of biochemistry at Columbia.

Concerning the mechanics of nerve gas, little was then understood beyond its general effect. Nachmansohn was given the top-secret assignment of investigating its action in detail and, if possible, contriving an antidote. "Besides serving my adopted country," he says, "I welcomed the opportunity of working with the toxic as a tool of basic research. Here was a substance that in some mysterious way violently affected the nerves. What could we learn from it about the nervous system?"

To a Chemical Corps procurement officer who asked him if he needed any special materials, Nachmansohn blandly replied, "Yes, please, one hundred electric eels from the Amazon."

The Chemical Corps promised its co-operation, but the actual masterminding of Operation Eel fell to Christopher W. Coates, then as now curator of the New York Aquarium, and a world-renowned authority on the behavior of electric eels.

Coates' main supplier of exotic fish was Paramount Aquarium, Inc., of Dobbs Ferry, New York. The firm, originally German, was the largest in the business, with collectors and collecting stations scattered all over the world, but the war had brought its operations to a standstill. Moreover, though its personnel were anti-Nazi and had fled Germany at the beginning of Hitler's rise, they were still under surveillance as aliens. Nineteen of them had been interned in various Allied countries.

Coates undertook the delicate task of first getting them clearance for a semiofficial mission; then negotiating a deal whereby Paramount agreed to procure the eels if permitted to import other fish for its own account.

Of the free-lance collectors frequently retained by Paramount none knew the upper reaches of the Amazon better or had greater skill at trapping electric eels than a wiry, dauntless, middle-aged Frenchman named J. Auguste Rabaut. The native fishermen of the Amazon will not go near electric eels, which *en masse* can kill a man. Rabaut was then in New York on a visitor's visa and his status presented Coates with another knotty poser. On the one hand, Rabaut had had some slight difficulties with the Brazilian Government and, on the other, even if admitted to Brazil, he would not budge from the United States without a reentry permit. To make things more difficult, the real reason for the expedition could not be disclosed to Paramount, to Rabaut or to any of the intermediaries. Coates himself was not supposed to know of the nerve-gas project—the word

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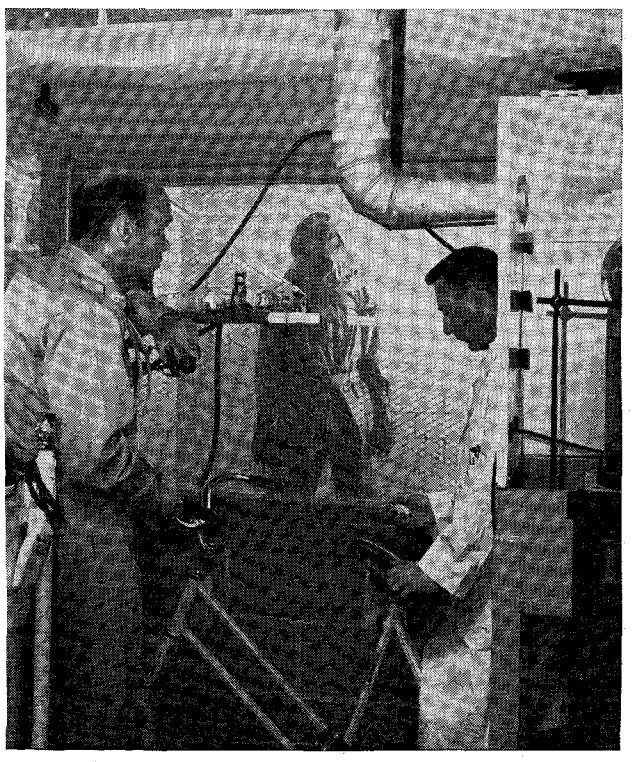
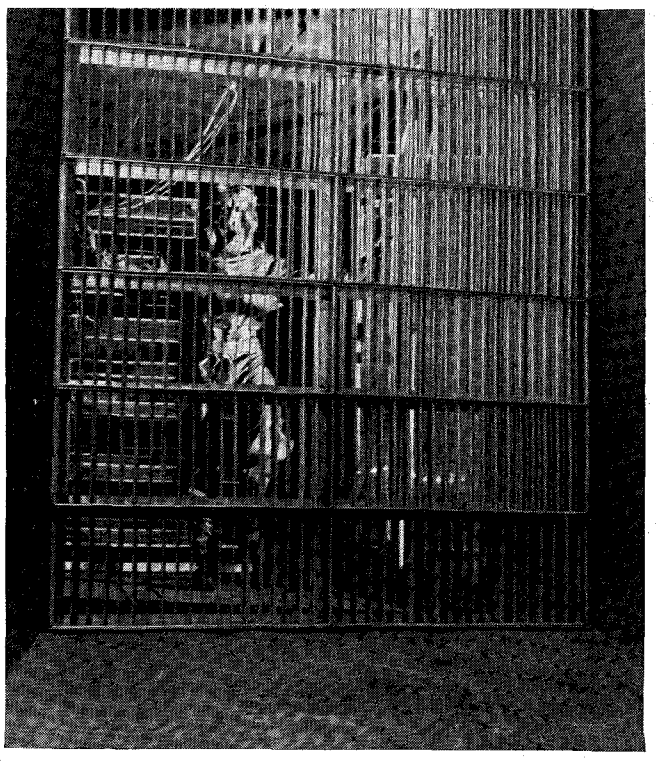
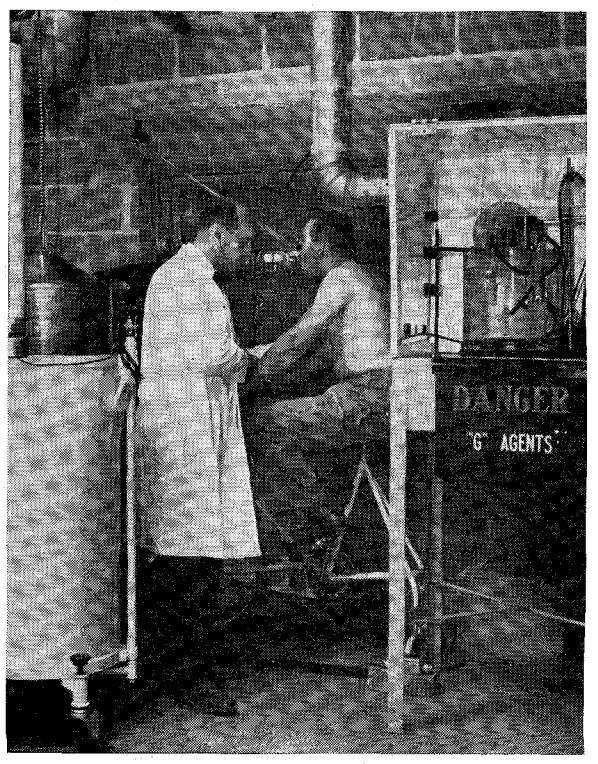


A soldier volunteer tests a suit of protective clothing in a chamber filled with nerve gas at Edgewood Arsenal.



Another volunteer walks a treadmill in a wind tunnel that was specially designed for all-weather studies of gas-resistant garments.



A doctor checks reaction of man on the "bicycle" to a measured dose of the gas.

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Conclusion

CAN WE STAY RICH?

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Where Your Money Will Go

THE GOVERNMENT'S ECONOMIC PSYCHOLOGISTS SEARCH FOR A KEY TO A GREAT RIDDLE: WHEN AND HOW YOU WILL SPEND YOUR CASH. HERE'S WHAT THEY HAVE FOUND OUT.

Psychologist George Katona: Every three months his research crews ask searching questions of American consumers to unlock the secrets of our financial future.

Economists are somber men by nature, members of a dusty priesthood that is little given to levity and jesting. There is one small joke, however, which always causes them to chuckle, for it gently spoofs their own profession. If you could teach a parrot to say, "Supply and demand determine price," they say, he could hire out immediately as an expert on finance.

There is a grain of truth in this mild gibe. For generations the traditional economists, diving deep into an ocean of statistics, have tried to chart the mysterious undercurrents which control the ebb and flow of the business tides. Each time they have come up sputtering the same classic definition. The old law of supply and demand, it seems, is still valid.

Nobody, of course, is trying to repeal it now. Lately, though, a new type of economic thinker has come along who believes that the ancient law leaves too much unsaid. It deals with tangibles—with goods and money. It ignores certain great imponderables—the hopes and desires and aspirations of millions of human beings. These yearnings, they claim, underlie all buying and selling, and in the long run determine whether business shall be good, or bad, or merely so-so.

The classic economists, of course, have always been aware that human emotions played a tremendous role in the up and down swings of the business cycle, and that sudden and capricious changes in the public mood could throw all their forecasts out of kilter. But they were trained to deal with things that could be weighed or measured or counted—tons of steel produced, bushels of wheat grown, millions of dollars spent or borrowed. They had no accurate gauge with which to measure so nebulous a thing as the degree of confidence or caution, of security or insecurity, a potential consumer might be feeling at any given time.

Ever since the last war, therefore, a group of men who consider themselves psychologists first and economists second have been trying to fashion a yardstick with which they could measure what consumers were thinking—a psychological thermometer which could detect subtle changes in the degree of optimism or pessimism with which people viewed their own economic prospects.

The classical economists, they felt, had shoved the human actor off the stage. They had worked with masses of impersonal figures showing what millions of faceless "spending units" had done with their money in the past. The economic psychologists reversed this process. They put the individual consumer under the microscope, moving into his living room to ask him personal questions about what he expected to do with his money in the future.

They chose as their guinea pigs some 1000 to 2000 families, living in cities and towns and villages, and on farms and ranches scattered from coast to coast. They picked people of middle income, ignoring the

(Continued on Page 78)

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Through the telescope sight I saw Jim's raised hackles and the wicked white of his teeth.

OUTLAW DOG

There was only one way to deal with a sheep killer.

By ARTHUR MAYSE

My dogs began to warble for visitors, and when I turned from the nursery run, a couple of teen-age kids were scrambling across the kennel yard with a black Labrador between them. I knew that Lab for one of my retrievers even before I could make out the color of the girl's hair in the dusk. It showed in the set of his ears and the curve of his thick tail. But I didn't recognize the youngsters with him, and that puzzled me, because I make it a point to sift a family pretty thoroughly before turning a Brierbank dog over to them.

The girl, a dark, slight little thing, dropped the Lab with a hand signal. I had him pegged then, although it was a year since I'd laid eyes on him. The show name that went with the noseprint on his papers was Brierbank's Black Diablo. His sire was Black Lucifer, his dam my sweet little Golden Glow. He'd been the quiet one, the pup we called Gentleman Jim.

I clucked at him and he lifted his head, his slip collar glinting, his brown eyes speaking to me like the voice of conscience, but he stayed quiet as a trained dog ought to. He was gaunted down, and the hair across his shoulders was oddly ruffled. When I bent to peer, I saw the white line of a scar.

"What's this?" I asked. "Hunting accident?"

The boy didn't answer. The girl gave me a quick nod.

"I'm Janice Murchison," she said. "My uncle got Jim from your kennels." She looked to be about seventeen, and she sounded nervous, scared almost. "We—I wondered if you'd board Jim for me, and train him."

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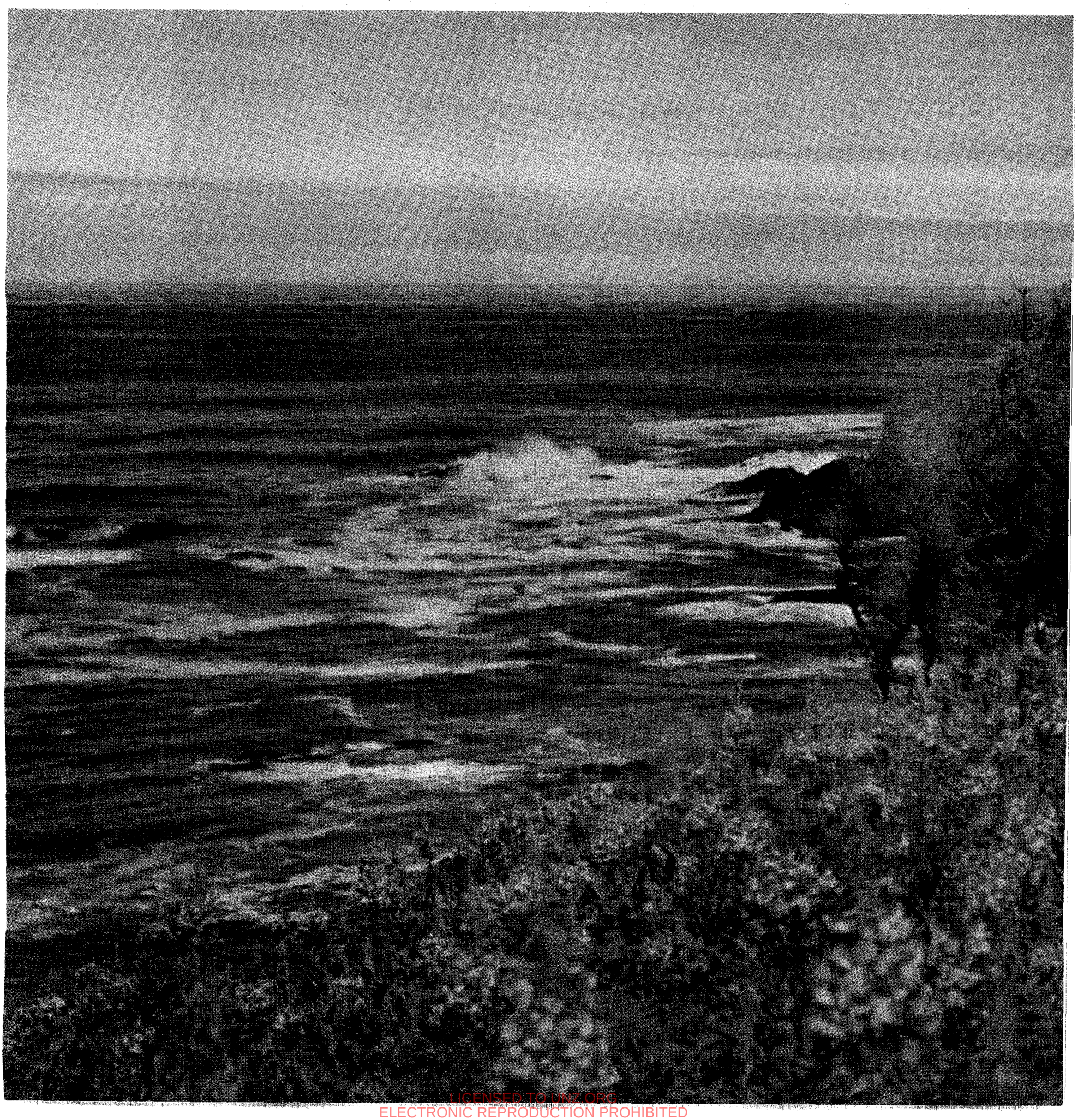
The Face of AMERICA

Sentinel of the Sea



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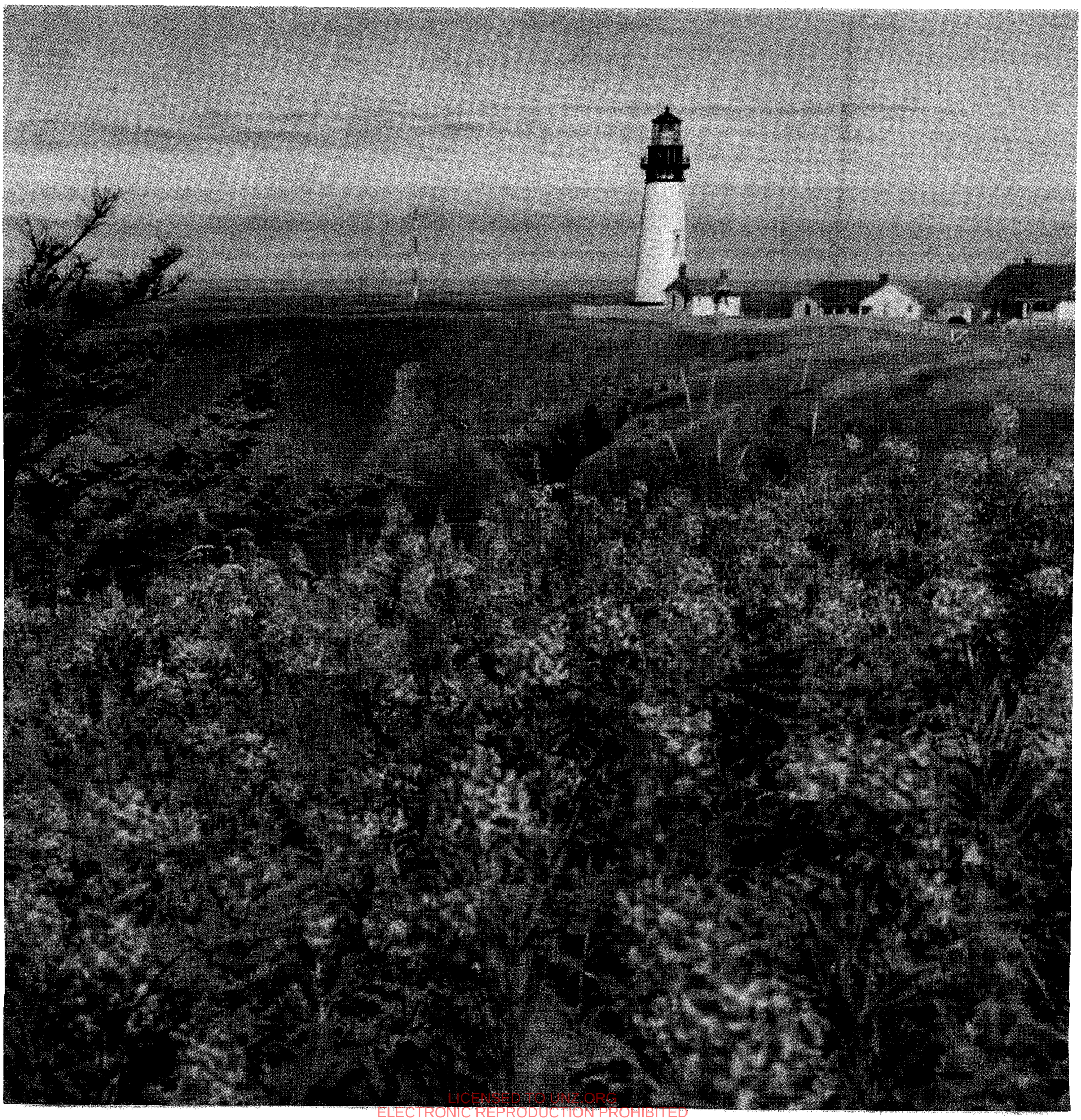
Purple lupines bobble nonchalantly above the ragged cliffs of the Oregon coast, where the Yaquina Head lighthouse has stood sentry since 1873. After the construction materials were landed on these foam-splashed rocks, laborers carried the burden on their backs, up the sixty-to-ninety-foot-high cliffs. The light station was intended for a location ten miles north, in order to replace another lighthouse which had been built by mistake at the entrance to Yaquina Bay, three miles south. Just how such confusion was compounded and just why the light ended up at this point, nobody remembers. But despite its inconstant origin, this Coast Guard sentinel has proved a faithful friend in fair weather and foul to the ships and fishing boats under its vigil. • Photograph by Chuck Abbott



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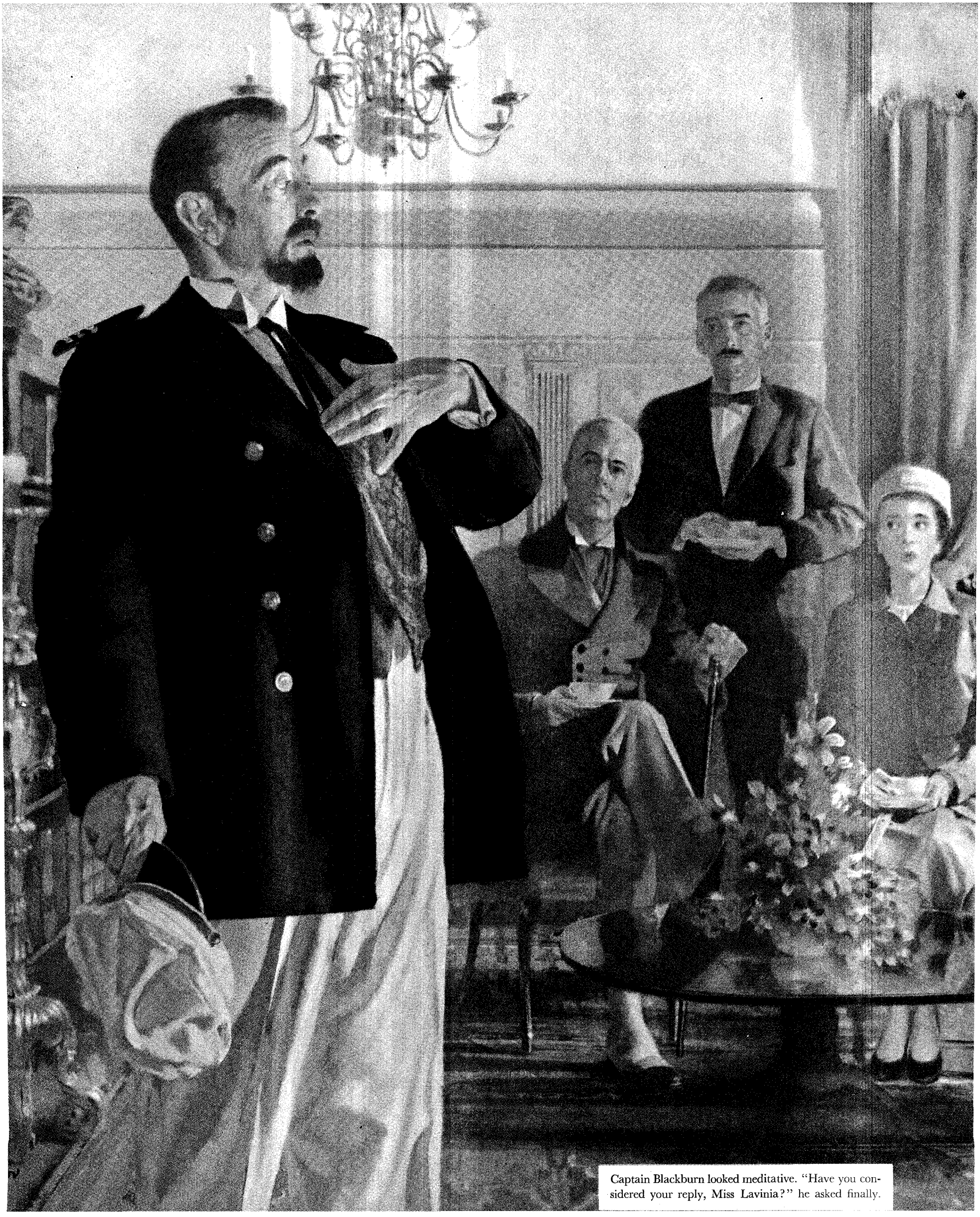

Captain Blackburn looked meditative. "Have you considered your reply, Miss Lavinia?" he asked finally.

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By JACOB HAY
Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

Mysterious Disappearance

No one will ever believe what really happened to Miss Lavinia.

In view of the many erroneous and even malignant rumors which have gained circulation concerning my aunt, Miss Lavinia Heppinstall, I have determined to ignore the warnings and, yes, the threats of the United States Government's security agencies and publish the whole story of my aunt's disappearance. The world has a right to know, and there is Aunt Lavinia's good name to be cleared.

My name is Claude William Finsbury. I am the holder of a doctorate in philosophy from Johns Hopkins University, and was, until quite recently, Manchester Professor of English Literature at Beaufort College for Women, on the outskirts of Baltimore, Maryland, as I like to describe it. I mention these facts only to establish my position in the community as a scholar—my monograph on the disputed second edition of Goldsmith's Deserted Village is widely regarded as definitive—and a man of veracity. Since my aunt's disappearance, I have resigned my post rather than subject myself to the knowing leers and brazen insinuations of my academic colleagues, some of whom have gone so far as to refer to me as "Featherhead Finsbury."

The plain, unvarnished truth of the affair is that there was nothing whatsoever mysterious about Aunt Lavinia's departure from this earth. What happened was quite simple, and not, I think, worth all the tremendous fuss the United States Government has seen fit to raise. I regard my oath never to disclose what actually took place as having been obtained under duress.

What happened was that Aunt Lavinia simply decided to join Captain Blackburn aboard his space machine, and she and the captain are now, I have no reason to doubt, happily resident in the Kingdom of Vekonia on the Planet Trego, which is roughly 20,000,000 light-years and several galaxies straight up. The Planet Trego is the captain's permanent residence.

The whole wretched business began one *quiet Sunday night last spring on my Aunt* Lavinia's farm on the Manor Road, in Baltimore County, in the state of Maryland. I had gone to the farm for the weekend, as was my custom, to refresh my spirits and correct a number of term papers. Aunt Lavinia and I were just finishing our usual second cup of chocolate before retiring when we heard this astonishing noise, very much as if a steam locomotive were approaching the house at speed.

I confess to a momentary terror, and my dear aunt was greatly alarmed, for both of us were aware that the nearest railroad tracks were at least six miles distant. The noise grew and grew, and now, above the tremendous whooshings and chuff-chuffings, we heard the clank and clangor of heavy machinery. And then, abruptly, an ear-shattering crash of metal. After which, comparative silence, broken only by what sounded like the hiss of relief valves.

Regaining my composure, I seized a flashlight from the mantelpiece, leaped for the door, switched on the porch lights and set out to ascertain the nature of this curious visitation.

Nothing met my gaze at first, and then I detected a kind of soft glow behind the unused barn which stands several hundred feet from the residence. Without pausing to think of the possible hazard involved by such impetuosity, I ran to see what caused the glow. And I shall never, as long as I live, forget my first, thunderstruck sight of Captain Blackburn's space machine.

It stood, if that is the word I'm seeking, between the barn and the lane which leads out to the Manor Road through a bit of woodland left standing to insure my aunt the privacy she desired. The mechanism resembled a cross between the gondola of a Zeppelin, a steam yacht and a threshing machine. At each end of the gondola there were immense, square-ended propellers, while from its top and center rose a slim, salmon-colored funnel, raked smartly aft—or possibly forward—which *emitted a wisp* of smoke and a feather of steam. Attached here and there about the car or cabin, for such I assumed it must be, was a bewildering variety of cylinders, pistons, cranks, flywheels and other machinery. The entire device was supported upon a four-wheeled landing gear, supplemented by runners or skids. Emblazoned in elaborately scrolled and raised gilt letters on the bow—or possibly stern—was the legend: "Pioneer XXXVIII."

Even as I stared at the row of glowing portholes, a series of metallic sounds came from within and, with a sudden bang, a circular hatch flew open and a gangway was run out and lowered to the ground.

There then emerged from the hatch a tall gentleman in yachting costume of peaked cap, blue jacket and white flannels. A smartly trimmed black beard lent distinction to his appearance. His expression was one of restrained triumph as he received from some person yet within the cabin a slender rod or staff, about one end of which was furled a flag or banner. Carrying this, the tall gentleman walked slowly down the gangway to the ground. Raising the staff, he plunged it forcefully into the earth and unfurled the flag, which bore a pattern of four concentric red circles on a field of yellow, as I observed by the glow from the portholes.

At this point I confess that I allowed my temper to get the better of me, for, as yet, I had no concept of the nature of this visit, and the calm impertinence of this chap irritated me thoroughly.

"Here, you!" I called out harshly, advancing. "What the devil do you think you're about, sir? Who gave you permission to bring that thing onto this property, may I ask?"

Immediately I was almost blinded as some person within the gondola switched on a glaring yellow searchlight. The tall gentleman was imperturbable, but his face betrayed an instant's bewilderment.

"You speak Vekonian!" he exclaimed. "Great Scott, this is incredible—absolutely incredible!" His accents were impeccably Oxonian.

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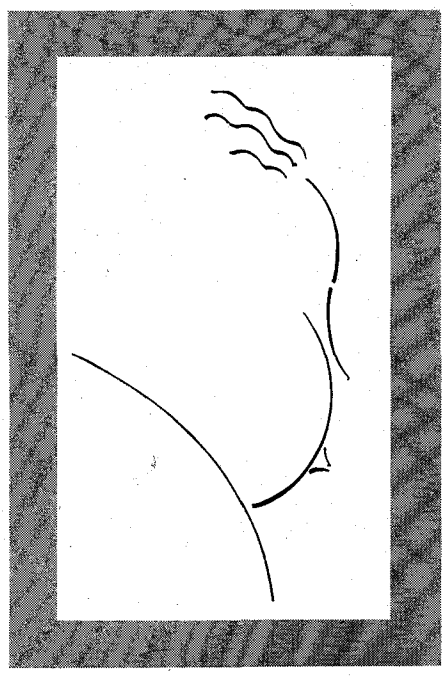
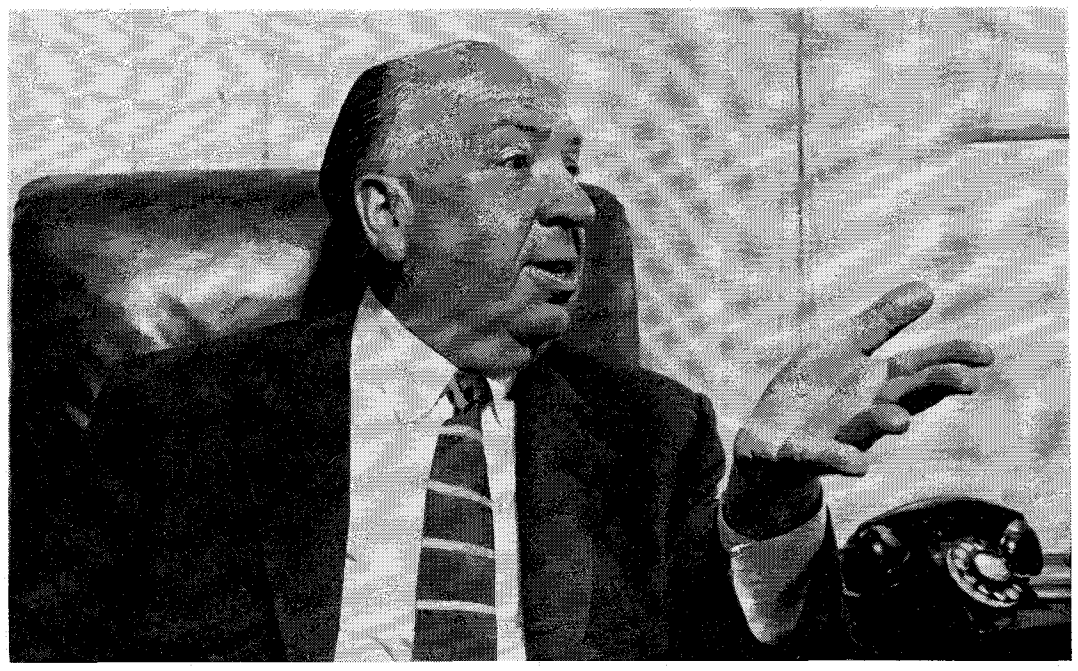


Hitchcock's familiar TV trademark was drawn by himself.



"I've never gone in for the creaking-door type of suspense," says Alfred Hitchcock. "To me, murder by a babbling brook, drenched in sunshine, is more interesting than murder in a dark alley."

I CALL ON ALFRED HITCHCOCK

BY PETE MARTIN

A Post editor exposes the tricks of TV's master of suspense, who makes your flesh creep with his gruesome practical jokes.

Alfred Hitchcock's office was on the first floor of the Paramount Studio. As I walked in, it all came back to me. I had been in that office before, to talk to Frank Capra or to Willie Wyler. I couldn't remember which. It had been a long time ago and both Capra and Wyler had been gone from Paramount for years. For all I knew, they might be on their way back. Things happen that way in Hollywood.

The small round man who occupied that office now had a long pink nose and a slow

A touch of Hitchcock's British humor: In "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), two men (left) coolly discuss cricket scores as Europe falls under the Nazi fist.

In "Foreign Correspondent" (1940), the assassin (left) shoots a diplomat with a pistol concealed by a camera. A year later, a real assassin imitated this method in Teheran.

Hitchcock interrupts shooting on location at Marrakech, Morocco, to be sure that an actor (left) "bleeds to death" properly.

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voice that wheezed as he talked. He was neither Capra nor Wyler. Instead, he was his own highly individual self, but a number of intelligent people believe that in his own bailiwick Alfred Hitchcock has no remote rival as a directorial genius.

I'd been trying to see him for a week, but he'd been very ill. Then he was reported convalescent. At last I got the word if I'd be at Paramount at three o'clock the following afternoon, he'd be happy to talk to me. When I saw him he looked amazingly well. I was surprised. I'd met him once before while covering the Hollywood beat and he looked better now than he had then.

"I hear you had more than one operation," I said. "Coming one on top of the other, they must have been quite a shock."

"The biggest shock was the indignities to which institutions of healing subject your person," he told me. "I'm not a squeamish man, but some of the things they do to you in hospitals are no less than obscene. When they came in to prepare me for surgery and tied a label on my wrist with my name on it, I thought, *They must think I'm ready for the morgue.*

"'It isn't that,' they told me, laughingly. 'We just don't want you to get mixed up with anyone else and have the wrong operation.' That in itself was a thought-provoking notion.

"I had colitis, which was painful, and I'd had an umbilical hernia for years, and I had done nothing about either. I had those things taken care of; then I developed a pain in another place and I had jaundice. So, after profound study, the medical brains decided, 'You must have stones in your gall bladder,' and they took those out too. Their attitude reminded me strongly of the fight manager who says to his pug, 'Get in that ring and slug it out, boy. They can't hurt us.'"

"Speaking of physical indignities," I said, "it seems to me that the way various people describe you comes under that heading. Your nose has been called pendulous, your lower lip has been compared with a sugar scoop. If I asked you to describe yourself physically, how would you do it?"

"A New York doctor once told me that I'm an adrenal type," he said. "That apparently means that I'm all body and only vestigial legs. But since I'm neither a mile runner nor a dancer and my present interest in my body is almost altogether from the waist up, that didn't bother me much."

"Who drew that cartoon of you I see on my TV screen?" I (Continued on Page 71)

A bemused Hitchcock confronts some bizarre local scenery in Marrakech, where h
Knew Too Much" (1956). This fall, he takes on ten one-hour TV shows, plus

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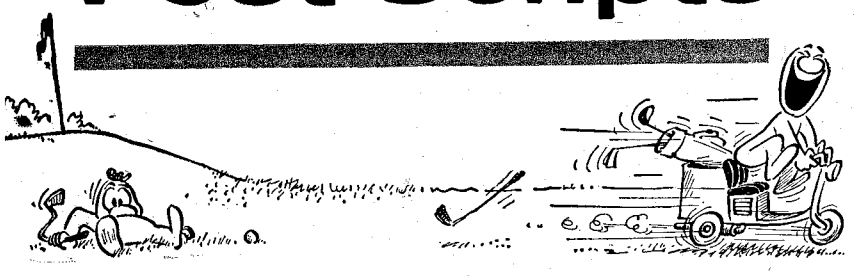
Post Scripts



Mein Grossfader's Wisenspouten

1. Ein poochenpup in der manger ist tooken der chance ein grosser milchencow ben steppen on der backsiden.

2. Loven und losen ben better; unlessen der Fräulein ist offtooten mit der ring.

3. Ein whistler in der gravenyard ist stupidisch mit expecten der applauden.

4. Der hand gerocken ein cradler ist also scrubben und feeden und ist nicht finden time mit rulen der world.

5. Money ben der evilisch root, und meinself ist ein poorisch gardener mitout ein root.

6. Locken das door after dér horse ben stolen ist nicht dumbisch if der highcosten automobiler ben remainen.

7. Succeeden by hooken und crooken ist smartisch for fishencatchers und sheepenherders.

8. Buryen der choppenhatchet ist goot, excepten in der noggen.

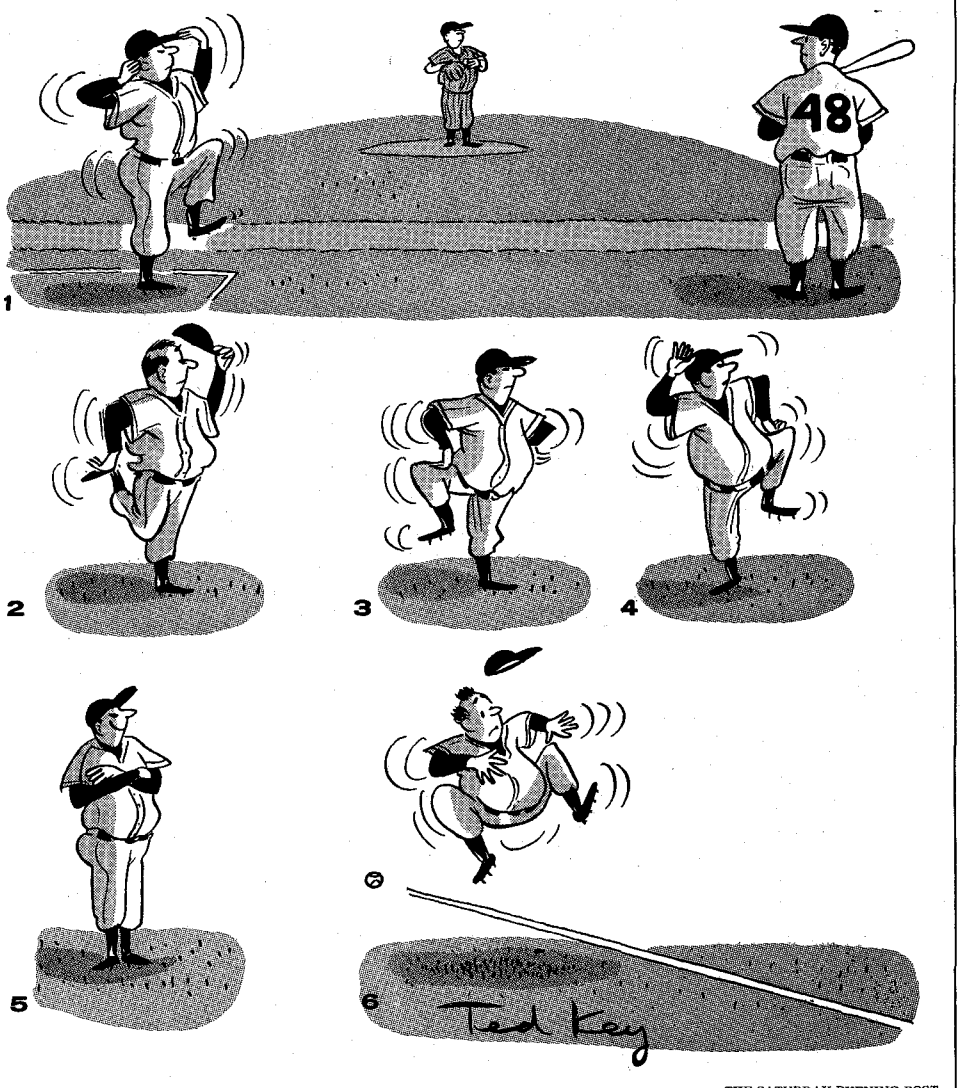
9. Upsneaken mit salten ein birdentailer ist sooner bringen der boobenhatcher-catchers.

10. Buyen der oinkenpig in ein sack ist saven der chasen mit huffen-puffen.

11. Ein singlisch swallow ist nicht maken der summer. Increasen der swallowen ist causen ein fall.

DAVE MORRAH

THIRD-BASE COACH



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Summer Summary

When vacation is over, you'll often find,
As you give it a backward look,
You could have made out with half the clothes
And twice the money you took.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Don't Ask Me, I Might Tell You

We're friendly people on our block, and we always like to help speed the wayfaring stranger who stops his car and sticks his head out the window and yells, "Howya get to Vista Court Terrace?" This is a pretty paralyzing question if you face it alone, but when other people are helping, it only paralyzes the wayfaring stranger.

My neighbor across the street is very good at this. He is usually out in his flower bed on weekends, dusting his roses, which he always keeps very neat, and he will yell right back, "You said Vista Court Terrace?"

The stranger allows that that's what he said.

"Sure you don't mean Vista Court Place?" my neighbor says. "Or maybe Terrace Court Vista?"

I usually help out here if I can. "I think he's looking for Vista Terrace Drive. You know. Where Upper Vista runs into Lower Vista before it hits Court Place. I mean Terrace Court."

About here, the wayfaring stranger usually looks nervously at a shabby piece of paper clenched in his fist. "Well, it says Court Ter— I mean, Vista Court Terrace, but I'm not very ——"

My neighbor's wife often throws in an assist here. "Who you looking for?" she'll ask.

"People named Parkinson," the stranger says.

My neighbor's face clears. "Oh. Norm Parkinson. Well, all you do is go straight ahead three blocks until ——"

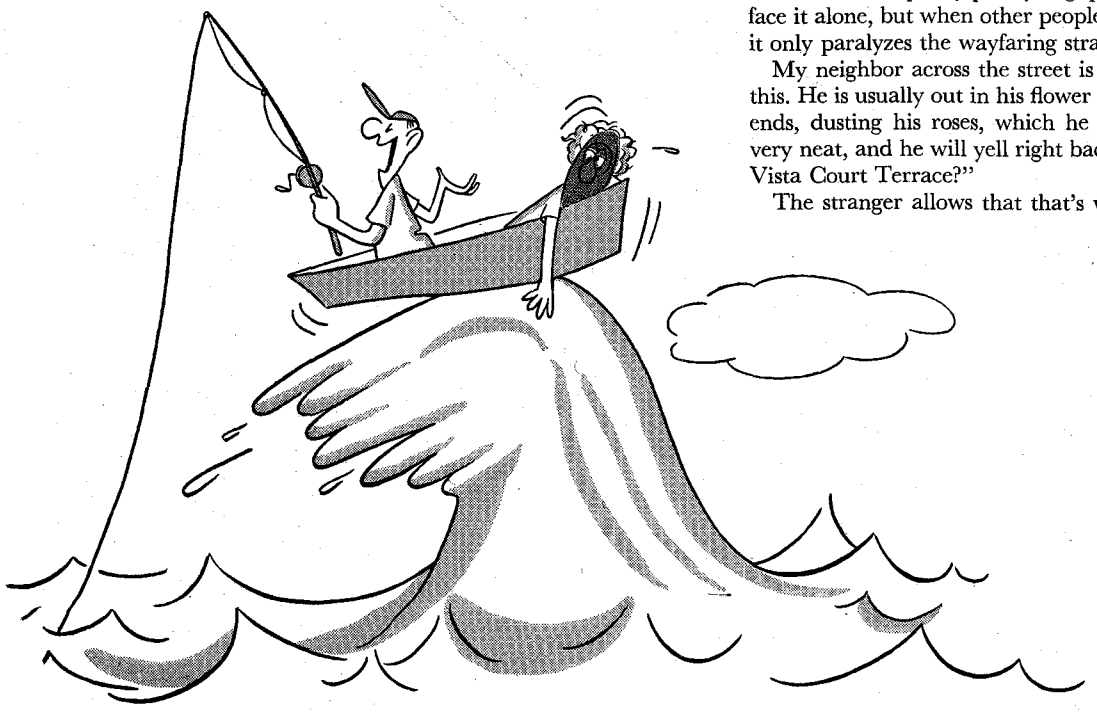
"That's Norm Parkins," his wife points out. "Not Parkinson; Parkins."

My neighbor says, "Oh." The stranger guns his motor and starts easing away and says, "Well, thanks anyway, I guess I'll just ——"

"Wait," my neighbor says. "I tell you what you do. There's a gas station not far from here and the fellow that runs it knows this neighborhood like a book. You just turn right at the next block, bear left before you hit the viaduct, make a fast right-left-right off the cloverleaf, then ——"

As I say, my neighbor is very good at directing people, but I myself don't seem to have the knack. When someone stops and asks me how to find anything in the neighborhood, I admit that I just moved in yesterday and then I go ahead pruning the old lilac bush my granddaddy planted the day I was born.

PAT MCQUESTEN



"Hand me a worm."

Geo Gately

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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noticed them. I was so bewitched that I didn't come down to earth, not once, until we landed. Would you believe that, Mr. Duncan?"

Colin Duncan laughed. "Sounds feasible," he said.

"It sounds like John MacRae," said Sally, like one of the moods of the John MacRae she had once known for a week.

"Sorry," he said to her. "I make my worst jokes when I'm worst confounded. I'm glad to see you, Sally, is the truth of it." He looked at her across the table without mockery or blarney.

"I'm glad to see you, too," she said. "Pepper and brown sugar, John. Do you like them with trout?"

"I do," he said. "You're from the Lowlands, from the kingdom, is it, Mr. Duncan?"

hit by a pitch probably won't eliminate such freakish situations as the following, presented here in a hypothetical major-league setting.

Assume Chicago trails Washington, 3–1, as the Sox come to bat in the end of the seventh. With one out, Nelly Fox thumps a single to right. As Minnie Minoso comes up, the hit-and-run signal is flashed. Minoso leans far forward in the batter's box. Fox starts for second as the pitch is delivered. Minoso pivots without swinging. His back is to the mound when the ball, curving over the inside corner, touches his elbow directly over the plate. The ball, scarcely deflected, is handled easily by Senator catcher Lou Berberet. Seeing Fox scrambling back to first, Berberet snaps the ball there. Fox is tagged a foot from the bag.

But Minoso has been hit, however slightly, by the pitch.

If you were umpiring, how would you rule?

(See Page 45 for Answer)

sliding back away forever from us here.

"Dear Sally," he said. He sang a song: "'Ha-ro, my nut-brown maiden; ha-ri, my nut-brown maiden!'" A Highland song. He sang it tunefully below the wind with his arm across her shoulders.

"Our song," she said. "I can't imagine us ever really quarreling, can you?"

"Dunno," he said. "We'd better go down."

"You treat me like a kid."

"I don't," he said irritably. "Come on."

They quarreled the last afternoon on the St. Lawrence River, near Quebec. She went up and along the boatdeck. It was crowded. She walked past all the people with her head held high.

He smiled at her, but a smile with an edge. "Why so stately? Sarah Bernhardt, is it, again?"

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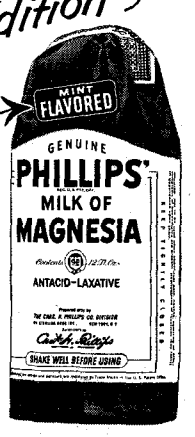

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"No," she said. She practiced the walk and the tilt of the head, the measured thing, whenever she remembered.

"Oh, yes," he said.

"What is it, John? Why do you look at me that way?"

"Because I wish you'd forget about this acting business."

"You said all that before. An actress is what I'm going to be."

They had a place to themselves on the rail between two of the ship's boats. She looked at French Canada. She had been away two months.

"You're not the kind of person," he said.

"What do you know about acting people?"

"I did a year in repertory." He had not told her this before. There were so many things he had not told the child before. "After I got my discharge from the army."

"Why do you think I couldn't act?" *I know I can,* she thought. *It's all I ever think about. It's all I ever thought about until I met you on this boat.*

"Because you can't be anyone but your own sweet self," he said. "If you try, you're nobody. That's you."

"I'm nobody. That's me."

"Don't be angry, Sally."

"I'm not," she said. "But just because you're older, you think anything I think is silly, and you can tell me what to think and do and not act and everything. Fatherly advice, like Mr. Fiske."

"To hell with Mr. Fiske," he said, his face flushing. "And to hell with fatherly advice. I'm not advising you."

"That's nice," she said. "Just keep on swearing."

"I'm sorry," he said. "But I know acting people, and I like some of them and you're not one of them, that's all."

"I wouldn't be a cop," she said. "Hunting poor people into trouble. That's going to be your job, isn't it?"

"Silly little girl," he said.

She ran away through the people. "Wait, Sally!" She had walked, head high, unhurried, making her exit through the people.

"Eight years," she said now, putting away the last plate. "What's happened to you in all that time?"

"I did four years in Baffin Island; then my present job."

"Chasing people like Smiler Lank? Such a dangerous business, John."

"Pleasure in this case, more than business. I love Smiler Lank," he said softly, "and Smiler Lank loves me." He laughed. He was still a chameleon in the color of his moods. "I saw you in Miss Deborah's Lament. I thought you were very good."

"Very good," not "wonderful" or "marvelous." She had had the juvenile lead in that. "Why didn't you send round a note or something, John?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "Plain corporal."

She could imagine plainer corporals; and she could imagine this ex-corporal watching Miss Deborah's Lament, remembering advice he once had given her.

"How long are you here for now?"

"Another week," she said. "Then back to New York."

"New play?"

"I think so," she said. "I expect to know tomorrow, when I go into town to get my mail." The best she could expect to know tomorrow was not much. It was another coincidence that he should come just when she was beginning to accept the fact that what he had said so long ago was true.

"Well," he said, "I guess I should bother Mr. Duncan with some questions."

Her father came in. He pumped the lamp. He produced his survey map and the men leaned over it. She sat and listened.

"First," said MacRae, "I'd better tell you what I know. We found the car at Hermon Lake, over there northeast of us. Raised it today from fifty foot of water. No rain. Tire marks still to the edge of the cliff. We radioed Montreal about the plates. Stolen, the garage owner said; chap with a record hadn't reported it. Taken at pistol point's my guess. He broke down and admitted it was Lank. Now, Mr. Duncan, what I would like to check with you are the ways from Hermon Lake to Killick Mountain."

"The trail runs down Hermon Brook, due west, to the junction with the Picquisit," Colin Duncan said. "Then two ways. The easy one is to go five miles north, upstream, up the road to Birchmill Crossing, where the Picquisit changes direction from east to south. Over the bridge, follow the old lumber road. Then there's a trail of sorts, twenty miles about, to the beginning of the Killick. It's big country, that, MacRae. It's been prospected, but there's nothing. Have you any idea where this cache is?"

"No," MacRae said. "All we know is Lank's rendezvous with Albert Parcorn. He told Albert to wait. He took the horse. There was six months' canned food and waterproofed equipment on that pack horse. He brought the horse back one week later. He paid Albert off—tipped him fifty dollars. A month after that, Lank shot the bank teller in Toronto. The Birchmill depot store was still open then. Nobody saw him. He never went through the company gate below us here. I think what he did was pass Birchmill in darkness, and then go over by Hermon Lake. In fact, I think he reconnoitered the same route out that he's gone in by this time. How long would it take him?"

"Fifty miles," Duncan said. "Two days, two and a half, not carrying much. Hard going, some of it. Depends on the shape he's in."

"Excellent shape. Doesn't smoke. Doesn't drink. Takes exercise. No vices that I know of. Patrol-leader type."

Sally shivered. Her world was the smart, sophisticated world of make-believe. But this was the real, the terrible world.

"How did Lank and Albert go the first time—two years ago?"

"Lank hired a car," MacRae said. "They drove up this road past your camp, up the Picquisit to Birchmill; from there on foot."

She saw it in her mental map—the Picquisit flowed east from Killick Mountain, turned above Birchmill Crossing, then ran south, thirty miles past here. It was a simple map, like an equilateral triangle upside down: Top left corner, Killick Mountain. Center of top side, Birchmill. Top right corner, Hermon Lake, where they had found the car. Foot or apex, here.

"You said there was another way?"

"Yes," Duncan answered. "Come down Hermon Brook. Turn left on the road, instead of right to Birchmill. Two miles down the Picquisit to a ford—the only one on all this stretch. Wade the river. Then west to hit Marten Brook, then north by the Gulch and Marten Lake and into the Killick. But that's a much less likely way. The big fire ran through there six or seven years ago. The burnt woods are still bare. He would know about that, would he?"

"From what Albert says, Lank prospected and took ore samples," MacRae said. "But what he really did was use the prospecting as cover to learn all about an area fifty miles by fifty. He found his hideout. He stocked it. A cave, Albert thinks it must be. Lank knows the Killick is empty. If he wasn't detected going in, he could spend a winter there or longer. A gamble, and it failed, because of a bad break, one Albert Parcorn. Now Lank is more of a sitting duck than he would be in Manhattan Island."

"John," Sally said, "if he's such a sitting duck, why do they send you in alone? Why not surround it?"

He glanced briefly at her. "Because a thousand men would be a drop in that small ocean. Because Lank has nothing to lose. We could hang him for five murders, to my certain knowledge; the Americans could spark him up for three. Because he's a real woodsman, he'd spot them miles away; then either he'd give them the slip or, if they cornered him, he'd shoot it out. And he's an excellent shot, rifle and pistol. That's why I'm going alone. I'll let him settle in nice and snug. Then one crisp morning when the leaves come floatin' down so pretty, I shall take Mr. Lank for the second time."

"When will you be starting in?" asked Duncan.

"Tomorrow morning at the crack of dawn."

"How would it be if I came as far as Birchmill with you?" Duncan asked. "There's a moose survey to be done up there. Mebbe we could lash my small canoe to your wagon roof. Then I can run the river home."

"Thank you," said John MacRae. He was gravely courteous with her father. "Perhaps you would brief me about the Killick as we drive, and then set me on my way."

"Sally is taking my car into town."

"Your car?" He saw everything, but he had not seen the car.

"Keep it in a shed down there." Duncan waved his hand. "So, early to bed and ——" Father left the saying half unsaid, a habit of his. "But first a dram. Or are you a teetotal, sergeant?"

"Have a heart, Mr. Duncan." MacRae shuddered. "I'll make my number on the radio, then lay my bed out in the old jeep wagon."

He shut the door behind him. Sally heard the warming hum, a crackle of static, his voice and the distant voice, clipped, businesslike. Then: "Man, it's the finest night you never saw. The moon is high. The love-birds sing. The limpid waters roll. Over to you. Over —— What? What is that you say? . . . No, I certainly am not. No good policeman ever touched a drop."

Colin Duncan fetched the bottle of Scotch whisky and glasses. He was making this a rare occasion. "Some chap," he said. "There's a real man for you, Sally."

What was a real man? Well, her father was a real man.

"You seem to have been well acquainted once," he said dryly.

"For a week," she said, "we were." There was deep affection between them, but they could not speak intimately. Her way had gone a long way from her father's way.

And here was John MacRae. He danced a measure at the door, a *pas-de-bas*, the primary step of a Scottish reel. He was a dancer, too, not a flat-footed cop.

"*Schlanch*," he said. Good health, to Colin Duncan. To her, he said deliberately, "Thank you, Sally." But what did he have to thank her for?

"Good luck, John," she said, thinking of what lay before him, the core of reality, not the shell of make-believe.

He hummed a tune, looking down at his glass.

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"Sing it," said Colin Duncan, smiling. "'*Ha-ro, man intan vo-yoch. Ha-ri, man intan vo-yoch.*' 'Ha-ro, my nut-brown maiden. Ha-ri, my nut-brown maiden.'" They sang it in the Gaelic and the English. So he remembered even that about the other time. They finished their drinks.

"Bed for me," her father said.

"Come out a minute," said John MacRae to Sally.

They went down to the bank of the Picquisit. The moon shone from behind them on the river and on the woods beyond the river. A whippoorwill called pleasantly and secretly. The moon was round. Tomorrow was the night of the September moon.

"The big untidy land," he said. "I love it."

"Never miss Scotland, John?"

"Ah, well," he said. "It lies behind what's here."

But who and what were here? Smiler Lank was thirty miles or forty miles or fifty miles from here, another woodsman in the shadowed woods. "Please do be careful, John."

"I will," he said. "I'll wear my sneakers and my velvet gloves."

"You hate him," Sally said, sitting above the river. "You don't seem like a hating man."

"I never knew another one all bad," he said, "but Lank is plain cold wicked. Even a policeman is entitled to one good hate, if he tucks it away while he's on the job. He's also entitled to one good love."

Their shoulders touched. The other times their bodies touched and stayed touching and the warm life flowing—those other times were on a ship, the wind, the gray sea and the fog, the white birds sailing, and her first love chivalrous to her. How different the calm water here, the whippoorwill, the woods. How unbelievably the same.

"Tell me, then," he said.

"What, John?"

"About Sally Duncan, actress."

She told him—the testing drudgery of summer theater, dramatic school, Equity, the first strolling parts, first notices, her high spot in Miss Deborah's Lament. Success at last. Now this time, next time, next year surely, "Sally Duncan" biggest in the lights. Sally Duncan, the game warden's daughter. Talent—of course, she had it. Looks—of course, she had them. The line of her graph had risen to a small climacteric, to Miss Deborah's Lament. It might have soared on from there. But it had not. Movies and television she did not want. The legitimate theater was what she wanted.

"The truth is that I haven't clicked," she said.

"You're only twenty-four," he said. "You expect the heavenly firmament too soon. Look how far you've gone. Look, for instance, at how far you've gone compared to me."

"Piffle," she said. "You knew what you wanted to do and did it. You came a long way to be where you are."

"I came a long way to see you again, my Sally."

"Don't," she said. But she had come a long way, too, past all the men who had wanted her, the unreal men of the make-believe world, to the first man who had wanted her.

"Why, don't?" he asked.

"We never wrote. We meet by chance. We think how sweet and kind and good the first time was, and we quarreled the first time, and how right you were about me."

"*I've often thought how wrong and* impertinent I was. You've proved me wrong. To hell with acting and policemen. Don't you believe in life and love, my love?"

"I do," she said. "See you at six o'clock at breakfast; then into town and a letter about a modest part, perhaps. Our ways are different. You go yours, and I'll go mine, and I'll pray to God to take care of you. Good-by, John."

She stood. She touched his cheek, sitting at the river bank.

"Not good-by," he said. "Not this time. *Hasta luego.* Get the job done. See you soon."

A night breeze blew up the river. "What's that sound?" he asked. "Some old man of the river muttering?"

"The Devil's Slide," she said, "roaring away down there."

"I've heard of it," he said.

She did not want to go to bed. What did it matter if she drove sleepily to town tomorrow morning? "I'm tired," she said.

"'Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!'"

"My Shakespearean policeman," Sally said.

The road was a convenience to a man on foot. He walked through dawn and the first hour of daylight. He was reaching the top of a long gradient when he heard the car. He jumped for the alders and lay flat.

The automobile passed briskly. He raised his head to see only dust at the corner below him. He walked south again. He must be careful on this steep and winding road, sounds pocketed, sounds deadened by the woods. He walked the miles down from Marker 42, where he had met the car, to 36. At Mile 35, if his memory served him well, which it always did, he might find what he was seeking. A doe crossed now from the left, tentative, unhurried, saw him, and went in. Seeing a deer at this place meant that nothing had recently disturbed the deer. He left the sunlit road where the deer had left it. Soon he saw what he was looking for.

He crawled to the forward edge of underbrush. The morning was sultry. A thread of smoke climbed from the chimney. He put up his small Japanese field glasses and focused them. Nothing stirred at the cabin in the pretty place above the river, nothing but a bird, making short forays from its branch and back to call wheezily, "Feebee!" The door was shut—a keyhole, not a padlock. He moved to inspect the river side of the cabin. He saw no ax there. He saw nothing in the dimness through the window. He took a sizable pebble, lobbed it and crouched again. The stone thudded on the tarpapered roof. Nothing. He took off his pack.

He was in a hurry, but he hurried carefully, looked in the corner window, listened. The phoebe called again. He tried the latch with his left hand, expecting the door to be locked, but it was not. He held his breath and listened. Nothing. He stepped in quickly.

She lay on the bunk in the inner room. She had hardly slept last night. She had cooked breakfast for the men, had said good-by, and had walked to the shed where father's car was kept, and then had said to herself, *Why go to town? Why bother about a letter I don't want to see? Let it wait until tomorrow.*

She was dozing now, not awake nor asleep, but on a ledge between them. Something was moving in the cabin. A mouse? she thought at a first light scuff. The next sound was a creaking plank. Father home? Ten o'clock. Much too early.

Her scalp began to prickle. She lay still, waiting for whoever might or might not cross to the wall beyond the open door of this partitioned room, beyond the wood stove.

Then a man stood in the doorway. He was a tall man, smiling. "Raise your hands," he said quite pleasantly. "Swing your legs out and stand up." The pistol jerked an inch: Get going.

Sally Duncan stood. She wore much the same clothes as the man—a bush shirt, a pair of khaki pants. But the man had a mackinaw as well. A vein snaked down from the hair peak at his brow. She watched the vein, which was subsiding. She knew, of course, who the man with the pistol was. His eyes were distinctive, too—the color of French mustard.

"No need to be scared," he said. "Who are you?"

"The game warden's daughter."

"Still Duncan?"

"Yes," she said.

"What are you doing here—keep house for him?"

"On vacation."

"How much longer?"

"A week," she said. "Know my father?"

The muzzle moved to say: Shut up. "Where is he?"

"He went out early."

"Where, I said. Don't look at my gun."

She raised her eyes to his face again. "Upriver," she said. "Moose survey around Birchmill."

"Did he go by car?"

"Yes," she said. He might have heard or seen the station wagon.

"Alone?"

"Yes," she said. Now what was he going to do to her?

But he seemed to accept Lie No. 1. "When is he due back?"

"Afternoon, he said."

"Has anyone else been around this week?"

"Not a soul," she said. And she said to herself, *I must not be a paralyzed rabbit. I must be indignant.* "Who are you? What do you mean by pointing that gun at me?"

His smile was not a sneer, nor wolfish, nor overtly cruel. It was a set of the face, as some people wear perennial frowns.

"Other room," he said.

She went in her stockinged feet. *I must think*, she thought. *I must try to read him.* But there were no clues by which to read the smiling face, nor did he give her time to think.

"I need an ax," he said. "Where are they?"

"They," he said. How would he know there were two axes? "Behind the door. The other's up there." She nodded at the

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Answer to

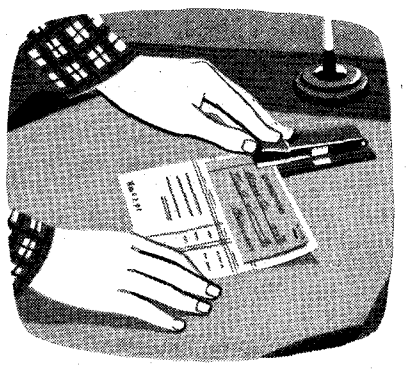
So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 43

Put Fox back on first base and call a strike on Minoso. The ball was dead as soon as it touched Minoso. (Section 5.09a). Consequently, no legal play could be made on Fox.

The new rule reads: "If the ball is in the strike zone when it touches the batter, it shall be called a strike, whether or not the batter tries to avoid the ball. . . ." (Section 6.08(b)(2)NOTE)

DEN



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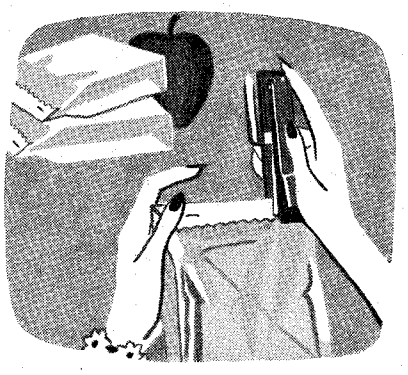

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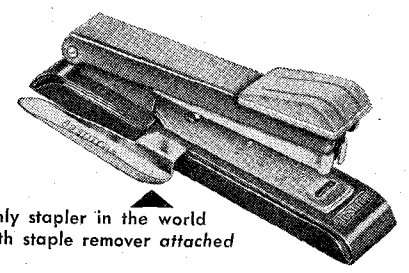

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beam, the old ax not visible. Her father had a place for everything.

"Please stand on a chair and fetch it down."

She stood on a chair and felt for the handle, and she thought, *If I swing as I step down* —— But she was far too sensible, too weak-afraid to throw an ax at the eyes, the smile, the automatic pistol.

"No ax," he said. "Essential in the woods. I thought I'd find one at Birchmill camp; seems that's closed up. I get mad at myself forgetting things."

A confidence. Was that a good omen for her? No.

"Is there a canoe down at the river?"

"Yes."

"Sit down, please. Lay your arms across the table."

She did. The survey map was still there, folded. He opened it. "Devil's Slide. Marten Brook. Albert said a trail ran in there. Said a trail follows the Marten right up to the Gulch. Correct?"

"Correct," she said. A fantastic thought occurred to her—that he rapped quiet questions out like John MacRae. And she thought, more rationally, that Marten Gulch and Lake had been mentioned as an alternative way into the Killick country.

He looked at the map. He stared at her again. She had never seen eyes that color before. "Are you a girl who likes to fish?"

The blood drained out of her head. She nodded.

"We're going fishing, you and I," he said. "Just write a note now to your dad. Paper and pencil right here on the table. Say you've gone down to the mouth of Marten Brook to catch a mess of trout for supper. Say 'Back later.' And listen," he said nicely to her across the table; "no funny business."

No funny business: oh, certainly not. She wrote.

"Your hand is shaking," he said. "What are you scared about? I won't hurt you. Give me that paper and start again."

He put the first piece in his pocket. She started again. "Dad," she wrote. "Taking canoe down to Marten to catch mess of trout in Nut-Brown Pool. Back later. Sally."

"Nice name, Sally," he said. His voice changed tone. "What is this Nut-Brown Pool?"

"Just above the junction," Sally said. "It's always called that." She was doing better now. *Nut-brown maiden.* She could not fathom his thoughts. *People can't fathom thoughts*, she thought. *People read people by putting themselves in people's places. This man's place is clear as can be.*

"You'd better put something on your feet," he said. "Take a raincoat, too, I guess." He sounded solicitous. She put on her boots and took her plastic slicker from the peg.

"Don't mind my gun," he said. "Just a formality, that's all. Now rod, net, fly box, and let's get going." He picked up the ax. He had touched nothing else in the cabin.

She took her father's rod from its place along the wall, and left her own. He did not like her using his split-cane rod. She went through the door.

"You sit forward. Face this way so we can see each other."

The water lapped. He handled a paddle neatly and well. Three days in the woods. Yes, it must be three—and shaved this morning. Sally looked through him up the river. Nothing else moved on the Picquisit.

"Mind if I call you Sally?" he asked.

"Sure," she said. Two miles to go. She faced upriver. But she saw downriver. She saw the wide place above Marten Brook, the backwater where the big trout lay. She saw past that to the Devil's Slide—over the lip and down the slide. *Time*, she thought. *I must play for time. Must act. I must be anyone but me.*

"What's on your mind?"

"You," she said. "Pointing pistols at little girls. You're kind of a mystery to me."

"Not pointing it now," he said. The gun was in his lap.

"Who are you?" she asked. "I'm dyin' to know."

"Are you, now? I'm Lank. Arthur's my given name. Smiler Lank, they call me." He smiled broadly at her. "Any the wiser?"

"Well," she said, "I know your names now. I guess folk call you Smiler because you smile. I guess I'm wiser."

The vein swelled in his forehead, stayed a moment, went again. Pricked him. That meant conceit.

"Arthur is more my kind of name than Smiler. Do you like girls, Arthur?"

"No time for them," he said, but he stared at her.

She saw the big elm on the right bank of the Picquisit, on her left as she faced upstream. Soon now they would reach the backwater where the four-pounders lay. Below that, Marten Brook flowed in, and just below that, the Devil's Slide began.

"Are you cold?" he asked. "Seems warm to me."

Now she could hear the Slide's voice. He held, to swing the canoe; then three strong strokes, out of the stream, into the stillness of the backwater.

"See what I mean about the Nut-Brown Pool?" she said. It was clear, clear as iced tea in a glass, deep amber, not nut-brown, but near enough. "Ha-ro, my nut-brown maiden."

"Sure," he said. "Nice pool." He looked at her. "You never heard of me?"

"Ought I? Arthur Lank, you said?"

"Smiler Lank," he said softly. The vein was out.

He beached the canoe. "Come on," he said. "Leave the fishing stuff."

She stumbled at the gunwale. He caught her by the arm, stood her up. His strength was terrifying too. "Don't go hurting yourself," he said. He made that now-familiar little nudging gesture with the gun to say: Shut up, you; or to say, as now: Go that way.

"I've heard about this Devil's Slide," he said.

Could she dive into the alders? No. If Lank let her get away, Lank's number would be up. Lank thought that no one knew he was in this country. Any fool, given what she had heard last night, could work it out. Lank could not afford to lose her; nor could he simply arrange for her to disappear. Either would turn the heat on. "Girl escapes from murderer" would turn it on. "Actress lost in woods" would turn it on.

The least heat that Smiler Lank could engender was by staging an accident. A perfect place lay just ahead. Here it was.

Sally Duncan and Smiler Lank looked at the Devil's Slide. The Picquisit flowed deeply and quietly to the lip; it stormed down the Slide, dropping two hundred feet in that half mile. There was white water all the way, white water and gray granite. "Toothed like a giant wood rasp," her father had said.

"Impressive," said Mr. Lank. The Devil's Slide was roaring.

"Hear about those college boys last June?" Sally asked.

"No," he said. "I missed that one." He seemed interested.

"Two geologists," she said. "Dad warned them not to fish below the Marten's mouth. Knew better. Started skylarkin'. Lost a paddle. Canoe went through. Nobody never found the bodies yet."

He stared at her. The vein was showing again. Was now the time? she wondered, fighting at the bottom of her pit of fear. Knock her out and dump her in and push off the canoe and watch it go.

"Are you kidding me?" he asked her quietly.

"What's the use in tryin' to kid a guy like you?" She had made that story up, part of the act to plant the seed of the only hope: Nobody never found the bodies yet.

Lank looked at the Devil's Slide again. "Time to go fishing, Sally," he said, turning the pistol past her stomach to indicate the same path they had come.

"Some of the maples are turnin' early," she said. "Pretty, eh?" She looked over her shoulder at him. The vein was corded. They had reached the bank. The muzzle touched the middle of her back. It felt chilly through her shirt.

"Get going," Lank said, cold and dead. "Get in there, little girl." He prodded her.

He wants not to shoot me. He wants not to. He wants not ——

She did not step into the canoe. She turned full round and smiled up at the monster's face. What did John say? John said: "Every man jack in the underworld is scared palpitating stiff of a lone operator called Smiler Lank." Everyone feared him, Sally Duncan most of all. But Sally Duncan, actress, must not fear him.

"I'm not scared of you," she said, his pistol in her stomach.

He stared at her, the curious eyes, the vein, the smile. Was there a shadow of a frown? "Oh, no?" he said.

"Oh, no," said Sally Duncan, actress, coolly. And in a divining shaft of certainty she knew that this had piqued and baffled him. "Will you know me next time?" she inquired of the handsome Smiler Lank.

The pistol moved. Now, now. . . . Butt of the pistol on her head?

"No next time," Lank said thickly. Then the gun was hard across the hollow of her back, and with the other hand he held her head. He kissed her.

She struggled, and stopped trying to struggle. *I asked for this*, she thought. *Time is what I ask for.* Time, but "no next time." One performance only.

Sally, the actress, let herself be kissed. Sally, the woman, thought: *Spare me now, and I will kill you. Yes, I will kill you.*

Lank let her go. He stared at her. "Quite a piece of cake," he muttered, gun leveled at her again

She turned from his contorted face. She looked over to the Devil's Slide. "They never found them college boys," she heard herself remark. "They won't be surprised not findin' me." She looked up at him again.

Lank said nothing. He emitted a sort of chuckle.

"Don't be dumb now, Arthur. Don't do anything you'd be sorry for."

He had transferred his attention to the canoe. "Can you cast a fly?"

"Sure I can cast a fly." Which? Which was it to be?

"Cast a long line down and into the alders this side of the brook. Get the fly caught up."

She had learned to cast a fly long before she had learned to be an actress. She stood on wet stones beside the canoe. She freed the Red Ibis from the cork. She did what he told her.

"Wedge the rod below the seat, but so the reel can run." She did that. "Draw out more line." She did. "Now shove off as hard as you can."

Sally shoved. She watched the canoe float slowly, turn in the stream, gain speed. She could not see the Devil's Slide from here, but she heard it roar. She heard a light scream as the reel began to run. The canoe tilted and was gone.

"You're a big strong girl," he said. "You can carry the pack. I'll keep tabs on you, Sally. Shall we go, then?"

The pack was heavy, not too bad. Can you run away with twenty-five pounds on your back? Can you be there one moment, gone the next moment in the greenwood?

And Sally thought, coldly and quite clearly, *I am expendable, first, last and all the time. But I must be positive. I must play a part. Rule One: Play dumb Sally to play something, to fight my terror of him. Rule Two: Never, never show my terror of him. Rule Three: Prick and comfort his enormous ego.*

He held the ax. He slipped the gun inside his mackinaw. He picked up her raincoat. "Follow the animal path upriver."

She did. The ground was too hard for tracks. When would father get back? Would John come with him? Would her father or John MacRae read her single tiny cue or clue?

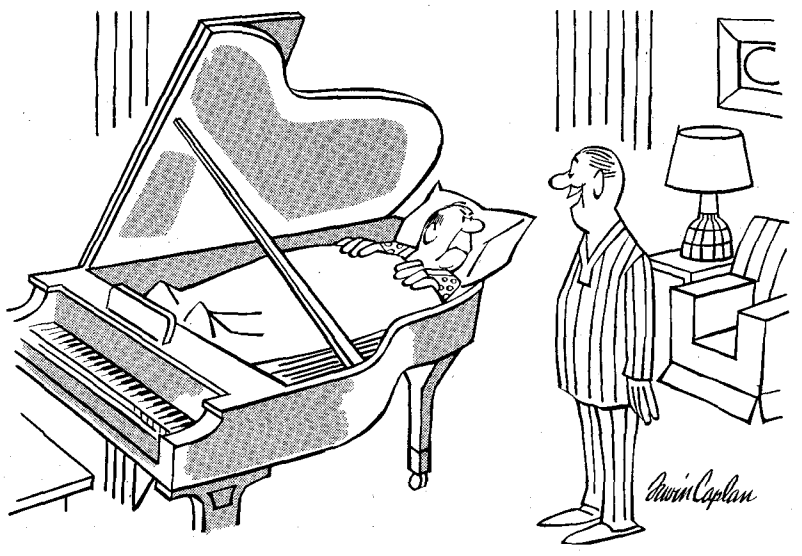
"Turn left now," Lank said, after a distance. "Pick a way uphill. Keep out of the wet places. And, Sally!"

"Yeah?" she said.

"Your body's down there in the Devil's Slide or somewhere, or in the woods. You've vanished, and I'm watching you."

Sally Duncan led him through the greenwood, touched here and there with the scarlet of the dying leaf.

TO BE CONCLUDED



"Hope you'll be comfy, Dave. If it gets cold during the night, just let the top down."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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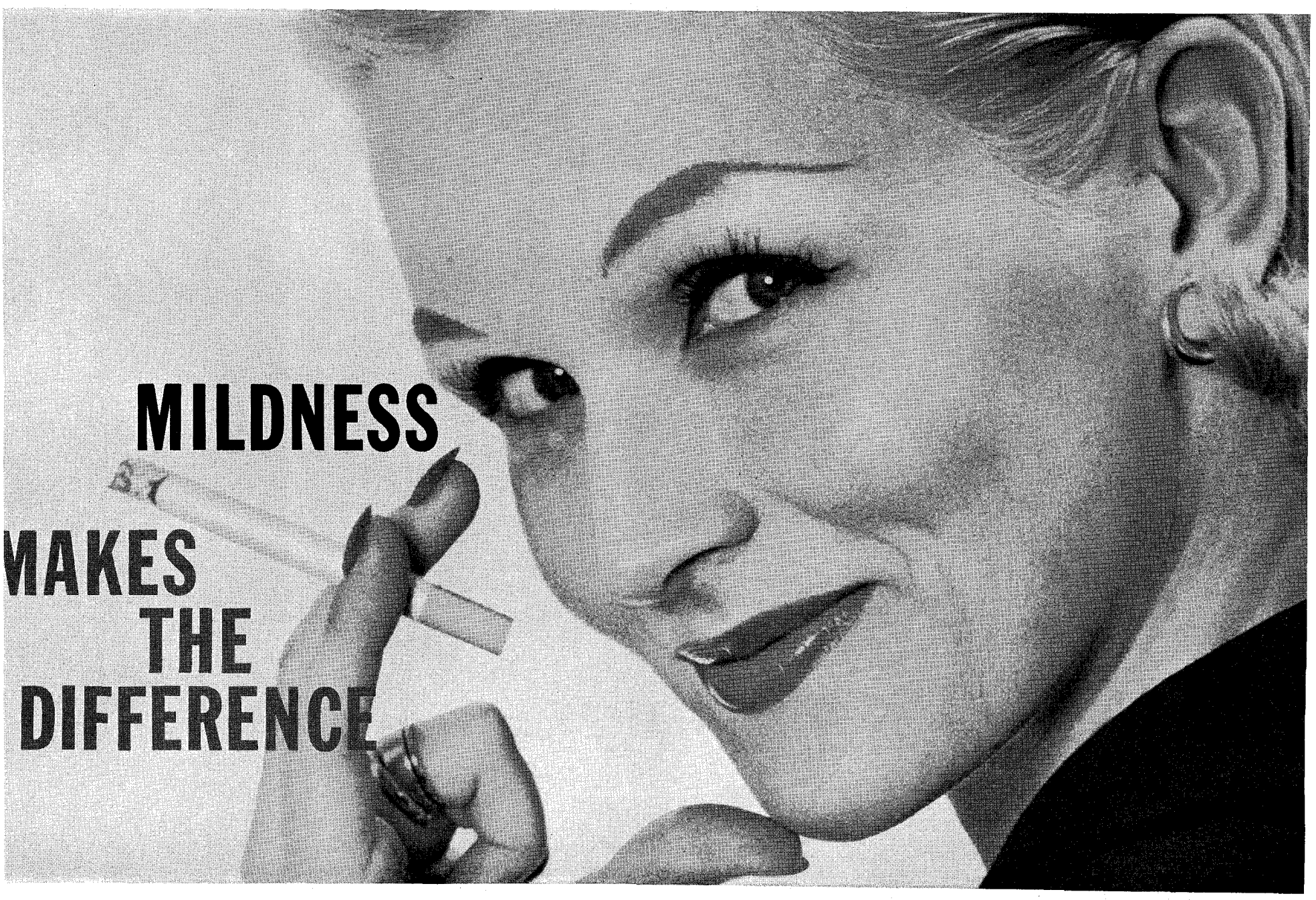
Know something Tareyton taught me?



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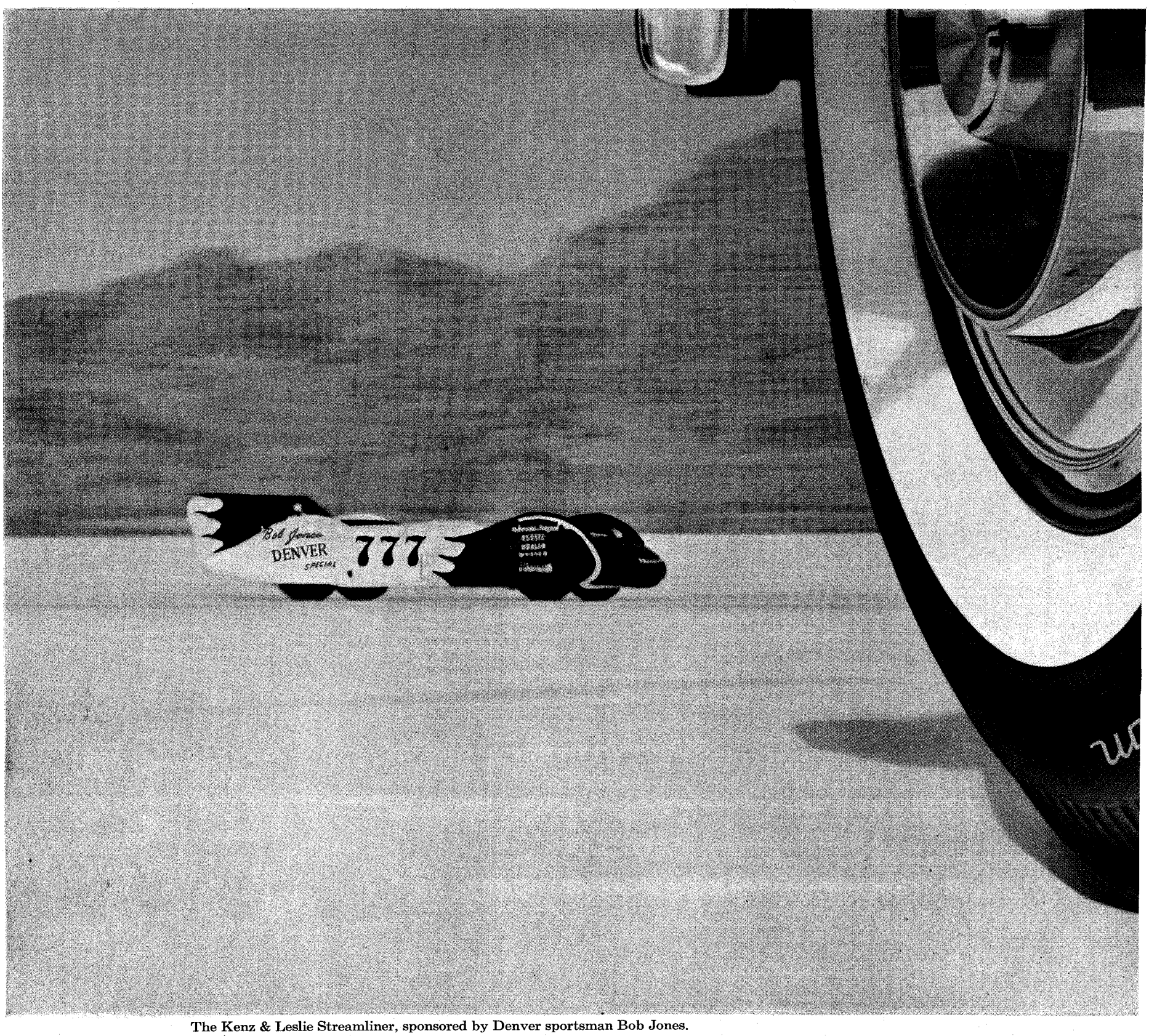

The Kenz & Leslie Streamliner, sponsored by Denver sportsman Bob Jones.

At 261 M.P.H. only Firestones

The speed record for American-built cars stands at nearly 4½ miles a minute. On Firestones, of course. For in all America, only Firestone can build a tire to withstand such incredible centrifugal force.

When the fantastic Kenz & Leslie Streamliner howled across Bonneville Salt Flats last August at 261.81 m.p.h. it became the fastest American car ever built. The designers chose three "flathead" V8 engines to hurl their special chassis at this blinding speed. But when they came to pick the tires they had no real choice. They had to run on Firestones.

Why? Because no one else can match Firestone's years of experience in experimental tire development and testing in this harsh "laboratory" where the price of failure is tragedy. Firestone Tires are absolutely dominant in every form of automotive competition, in every open racing test, that this country provides.

All tire manufacturers start with basically the same raw materials to create tire rubber compounds. But in the processing and blending of each ingredient lies the difference between Firestone rubber and all others. Firestone engineers know more about rubber compounding, cord design and tread pro-

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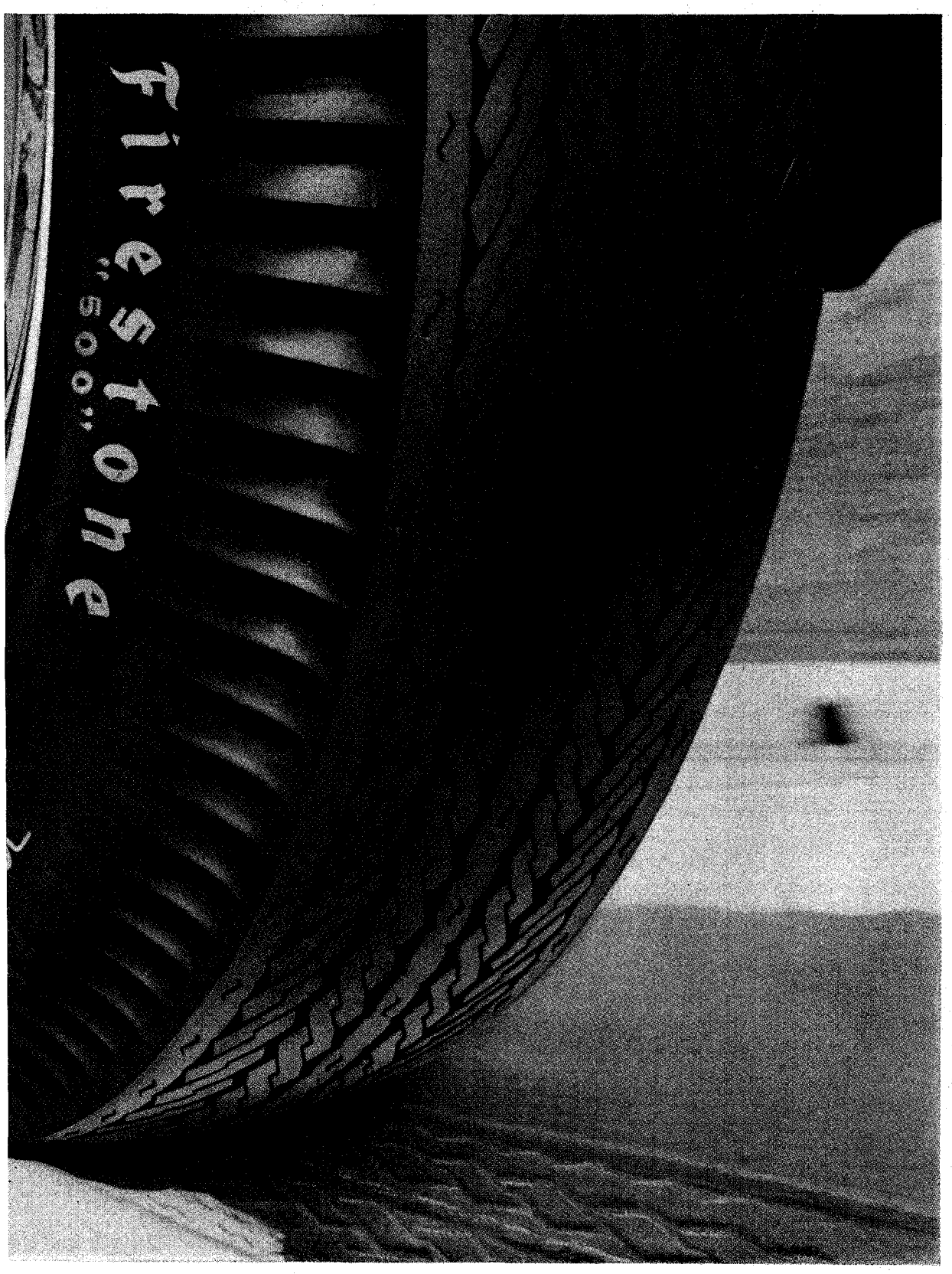

Firestone's FIRST with record-setting drivers who refuse to take a chance on tire performance. And now, Firestone offers a new kind of safety-first tire for your car, too . . .

New Firestone Nylon "500"

WITH NUCLEAR-CONTROLLED NYLON CORD BODY

Tires today have two big enemies—the tremendous heat that's generated in superhighway driving, and the hard knocks that curbs, chuckholes, and washboard city streets can dish out. But now Firestone engineers have beaten them both with a new *kind* of nylon tire—the Firestone Nylon "500."

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Here's the best part. There's *no* big premium price tag on these premium-performance Firestone Nylon "500" tires that carry Firestone's famous lifetime guarantee. Find out for yourself by going to your Firestone Dealer or Store today, and start driving with *built-in peace of mind.*

are good enough!

files because they have always *had* to know more . . . automotive competition demands nothing less than the ultimate in safety, stability, and tread wear.

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"How we use Murine to rest our eyes"

MRS. JIM PIERSALL

and daughter, Eileen, family of baseball star, Jim Piersall

"I use Murine to rest my eyes after reading or sewing, and I've taught Eileen to use Murine to 'wash', not rub, playground dust out of her eyes," says Mrs. Jim Piersall. Use Murine to relieve *your* eyes of that gritty or tired feeling. It's so gentle and soothing. Makes your eyes feel clean and rested again. Get Murine now with new, *unbreakable* dropper.

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Children Really are Not People

(Continued from Page 17)

You're going to bed right now. Do you hear? Now, this minute!" These persuasive remarks, declaimed in clear, ringing tones with perhaps an additional "this minute!" thrown in for good measure, are usually sufficient to get a boy up into the bedroom. Theoretically, the matter is closed. Actually, you've just begun to fight.

Now begins a series of protracted farewell appearances. He comes back on the landing to say that his pajamas are wet and he has a neat idea: he's going to sleep in his snow pants. You say it's impossible. How could those pajamas be wet? And he says he doesn't know unless it's because he used them to mop up the floor when he tipped over the fish tank.

When you've finally got him pinned into a dry pair, you can go back and glare at your husband, who has found the whole incident rather amusing—well, dammit, he's a boy. Your husband's hilarity, however, will be somewhat quenched in a moment, when he hears that one of the fish has perished in the disaster and will require an immediate burial outside by flashlight.

But soft! That boy is back again, and we are into the following dialogue:

"I suppose you want me to brush my teeth."

"Of course I want you to brush your teeth."

"O.K., but I won't be going to school tomorrow."

"Why not, for heaven's sake?"

"Because I'll be poisoned to death."

"What are you talking about?"

"Chris used my toothbrush to paint his model car."

This necessitates a brief but painful interview with Chris, who declares, "He never used that toothbrush anyway; he always used mine."

Normally, along about here, you can count on a seven-minute pause during which you can cut out a recipe for baked Alaska, which you will make as soon as you lose ten pounds, which will be never.

But we're about ready for that third appearance. "Mommy"—this time the voice is dripping with tragedy—"Mommy, it's raining."

You leap out of your chair. "Do you mean to tell me that you got up just to tell me it's raining? I know it's raining! Go back to bed!"

He goes back, but presently the sound of muffled sobs comes flooding down the stairwell. Naturally, you have to go upstairs and turn on the light and find out what's the matter with the poor little thing. What's the matter, it turns out, is that he has left his bicycle over on the Slezaks' lawn. Not that he is at all concerned about the bicycle, which he has just got for Christmas and which cost thirty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents, but he has tied a keen foxtail to the handle bar and it will be ruined, just absolutely ruined. So you can go over and get the bicycle, and if you hurry you'll be back in time to catch his fourth and final appearance.

This time, noticing the edge of hysteria in your voice—he's been around for seven years; he knows when you are going to crack—he keeps his message brief.

"Mommy, this is important. I have to have a costume for the play tomorrow. I'm Saint Joseph."

If children and adults differ in their approach to bedtime, there is even greater discrepancy in the separate ways they greet the morn. To begin with, the average, healthy, well-adjusted adult gets up at seven-thirty in the morning feeling just plain terrible. He stumbles through the physical motions of dressing, staring glassily at the shirt button that has just come off in his hand. His mind, oddly enough, is razor-sharp, probing, questioning: Why was he born? Why are there never any clean handkerchiefs? Where will all this end? He's moody, morose, and above all else, silent. This is a desirable situation, since it makes it easier for him to live with that other healthy, normal adult who isn't feeling so top-of-the-morning either. He walks with a slight list, holding his hands out in front of him—presumably to catch his head, should it fall off. During the entire breakfast period he will break the silence only once, to mutter hoarsely, "I don't call this half the paper; this is nothing but real-estate ads."

Now we come to the little ones, who rise from their beds like a swarm of

... ...

Urban Archaeology

By Norman R. Jaffray

Carthage and Nineveh,
Babylon, Troy,
Slumber at peace in the
dust they enjoy.
Once they've been charted,
dug up and assessed,
Even the scientists leave
them at rest.

Nothing, however, that's
under our town—
Cables or sewer pipes—
ever stays down.
Once they've been buried,
an army of men
Promptly starts laying
them naked again.

... ...

helicopters buzzing and sawing the air around them. Although it's only seven-thirty, they haven't been idle. One of them has written "I am a pig" on the bathroom mirror with tooth paste—and won't that be a cool joke on Gilbert when he is old enough to read? Somebody else has found a good secret hiding place for his pirate knife: he just cut a little corner off the pillow and stuffed it inside, and that clears up the mystery of where all those feathers came from. Even so, it's not the mayhem that eats away at the nerve ends of the parent; it is the riotous good humor and wild, gay chatter that spill like a Kansas twister out of the bedroom, down the stairs and over the breakfast table.

If the matutinal conversation of children and grownups differs in volume and velocity, it also differs in essence. An adult, if he speaks at all, makes statements ("Well, I see Walter Lippmann is after Dulles again"), a remark that not only doesn't require an answer, it practically precludes one.

The child, on the other hand, makes questions. Even when he is only trying to impart information, he will phrase it as a query: "Did you know that the Egyptians invented marshmallow?" "Did you know that Billy said if his turtle has a turtle he's going to give me a turtle?"

Now, most of these questions can be answered by a simple "yep." (This is clearly not the time to give your reasons for supposing that the output of a solitary turtle will be necessarily limited.) There is a danger, though, that you will "yep" your way into trouble by missing the ghastly implications of a trick question like "Do you want to see me drink my milk without touching the glass with my hands?"

There are other important ways in which children differ from their elders. For instance, it is perfectly possible to have a really satisfactory quarrel with an adult. You say to the beloved, "Do you mean to tell me that you met Mrs. Gordon and you didn't ask her about her operation? Of course *I* told you; you just don't listen. Oh, never mind. You're obtuse, that's all; just plain thick!" This should lead to a spirited exchange and result in a good, two-day sulk.

Conversely, you can tell a child that he's the worst boy ever born into the world, follow up this sweeping statement with a smart thump on the behind, and in two and one half minutes he will come back, look you straight in the eye, and say, "Wanna hear a neat riddle?"

Of course, we haven't time here to discuss the more obvious and basic differences, such as the fact that adults believe in Santa Claus and children don't. But we must get in a word about the Sweater Fetish that is so peculiar to the young. Adults, many of them, don't have sweaters, and those that do find that the mere possession of a sweater in no way detracts from their enjoyment of a rich, full life. Children, however, regard the sweater *primarily as something to take off.* More than that. They see in the sweater a symbol of all that is plainly idiotic and unreasonable about the adult world. I'm sure that even in Alaska, when the temperature thuds to fifty below zero, little Eskimo children plead, "Do I have to wear it? It's not cold." To me, there is something almost touching about the way children fight the daily, doomed battle of the sweater. It's as though they were saying to themselves, "O.K., I have to wear this, but someday, somewhere, some kid who is bigger than me and better than me is going to make it out that back door without one." There are, to be sure, some lucky children who don't have sweaters, having left them in school, or in the park, or in a drawer wrapped around a pair of ice skates.

Psychologists tell us that the things we want, the things we ask for most often, provide us with a vital clue to our personalities. Children, having linear minds and no grasp of the great intangibles, spend most of their energy yapping about trifles: "Can I have a soda?", "Can I have an apple?", "Can I have an ice-cream cone?", "Can I see Baby Doll? Dickie says it's a keen picture."

In contrast, notice the maturity and breadth of vision that are revealed in this sampling of a typical adult's daily demands: "Where did you put the aspirin?" "Did anybody call the plumber about that faucet?" "Don't you ever put cigarettes out?" "Tell them we can't come; tell them I'm sick, tell them I'm dead; tell them anything you want!" "Who the devil took my fountain pen?"

Let's have no more of this nonsense about children being little adults. They are a breed apart, and you can tell it just by looking at them. How many of them have gray hair? How many do you see taking pep pills? How many go to psychiatrists?

O.K., we've settled that.

Editors' Note—This article is from a book by Mrs. Kerr titled Please Don't Eat the Daisies, to be published in the fall by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

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Outlaw Dog (Continued from Page 31)

"Depends," I told her. There was something here I didn't like the smell of. "No offense, Miss Murchison, but I'd have to be sure of a few things first."

"I can pay, if that's what you mean." The girl fumbled with the clasp of her handbag. "I've a job in town, Mr. Kellaher."

"What I want to know mostly," I said to her, "is why your uncle sends a retriever down for boarding with bird season about to start." I'd been acquainted with Andrew Murchison for years without ever working up a fondness for the man. He's a lodge operator at Lagos Harbor, north along the British Columbia coast, a beefy, temperish customer, stubborn and cocksure. "Another thing. You mentioned training. Jim, here, was a made dog when he left me. Why, he could have stepped into junior trials and waltzed off with a top ribbon."

"I didn't mean that kind of training," the girl said. "And it isn't Andrew Murchison who wants Jim boarded, it's me. My uncle gave Jim to me a while ago."

"That'd be after the hunting accident," I prodded her.

The boy had been standing aside, as if he'd sooner keep out of this. His voice startled me. "It wasn't any accident." He was a fair-haired, lanky young fellow, a year or two older than the girl. "Janice, quit stalling. You promised you'd tell him the truth."

The girl stared at the ground, and the dog and I watched her. She seemed ready to cry. Finally the boy took over for her.

"This dog's a killer." He spoke gruffly. "My dad and me, we keep sheep. Dad shot this—mutt with his teeth in the neck of one of our ewes." The boy took a breath, eying the girl as if he hated her. "If you ask me, an inch lower would have saved a lot of trouble!"

"Then why joggle his arm?" Janice Murchison flashed at him.

"Because I'm a darn fool, I suppose."

"If it weren't for Jim," she told him hotly, "you might be a dead fool, Peter Holland!" She swung to face me. "Mr. Kellaher, you owe Jim something too. If you hadn't sold him to my uncle, he'd never have landed in trouble." She was practically on tiptoe, hand clenched on the Labrador's leash, dark eyes accusing me. "Jim wouldn't stand before you now, a—a convicted killer!"

I had to concede her point. Even with hard times crowding me, I should never have sold a dog to a bullying bungler like Andrew Murchison.

"Your convicted killer's setting, not standing," I said to Janice. "It seems to me we could follow his example." I started for the house and they tagged after me, the big black dog pacing at the girl's heel. Behind us, Gentleman Jim's daddy cut loose with his roaring bark. Lucifer has house privileges; he was telling me in plain terms what he thought of my inviting another dog indoors. I said as much to the kids when I'd settled them in my kitchen and put coffee on to heat.

The girl had simmered down. The smile she gave me was worried, but it brought a sweetness to her pointy little face. "Jim hasn't been in anyone's house for a long, long time," she said.

The rugged head rested against her knee. Across the table, Peter Holland rolled a cigarette, his face sullen.

I said to Janice, making conversation, "Kind of young to be working, aren't you? If you were my daughter, I'd figure you belonged in school."

"Try and convince her," Peter Holland said. "She'd be starting university tomorrow on a scholarship, if it weren't for her precious pet." He scraped a match on his thumbnail. "They say mules are stubborn ——"

"Cut it out!" I ordered him. "Stop needling her! Maybe she belongs in college, maybe no. That doesn't concern me. What does is how a dog I bred and trained got turned into a sheep killer. If you can help put me straight, that's fine. If you can't, just keep quiet and let your girl tell me."

"I'm not his girl," Janice said; and the boy muttered, "That's for true!"

Outside, Lucifer had ended his grumbling. The kitchen was quiet while I set out cups and fetched the coffee off the stove. When Janice did speak, her voice hardly disturbed that quiet.

"I'll tell you the truth," she said. "All of it, Mr. Kellaher." Her hand was stroking Jim's head. "Then if that isn't enough, I'll ask you to lend me a gun."

I froze with the coffeepot in my fist. "You mean you'd go and shoot that dog?"

Her brown head nodded. "Better me than Peter's father," she said, "or the game warden, or the first rancher to spot him." Her eyes were steady on me, and the grief in them hurt. "You see, I wasn't just being dramatic. Jim's been tried and convicted. I've been allowed to bring him to you because you're his only chance."

I've found myself in some mighty queer spots during thirty years as a kennel owner, but I'd never before been turned into a one-man court of appeal. I sat there with my conscience hurting and the weight of judgment (*Continued on Page 54*)

Flowers by Magic!

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY
Send Flowers Worldwide
INTERFLORA

It takes no magician to make the perfect gift of flowers appear whenever and wherever you wish. Phone or visit the FTD florist who displays the Mercury Emblem. Presto! Your floral gift is on its way to the next town or across the world. Say it with flowers-by-magic for any occasion. It's easy and inexpensive.

This Emblem guarantees absolute satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded.

SEND FLOWERS-BY-WIRE THRU 11,000 MEMBERS OF Florists' Telegraph Delivery

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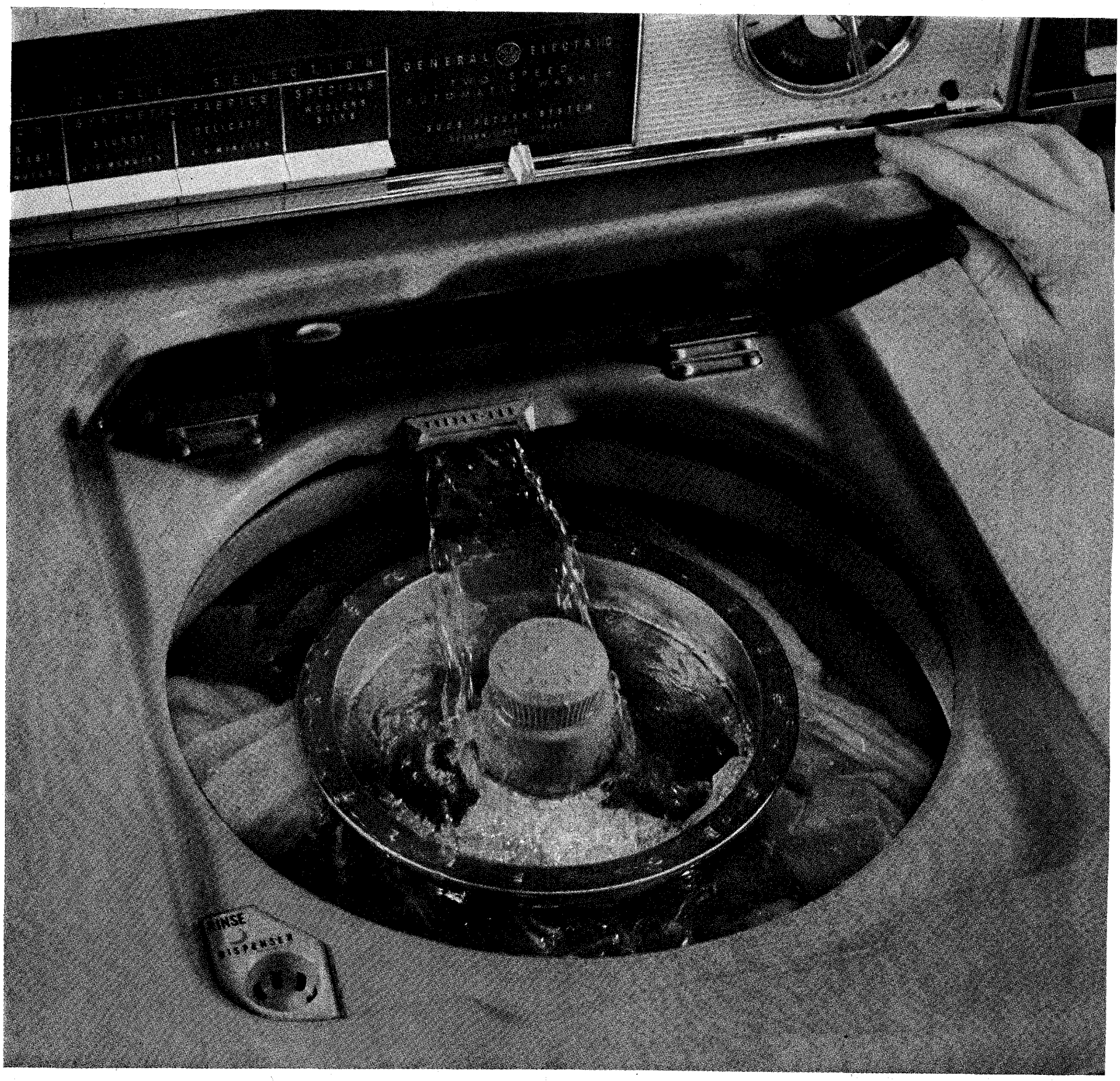
NO LINT FUZZ

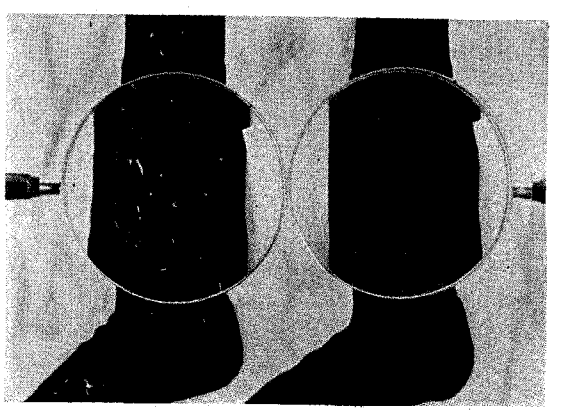


Filter can't clog . . . comes only with the General Electric Filter-Flo Washer. The washing system cleans and recleans water as you wash . . . keeps lint *in* the filter and *off* your clothes. Lint, sand, and soap scum are removed automatically. Water circulates continuously through the large, durable, one-piece filter. In full view, it filters all the water without impeding water flow.

Easy to remove . . . easy to clean . . . the G-E filter is also an automatic detergent dispenser . . . dissolves detergent evenly throughout your wash.

New rinse conditioner . . . automatically rinses softness into your clothes! Before you wash, just pour your favorite water or fabric softener into the dispenser, to left of filter. With *any* fabric key setting, your rinse water is automatically "conditioned." Synthetics come out static-free.

Proof of no lint fuzz! After 7 washings in an ordinary washer, the sock at left was flecked with unsightly lint. After 7 washings in a General Electric Filter-Flo Washer, the sock at right in an identical washload showed *practically no lint!*



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July 27, 1957

ON CLOTHES

1958 GENERAL ELECTRIC FILTER-FLO® WASHER

with simple new
WASH-TO-ORDER FABRIC KEYS

Touch one key—it selects the right wash and spin speeds . . . wash and rinse temperatures

Now the famous lint-removing washer sets itself automatically to wash *any* type of fabric with exactly right care.

Just touch the key above to fit your washload—the 1958 General Electric Filter-Flo Washer sets every step to suit your type of fabric.

No more guessing. Either hot or warm wash, slow or fast wash speed, warm or cold rinse, slow or fast spin is set according to fabric needs.

Each of five fabric keys selects the *right* combination of wash conditions to give you clean, properly washed clothes.

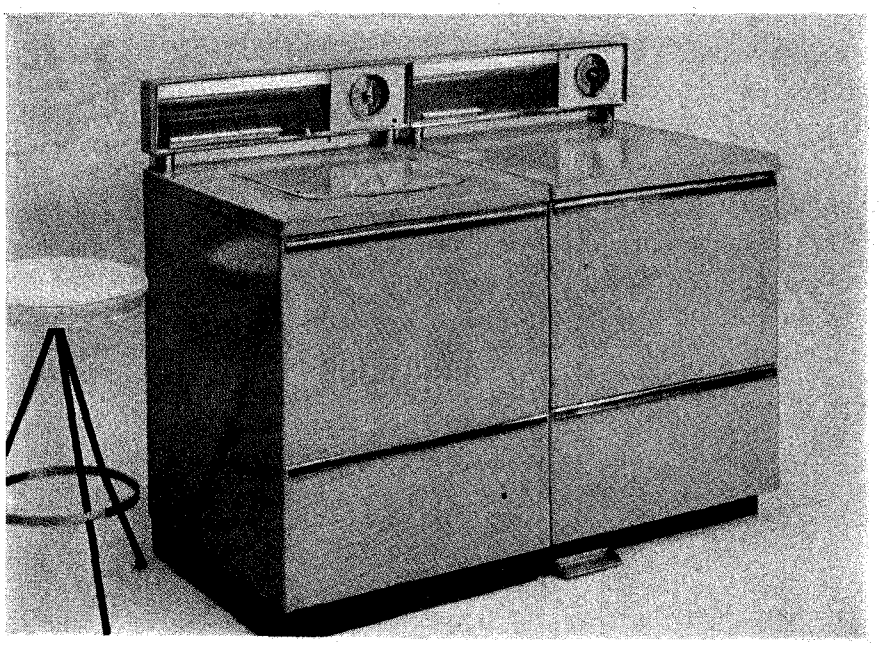
No set-in wrinkles. Wash your finest lingerie with complete safety—*and save hand washing!* Wash nylon shirts, Dacron blouses, other synthetics without setting wrinkles—*and save ironing*. Wash blankets and stuffed toys without matting—*and save wear!*

Never before has perfect clothes care been so automatically at your fingertips.

Straight-line styling . . . can match counters or fit in corners. Filter-Flo Washer shown, model WA-950R, about $3.40* a week. With automatic Suds Return System, slightly higher. Matching Automatic Dryer, about $2.80* a week. You can plan your laundry pair in Mix-or-Match Colors or white.

- Softer clothes, less ironing with new Rinse Conditioner.
- Over 50% more clothes capacity than in many automatics.
- Water Saver Selector saves you up to 20 gallons of water—plus detergent—on small loads.
- Automatic Suds Return System (optional) sets aside hot sudsy filtered water for a second wash, if you wish.
- Five-year written warranty on transmission parts. Famous dependability.

General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



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Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

After small down payment. See your General Electric dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.

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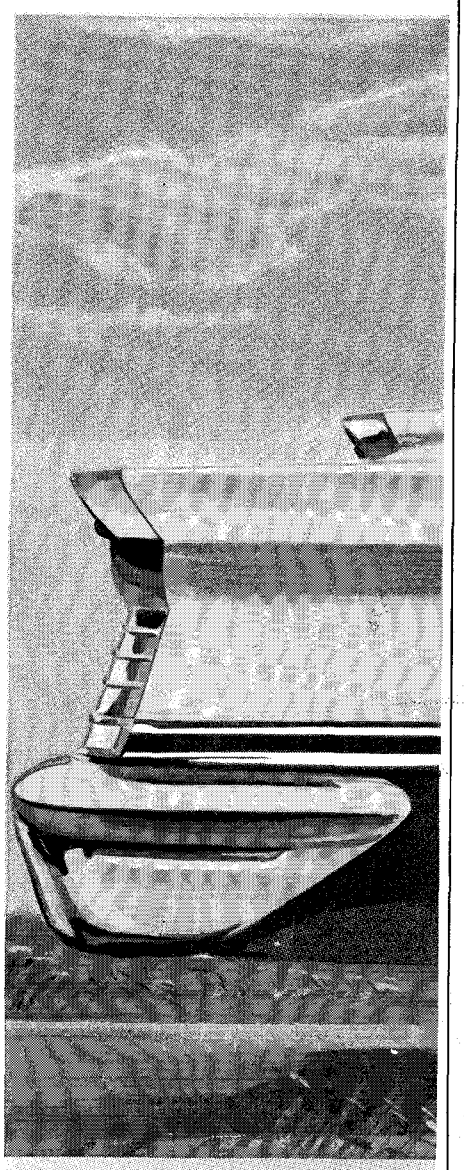
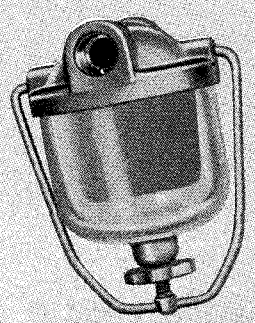


CLEANS THE GAS

New AC accreted-type gasoline filter protects carburetor float, valves and jets from damage caused by dirt and other foreign materials. This fine new gasoline filter is designed for today's high-compression engines. Fits all cars . . . needs changing only twice a year or every 5,000 miles



AC GAS FILTER

(*Continued from Page 51*) heavy on my shoulders, while my coffee cooled and Janice Murchison's soft voice ran on, telling how it went with Gentleman Jim from the day, almost a year back, when she watched her uncle strut down the steamer gangplank at Lagos with Jim at heel.

To understand what the girl told me, there are two things about the big blacks you need to know. The first is that no matter who writes the check, a Labrador's affections can't be bought. Before he was five minutes ashore—squatting on the dock planks while Andrew Murchison blew off to all and sundry about his three-hundred-dollar Brierbank retriever—Gentleman Jim had made his choice.

He looked up at Janice where she stood in jeans and shirt with the breeze in her hair, and she gazed down at him. She touched his head between the square-set ears and he didn't twitch a muscle. But the spark had passed between them, the weld was made, and it would hold till death should them part.

Maybe Murchison sensed what was happening, although he didn't run to sensitivity, and had never paid the orphan girl under his roof much heed. Anyway, he gave Jim a curt "Hie on!" and bent for his suitcase. Jim ambled across the wharf, his coat shining in autumn sunlight, to where some town-bound logger had shed his work gloves. The dog picked up one of those jagger-torn rigging gloves and brought it to Janice, and dropped it before her. It's the Labrador trick—I never yet saw a Lab that didn't fetch gifts to the one he's chosen to love. "I'm yours," he was saying to Janice. "Here's my heart at your feet to prove it."

This being steamer day, practically the whole Lagos population had come in to the landing on one errand or another. Peter Holland's dad was there to pick up fence wire, and when the blunt and hearty rancher saw that byplay, he cut loose with a loud guffaw.

"Looks like you've lost your wonder dog, Andy!" he called; and Murchison reddened up like a turkey cock.

"Like hell I have!" he answered, and slipped a finger through the choke ring on Jim's collar. "A week from now, this dog will know who's boss!"

I broke in on Janice here. I couldn't help it. "Your uncle was seven kinds of fool," I said to her. "Jim knew who was boss; he didn't need any showing."

Andrew Murchison, of course, had been nicked in his pride. His niece was someone he'd given a home to, making darned sure she toiled for it, and by his lights, the dog ought to have ignored her. Which brings me to the other thing you have to know about Labradors. While they aren't temperamental like some breeds or surly like others, they do have their own tough pride.

Jim was ready and willing to work for his owner. By instinct and training, he was a working dog. I'd started him on dummies at three months, blooded him with pheasant and band-tailed pigeon. His first duck season I teamed him with his sire. If you follow the trials, I don't need tell you what that meant in a young dog's education—working the sloughs with a champion like Black Lucifer of Brierbank. And I'd finished Gentleman Jim on the hardest of all, the winter brant, sending him out after those little black geese with the salt-water ice crackling away from his chest. Ah, he'd have worked for Murchison, worn his pads bloody for the man. But his love he would not surrender, or his decent pride.

I said as much to the young people in my kitchen. Janice didn't answer me, but Peter Holland did, frowning at me across the table.

"And you figure just having the dog work for him'd be enough for Murchison? A meatball who slaps his wife around and turns his niece into a slavey?"

"Peter!" She spoke in quick protest, but the boy's angry voice rushed on, "Ask her about that, Mr. Kellaher. Ask why she encouraged the dog to make up to her when she knew how her uncle'd take it." His scowl shifted to Janice. "We were all set," he said accusingly. "You had to go and louse us up. Why couldn't you have let that dog alone?"

"We weren't all set, Peter." The girl spoke with a kind of indulgent patience, as if to someone much younger. "Even before Jim came, I'd seen that." She said to me, "Peter wanted us to get married; he was sure his father would support us while we went to university. I knew it wouldn't work." Her voice was small and soft, and very stubborn. "Anyway, Jim needed me. I shouldn't have encouraged him, I know. But afterwards, how could I run out on him?"

I understood the boy's resentment now, although I wasn't of a mind to waste sympathy on him, nor was I sitting here to referee any lovers' quarrel.

"Fight later if you want to," I told them. "Right now, there's other fish to fry." I said to Janice, "You still haven't told me what happened between Jim and your uncle."

"Nothing happened," Janice said. "Not right away. We had guests at the lodge, and Jim worked well with their pointer on grouse. One of those hunters wanted to buy Jim, even offered five hundred dollars for him. But my uncle wouldn't sell. Then, the day after they left, he lent me his sixteen-gauge and told me we were going hunting. I was suspicious. I knew he was up to something, but I went along."

Jim had settled by her ankles, muzzle on paws. But he wasn't asleep; his brown eyes were melting sad, which in a Labrador is a sign of happiness. It was hard for me to imagine Gentleman Jim with wool in his teeth.

"We were in an old logging burn," Janice said. "We'd each got a blue grouse, and Jim was working like—well, not like a machine, Mr. Kellaher. That's too cold. He was beautiful; he was ——"

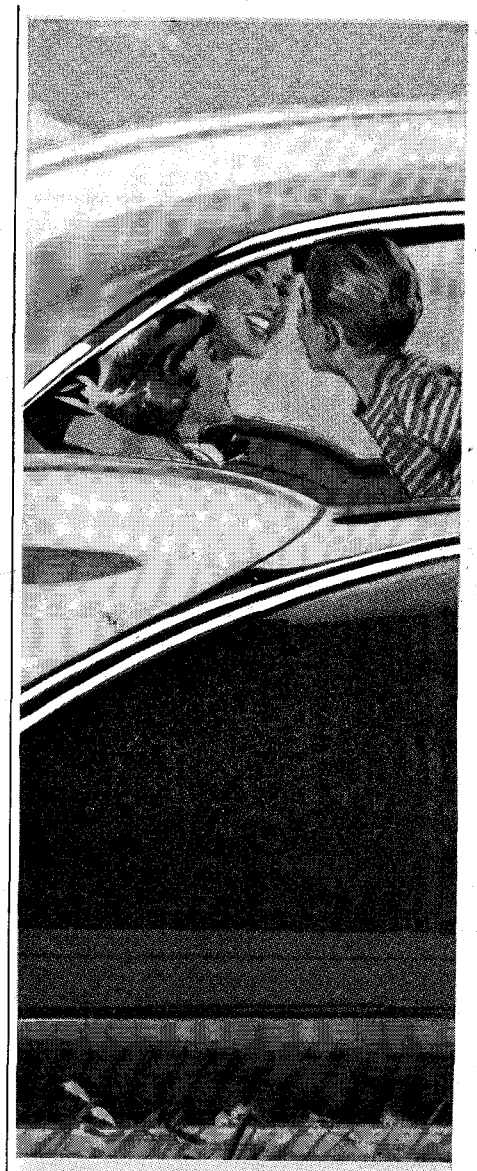
"He was a Brierbank retriever busy at his trade," I supplied for her. "Get along with it."

"Jim froze on another blue. I put it up and my uncle tried two long shots, with the bird going straight away from him. He missed. I'm certain he missed. Jim was sure, too, because he gave us that reproachful look they have for someone who goofs. But my uncle sent him in to retrieve."

"Sent him after a bird that wasn't there?" I was the judge; I shouldn't be letting myself grow angry. Still, I felt my neck hotting up.

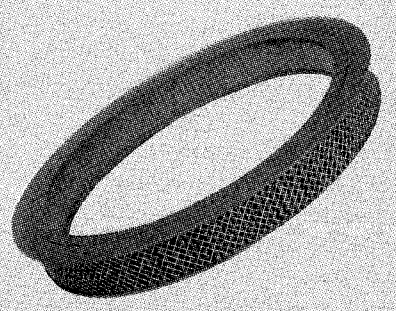
"Yes," Janice said. "And my uncle knew it wasn't there. But Jim went. He worked every inch of that tangle. He came out, and my uncle swore at him and sent him in again." She drew a hand swiftly across her eyes. "The third time, Jim just stood at the edge of the alders, looking at us over his shoulder. He was confused, he didn't understand, and he was telling us so.

"My uncle had a twelve-gauge pump. He'd fired two loads, and he pumped the third into the chamber. He was smiling as he said to me, 'Looks like your pet has to learn the hard way.' He fired and Jim screamed. I tried to go to him where he was threshing around in the brush, but my uncle grabbed my arm. Jim began to run. I could hear him crying, Mr. Kellaher, from farther and farther away, till the sidehills blocked him out."



CLEARS THE AIR

New AC disposable air filter provides high dust capacity and efficient air filtering at all engine speeds. This new development was introduced early in 1957, and has proved itself rapidly in actual operation to become the choice of automotive engineers for more and more of America's new cars.



AC AIR FILTER

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I got up and marched twice across the room, wanting to hit someone, wanting to smash something. I'd heard of that caper, peppering a wrong-headed dog in the hindquarters to teach him obedience. But I'd never thought to learn of it happening to any dog from my kennels, and no man I judged capable of any such dirtiness would set foot on my place.

But he did, my conscience up and belted me. *You knew Andrew Murchison; you knew his reputation. You sold him Gentleman Jim, and you should have gone broke first. Mister, you're not fit to look an honest Labrador in the eye.*

I turned and said to Janice, "So Jim ran off. Then what?"

"We started back to the lodge. My uncle walked ahead of me." Her face, for an instant, was sharp and wicked. "I looked at his big wide back and listened to him whistling, so pleased with what he'd done. I wanted to kill him. I wanted to so badly that I broke my gun and threw the shells into the woods."

I asked her, "What about Jim?"

"He came home late that night. I'd been sleeping in a tent back of the lodge. He came and stood in the doorway in moonlight, not making a sound. I wanted to get up and go to him, but I knew what had happened was mostly my fault, and I thought if I didn't let him be friends with me, things might still turn out all right." Her voice quivered and she brushed at her eyes again. "Jim came into the tent, Mr. Kellaher. He picked up one of my shoes and dropped it by my hand. He whined, but I didn't speak to him, I didn't touch him even when he pushed at my arm. After a long time he went away. I thought I was doing right, that it would be best for him ——"

The girl began to cry then in earnest. She put her head on her arms on my kitchen table and wept as if her heart would break. Jim whined as he must have done that moonlit night at Lagos, and edged against her knee. Peter Holland made a gruff noise in his throat, and shoved out from behind the table.

"You stay put," I told the boy. "You've pestered her enough, it seems to me." I asked him, "Was it after that business Jim started killing sheep?"

"We figure he started on deer." Peter spoke moodily. His slacks and sport jacket were well cut, but they couldn't take away that look of a gangling farm boy. "Jim never showed up at the lodge again. I guess he had to eat somehow."

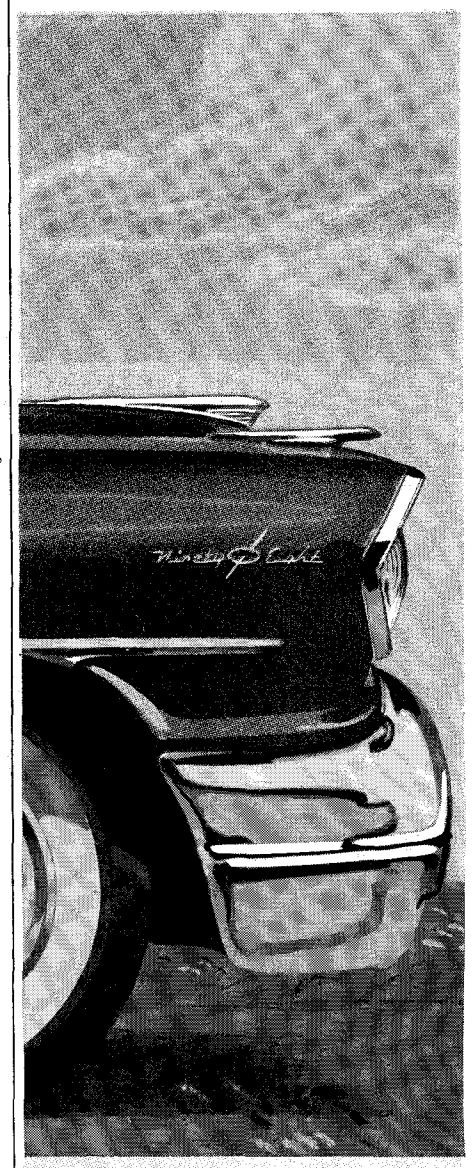
"From you," I said, "that's a real generous admission." I couldn't help but turn some of my bottled-up anger on that young fellow, seeing him as a self-centered sprig too intent on his own imagined troubles to spare heart for anyone else. He'd meant to run off with the girl, and he blamed the dog for throwing a crimp into his fine, crackbrained, nineteen-year-old plans.

"Want to hear it or don't you?" he challenged me. I motioned him to go on, and he said, "Well, there aren't many deer left around Lagos Harbor. Between wolves and cougars, they've been cut way down. So Jim started sneaking in to the ranches nights, with his furry friends. Joe Ottram lost nine sheep in one raid. At the Mackinnons', they hazed thirty ewes and lambs over a bluff into the salt chuck." Peter's face was red and he was all outraged rancher now, telling me about foul murder. "They hit our ranch twice. The second time, dad and me were ready for them. We got three in five shots ——"

"Wait!" I told him. "What's this of Jim's furry friends? Who's the 'they' you're speaking of?"

"Wolves!" He threw the word at me as if it burned his mouth. "Timber wolves. He'd hooked up with them and taken a black bitch for his mate. That's why I've tried to show Janice we'd be wasting our time and yours, Mr. Kellaher." He jerked his head at Jim and said sourly, "Real fireside type, eh? Man's faithful four-footed companion. He was a good dog once, I'm not arguing that. But he's all wolf now, inside, and nothing you or anyone can do will change him."

"Still," I said, "it appears you did spoil your father's (*Continued on Page 58*)



FILTERS THE OIL

If you are an average driver, the equivalent of more than 36,000 gallons of oil surges through your AC Oil Filter in six months of driving at normal speeds. Your filter keeps engine oil clean, reduces engine wear. For your engine's sake, change to a new AC Oil Filter twice a year or every 5,000 miles.

AC OIL FILTER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"$70 a day! Look, I'm just on vacation . . . not skipping with company funds!"

"FILTER UP" WITH AC!

These three AC filters provide the greatest engine protection your money can buy! The air, gas and oil for your engine are scientifically cleaned because AC filters guard your engine from harm. Let your AC dealer check your filters at regular intervals, and replace with the finest—AC!

GM GENERAL MOTORS

AC

AC SPARK PLUG THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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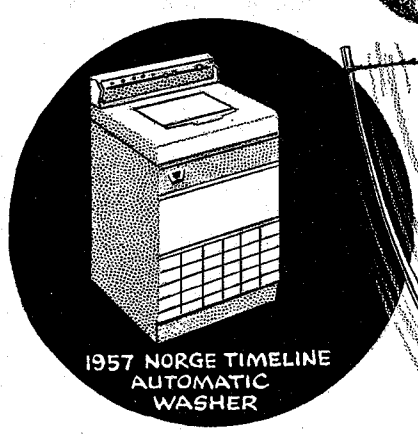
PUMPS A TON OF FISH A MINUTE FROM BOAT TO SHORE!

RIPLEY'S—

FISHING BOATS AT A WEST COAST SARDINE CANNERY AVOID WHARFSIDE "TRAFFIC JAMS" AND DELIVER CATCHES HOURS FRESHER. THEY UNLOAD INTO A FLOATING TANK 1000 FEET OFFSHORE. THE FISH ARE THEN SUCKED TO SHORE THROUGH A LARGE PIPE BY A POWERFUL FISH PUMP. SPECIALLY DESIGNED BY **B-W'S BYRON JACKSON**, THIS PUMP PULLS IN A TON OF SARDINES AND 950 GALLONS OF SEA WATER EVERY 60 SECONDS. FISH SHOOT RIGHT THROUGH THE PUMP, YET IT DOESN'T EVEN BRUISE THEM.



"AUTOMATIC" WASHER OF THE 1850's RAN ON ONE WIFEPOWER!

THE WORK-SAVING PROVIDED BY THIS "CLOTHES CHURN" WAS QUESTIONABLE. BUT IT DID MARK PROGRESS TOWARD EASIER, BETTER HOME LAUNDERING. TODAY, A HOUSEWIFE USING THE NEW TIMELINE* AUTOMATIC WASHER NEED ONLY LOAD IT AND FORGET IT. THIS MACHINE, MADE BY **B-W'S NORGE** EVEN ADDS A RINSE WATER SOFTENER AUTOMATICALLY. ITS SCIENTIFIC WASHING ACTION GETS OUT DIRT, YET WON'T HURT DELICATE FABRICS.

* Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

TO COOL EMPIRE STATE BLDG.-- 100 MILLION GLASSES OF ICE WATER DAILY!

THE WORLD'S TALLEST SKYSCRAPER IS AIR-CONDITIONED BY CIRCULATING CHILLED WATER THROUGH ITS 85 STORIES OF OFFICES. TO DO THIS, SOME 6 MILLION GALLONS OF WATER DAILY MUST BE KEPT COOLED TO 42-DEGREES. THE BIG-VOLUME REFRIGERATION COMPRESSORS NEEDED ARE FROM **B-W'S YORK**. EACH DAY THEY CAN GIVE COOLING EQUAL TO MORE THAN TEN MILLION POUNDS OF MELTING ICE.

DESIGN IT BETTER... MAKE IT BETTER

BORG-WARNER®

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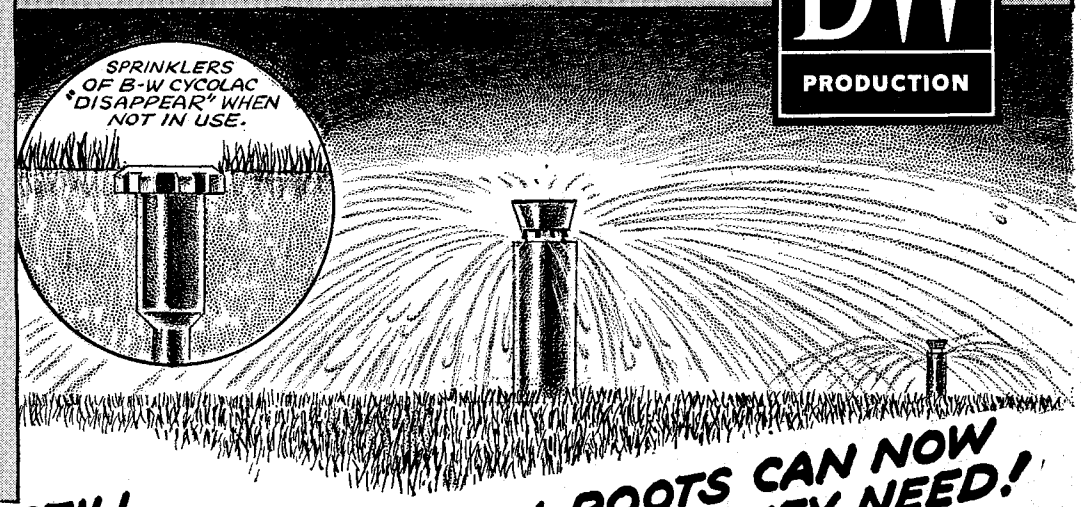
Believe It or Not!

ENGINEERING **B-W** PRODUCTION T.M.

BORG-WARNER SKILL AND INGENUITY BENEFIT ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN EVERY DAY THROUGH THE AUTOMOTIVE, AVIATION, MARINE, FARM MACHINERY AND HOME EQUIPMENT FIELDS!

19 OUT OF THE *20* MAKES OF CARS CONTAIN ESSENTIAL ***B-W*** PARTS. EVERY COMMERCIAL PLANE AND MANY SHIPS HAVE VITAL ***B-W*** COMPONENTS. *9* OUT OF *10* FARMS USE ***B-W*** EQUIPPED MACHINES. EVERY OIL FIELD USES ***B-W*** EQUIPMENT. MILLIONS OF HOMES HAVE ***B-W*** BUILDING MATERIALS, EQUIPMENT AND APPLIANCES.

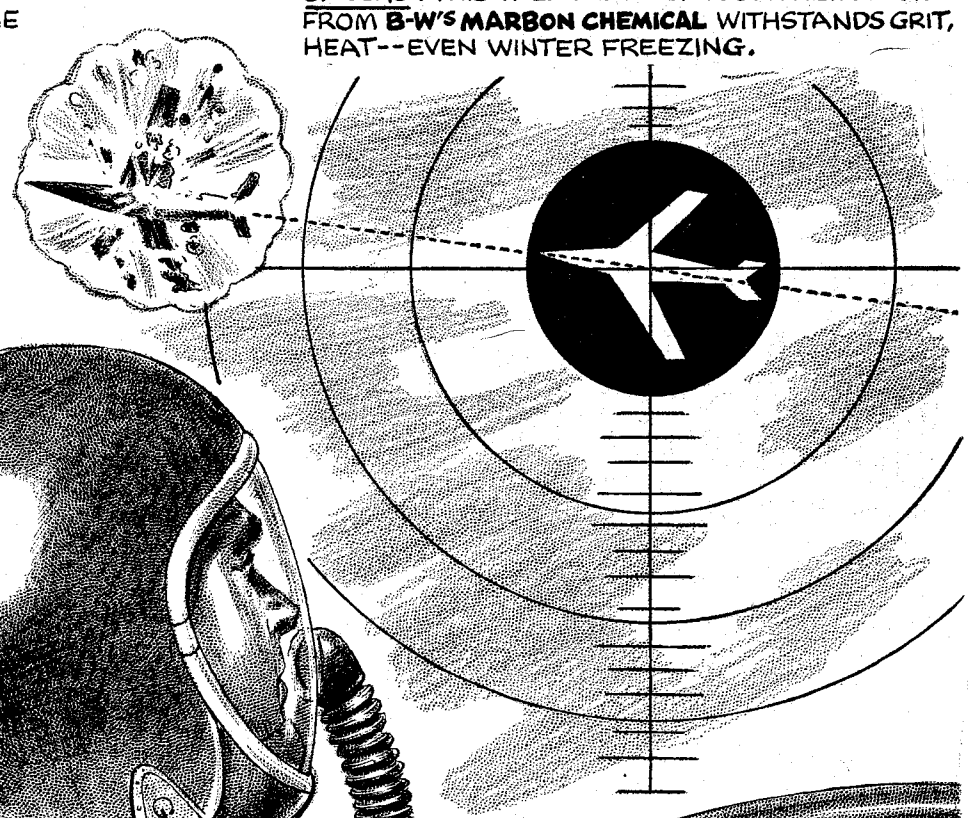


AMERICANS STILL START 18 FOREST FIRES AN HOUR!

COOPERATION OF AMERICANS HAS HELPED REDUCE FOREST FIRE LOSSES BY TWO THIRDS DURING THE PAST DECADE. YET THE WOODLANDS BURNED LAST YEAR TOTALLED SOME 9,000,000 ACRES. CARELESSNESS ALONE STILL STARTS FOREST FIRES AT THE RATE OF ALMOST 500 A DAY! YOU CAN HELP CUT THIS WASTE JUST BY BEING CAREFUL WITH CIGARETTES AND MATCHES. **OBSERVE FORESTRY RULES!**

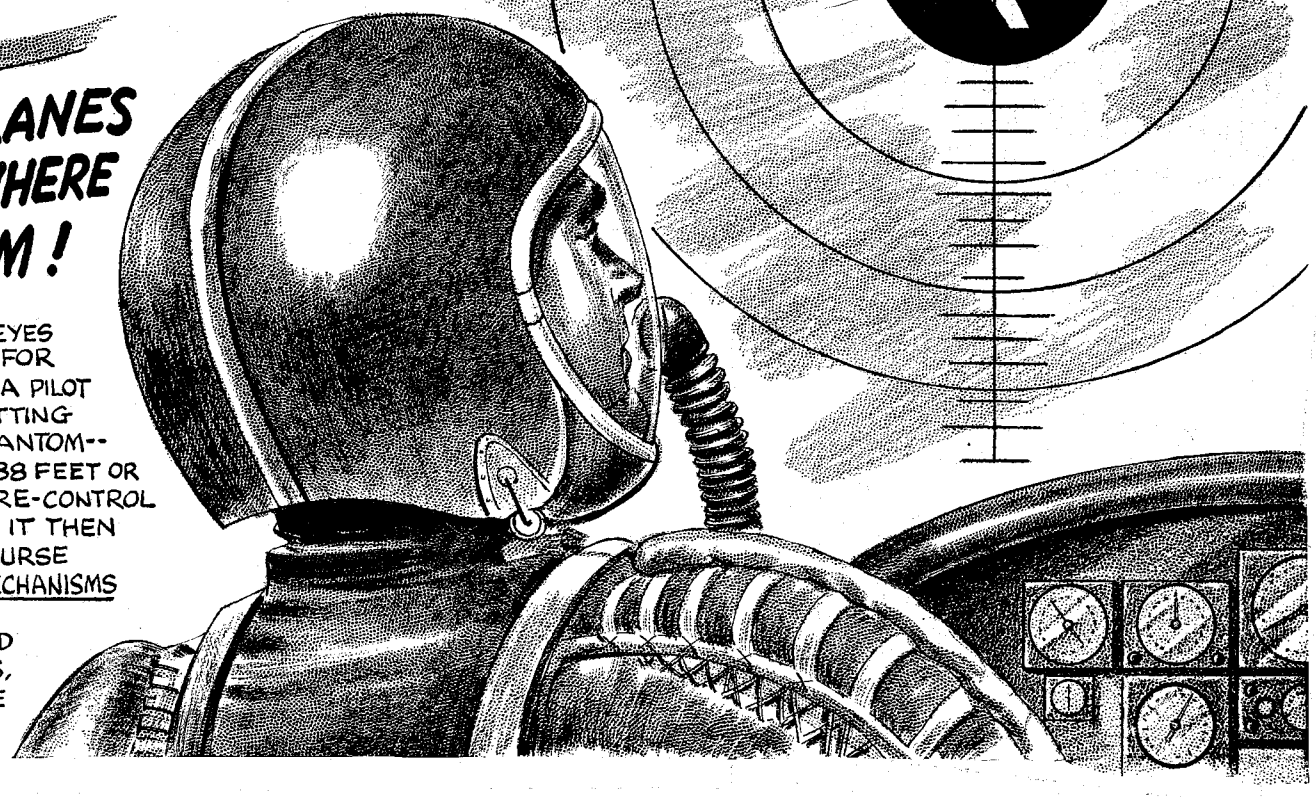
THIRSTY ROOTS CAN NOW ORDER "RAIN" THEY NEED!

THE NEWEST LAWN SPRINKLING SYSTEM USES A BURIED MOISTURE "SENSER". WHENEVER ROOTS NEED WATER, IT TURNS ON SPRINKLERS THAT POP UP AND SPRAY. WHEN THE GROUND IS SOAKED, THE SYSTEM SHUTS ITSELF OFF. TO ASSURE DEPENDABLE OPERATION YEAR AFTER YEAR, VITAL PARTS, INCLUDING WATER LINES, FITTINGS, AND SPRINKLERS, ARE MADE OF CYCOLAC*. THIS TREMENDOUSLY TOUGH NEW PLASTIC FROM **B-W'S MARBON CHEMICAL** WITHSTANDS GRIT, HEAT--EVEN WINTER FREEZING.



JET PILOT HITS PLANES THAT ARE NEVER WHERE HE SEES THEM!

HUMAN EYES ARE TOO SLOW FOR JET-SPEED COMBAT. A PILOT SEES AN ENEMY JET CUTTING IN FRONT OF HIM ONLY AS A PHANTOM--AN AFTER-IMAGE. ACTUALLY IT IS 88 FEET OR MORE BEYOND. BUT THE NEWEST FIRE-CONTROL SYSTEM "SEES" THE REAL TARGET. IT THEN FLIES HIS PLANE ON A DEAD AIM COURSE BY MEANS OF SENSITIVE CONTROL MECHANISMS FROM **B-W'S WESTON HYDRAULICS**. RESPONDING WITH SPLIT-SECOND SPEED TO A STREAM OF ELECTRICAL SIGNALS, THESE MECHANISMS "STEER" THE PLANE UNERRINGLY TO ASSURE A DIRECT HIT WHEN THE WEAPONS FIRE.



These units form BORG-WARNER, *Executive Offices, 310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago. Research Center, Des Plaines, Ill.* **DIVISIONS:** ATKINS SAW • BORG & BECK • BUILDER SALES • BYRON JACKSON • CALUMET STEEL • FRANKLIN STEEL • INGERSOLL CONDITIONED AIR • INGERSOLL HUMPHRYES • INGERSOLL KALAMAZOO • INGERSOLL PRODUCTS • INGERSOLL STEEL • LONG MANUFACTURING • MARBON CHEMICAL • MARVEL-SCHEBLER PRODUCTS • MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT • NORGE • PESCO PRODUCTS • PRIMOR PRODUCTS • ROCKFORD CLUTCH • SPRING DIVISION • WARNER AUTOMOTIVE PARTS • WARNER GEAR • WOOSTER DIVISION • YORK. **SUBSIDIARIES:** B-W ACCEPTANCE CORP. • BORG-WARNER INTERNATIONAL • BORG-WARNER, LTD. • BORG-WARNER SERVICE PARTS • BYRON JACKSON OF CANADA, LTD. • BYRON JACKSON CO., S.A. • BJ SERVICE, INC. • LONG MFG., LTD. • MORSE CHAIN • MORSE CHAIN OF CANADA, LTD. • REFLECTAL • WARNER GEAR, LTD. • WESTON HYDRAULICS, LTD. • YORK SHIPLEY, LTD.

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(*Continued from Page 55*) shot. Or does Janice just like to believe you did?"

"I did," Peter answered me. "Like I told you, I'm a darn fool. I believed the dog had been handed a crumby deal. Besides, I knew how Janice would take it if he was killed."

"He may have to be killed," I said, watching Gentleman Jim, trying hard to read the mind behind those sad brown eyes. "She may have to take it. Tell me, when did you next run into him?"

Janice was busy with her handkerchief. Her voice came out of it muffled, "We didn't run into him. He found us. We'd been searching for him, off and on, for weeks. He found us last Saturday. He came to us, and I think he saved our lives."

"Baloney!" Peter protested; and the girl flared back at him, "He most certainly did! You just can't bear to admit it, that's all!"

"O.K., O.K.," I soothed them. "Until I've heard, how in thunder can I form an opinion?"

"We got lost," Peter said. He spoke stiffly, defensively. "It isn't hard to do up there, with old logging grades running every which direction among the sidehills. Even at that, we'd have found our way out before morning, except she had to fall off a trestle and twist her ankle."

"On purpose, of course," Janice murmured. She returned his black look with interest, and I wondered how that pair had ever quit squabbling long enough to toy with the notion of marriage. "If you'd remembered the light, I wouldn't have fallen. But you did make me a nice crutch, Peter; you were a real Rover Scout."

I gave them a look of my own, and the girl said, "Sorry, Mr. Kellaher. He just annoys me, he's so darn juvenile. We decided to wait under the trestle till daylight. That's where we were when Jim found us." Her hand returned to the black dog's head. "I'm sure he'd been trailing us. I'd had that feeling most of the day, and other days too. I think Jim knew I was hurt, and came to me."

"Bringing company," Peter said. "His furry friends."

• •

Midsummer Invitation

By Jane Merchant

The burning heat that
weighs our eyes,
The shadows, languid, deep,
The leaves that sway in
lullabies,
Entice us all to sleep.

I really meant to stay awake,
But now I've quite
surrendered.
It would be rudeness not to
take
A nap so warmly tendered.

• •

"He did not bring them! They just came!" The girl's shoulders twitched, and she said, "It was horrible. We could hear them all around us. Twice we saw them on the grade, against the sky line. I'm sure they'd have moved in on us if Jim hadn't kept them away."

"Wolves never bother people," Peter said. "If the dog hadn't been there, they'd not have come near us."

I wasn't concerned with whether wolves might attack a couple of kids in the dark. What did concern me, and give me hope, was that Jim had turned away from the wild ones, made his own choice.

"Odd behavior," I said for Peter's benefit. "Hardly what you'd expect of a dog that's a wolf inside. . . . He stuck with you all night, then?"

"All night," Janice said. "When we met the search party above Turgeon Lake next morning, he didn't take to the woods. He stayed close beside me while my uncle was saying things to us I'd sooner not repeat. Even when my uncle tried to shoot him, Jim wouldn't run."

For the first time since I'd met him, I saw Peter smile. The boy didn't want to, but the smile got away from him.

"My dad stopped that," he said. "He's never had much use for Andrew Murchison, and he grabbed the gun right out of his hands. Emptied the magazine and bent the barrel over a stump. A wonderful sight, believe me."

"Wonderful," Janice agreed, smiling back at him.

"You mentioned a trial," I said.

"They held it there," Janice told me. "Peter's father, Joe Ottram, the Mackinnon brothers and the game warden. They tried Jim and convicted him for a deer runner and a sheep killer. But they let me speak for him. They decided if my uncle would turn Jim over to me, they'd give him this chance."

"I'm surprised your uncle agreed," I said.

Peter said, "No problem. He almost broke his neck agreeing. There'd have been a bunch of massacred sheep to pay for if he hadn't."

I studied Janice Murchison and the dog beside her, and, Lord, it was as if my own conscience looked back at me from their eyes.

The girl said quietly, "That's all, Mr. Kellaher. I guess the rest is up to you."

The feeling grew in me that I was on trial here. Oh, sure, I'd been up to my ears in trouble, the day Andrew Murchison blew in with his three hundred bucks and his big talk to buy himself a Brierbank Labrador. A fire had all but wiped out my kennels, insurance wouldn't cover the damage, and with my hands like footballs for the bandages on them, I had to hire help or go under. That was my defense. But it wasn't good enough; my conscience ripped it to shreds. For a fast buck, for a quick stake, I'd done what no breeder does if he has an ethic to his name. I'd sold a fine dog to a man I knew was wrong for him.

"You kids clear out," I said. "Jim stays here, board-free. There'll be no visits, no phone calls. Don't come back till you're sent for." Although it wasn't my affair, I had one thing more to say to those two. "I'd like to think of you going to college, Janice. If Peter's dad is willing to help, I think you ought to take him up on it. But no getting married or any such nonsense as that, you understand?"

"We understand," the girl said. Her eyes were shining. She came to me and kissed me on a cheek which I realized could have used a shave. "Thanks," she whispered. "Oh, Mr. Kellaher, thanks!"

I stood with Jim's leash in my fist, hearing them go down my lane in the dark. Jim whined softly, and I dropped a hand to his head, the good-doing glow leaving me as I reflected on what I'd let myself in for. The dog had run wild for most of a year. He'd tasted hot blood and had his fangs in wool not once but many times; and I'd yet to hear of a sheep killer that reformed. My only hope, and Jim's, lay in the fact that he'd broken with the wild ones. Of his own free will and inclination, he'd come back.

He stood quiet under my hand. His love was given elsewhere, but dogs have long

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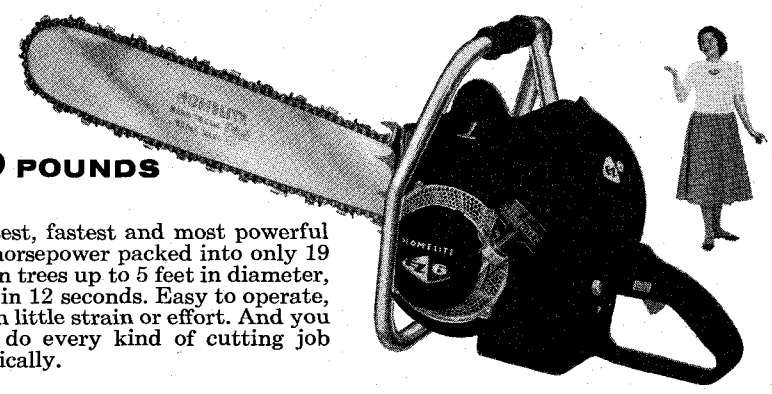

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memories. Maybe he'd remember who had tended and trained him in the days before he went to Lagos. Golden Glow was warbling, and Lucifer had begun to make low thunder in his chest. The pen between them was empty. I tossed my old fleece-lined jacket inside. There'd be the scent of wool for Gentleman Jim to brood on—and, maybe, the smell of a friend.

"In you go," I said to him, and slipped his leash. "These are your folks beside you, boy. You talk it over with them."

We'd need room to work in, and we'd need sheep. The reserve lands at the mouth of Quelth River would give us plenty of both, and Chief Lucas was my friend, we'd fished together many a time. Another thing the Indian lands would give us. Wolves, for Jim's temptation. If he wanted to turn outlaw again, the dog would have his chance.

Third Saturday in March, lambing season over and trilliums in the woods, I stowed my rifle in the kennel wagon and headed north. Gentleman Jim rode beside me. He had filled out, his coat had a high shine, and except for the ruffle across his shoulders, he was bench-show perfect. I unloaded him at the southerly edge of the Quelth River flats, where the second growth thins to scrub.

Jim sat to my order. The breeze eddied up from the meadowland below, and as he tested it, the beginnings of a growl rumbled in his throat. He didn't stir, but somehow, subtly, he had changed. It was—and I scolded myself for entertaining the notion, the tiny shadow of doubt—as if something had reached from his outlaw past to touch him. That breeze, I knew, was heavy with the scent of sheep.

"Stay," I told Jim, more sternly than need be, and jogged back to where I'd left my ranch wagon on the shoulder of the river road. Doubt left me when I glanced back from the car. The dog was sitting like an ebony statue; he'd sit, I knew, till my whistle, from a quarter mile across the valley, released him. I was sure of Jim now, sure as I'd ever been about anything. We'd been working sheep, living sheep, dreaming sheep, all of a long winter. But not killing them. Since his first week with the Indian flock, Jim hadn't so much as lifted his lip to a woolly except in line of business. But sure though I was, the butterflies in my belly grew quail-sized as I followed the winding river road around the valley head to where I'd told Janice and Peter to meet me.

I waited, nervous as a cat, drinking coffee from a bottle and forcing myself to eat a couple of sandwiches. Half an hour passed before a college-type jalopy toiled up the grade and pulled in astern of my wagon. The young ones were as I remembered them—Janice dark and anxious and pretty, Peter still awkward in town clothes, the look of a worried farmer on his face.

I led them through second growth to a rock outcrop that overhung the meadow valley. We stood there, staring down; and for a long, blank moment, nobody spoke.

Then Janice turned to me with the look of hurt and grief I remembered.

"It didn't work," she said quietly. "But thanks for trying."

The thing couldn't have happened. But I had to believe what my eyes showed me. I saw the toy sheep below us, the frightened flock huddled in a mass on the far reach of the meadow. I made out the three dead ones, gray mounds lying where a killer's throat slash had dropped them. And beyond them, I saw the dog I'd once nicknamed Gentleman Jim.

He stood stiff-legged in the brown wild grass, facing the panicky flock. I reached for my rifle, hearing the girl's quick intake of breath. Through the telescope sight I saw Jim's raised hackles and the wicked white of his teeth. In a matter of minutes, the work and hope of months had gone for nothing.

It was a long shot, but not too long for my flat-shooting sporter. I held high on Jim's shoulder, wishing the 'scope wires were set on the man who'd ruined him. I was easing the slack from the trigger when fingers dug at my arm.

"Hold it!" Peter's voice was urgent in my ear. "Something funny down there!" I stared at him and he said rapidly, "I know sheep, Mr. Kellaher. It's not the dog they're scared of."

Out past the flock, at the edge of the timber, movement flickered. Jim took off in silence, the packed sheep parting ahead of him. He drove through, running flat out, and the lean gray shape in the scrub was racing, too, ghosting for heavier cover. I tossed a shot at it. The report of another rifle came cross-valley to us like a delayed echo. Presently Chief Lucas waddled out of the undergrowth dangling his carbine. With his other hand, he dragged a carcass by its tail.

"A furry friend," Peter said, speaking a lot too casually. "Brush wolf, and a big one."

"Can I call him?" Janice was begging me. "Or go to him?"

"Not yet," I said to her. I knew, now, what scent from the past had fetched the growl to Jim's throat. Almost, I'd learned too late. I forced legs that were still shaky to bring me up. "Jim has work to do."

I flagged him and backed my signal with the whistle. Jim went to work as if anxious to make up for breaking command. There was a shed at the foot of the meadow, a fold of sorts, and he hazed the flock in that direction. He didn't go over their backs as one of those stylish little border collies might have done, but no flanker got past him and no straggler escaped him. When he had bustled the last contrary ewe into the fold with her lamb beside her, Jim trotted back, proud in the tail and laughing all over his face.

"Please, now?" Janice begged me.

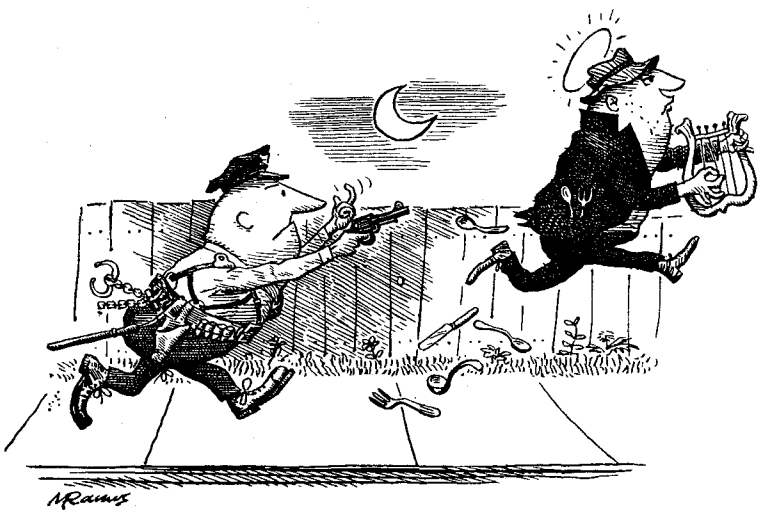
I told her, "Now."

She ran down the slope. Jim saw her and checked, then came on at a lope that quickened to the Labrador gallop, the gait the big blacks hit in a hot field trial or when they're coming in to the one they love.

"Better stay away from there, son," I said to Peter. "You'll not want to play second fiddle to a dog." But the boy was already past me.

There didn't seem much need for me in the meadow, so I picked up my rifle and headed out toward my car. And I tell you, it fairly amazed me to see how the springtime had jumped ahead in an hour!

THE END



You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Joe had just completed a tidy job of burglary when a city policeman surprised him. Joe ran. The policeman shot him down. He was rushed to a hospital, where a private physician treated him. Five days later he died. The hospital and physician asked city council to pay their bills for his care. When the city refused, they sued to collect.

"When Joe was shot and taken into custody by the city, he became a charge or ward of the city," their lawyer argued. "The city has an obligation to provide such persons with all necessities, including medical care. In sending Joe to the hospital, your policeman so obligated you."

"Our policeman's job is to catch or deter criminals," the city attorney replied. "He is not authorized to enter into contracts on behalf of the city, and the city is under no obligation to provide hospitalization for wounded criminals anyhow."

If you were the judge, would you make the city pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The city did not have to pay. The court said that while counties in that *state were required to provide jails* and hospitalization for prisoners, cities were under no such obligation. It said Joe's emergency did not in *itself create a situation* making the city liable.

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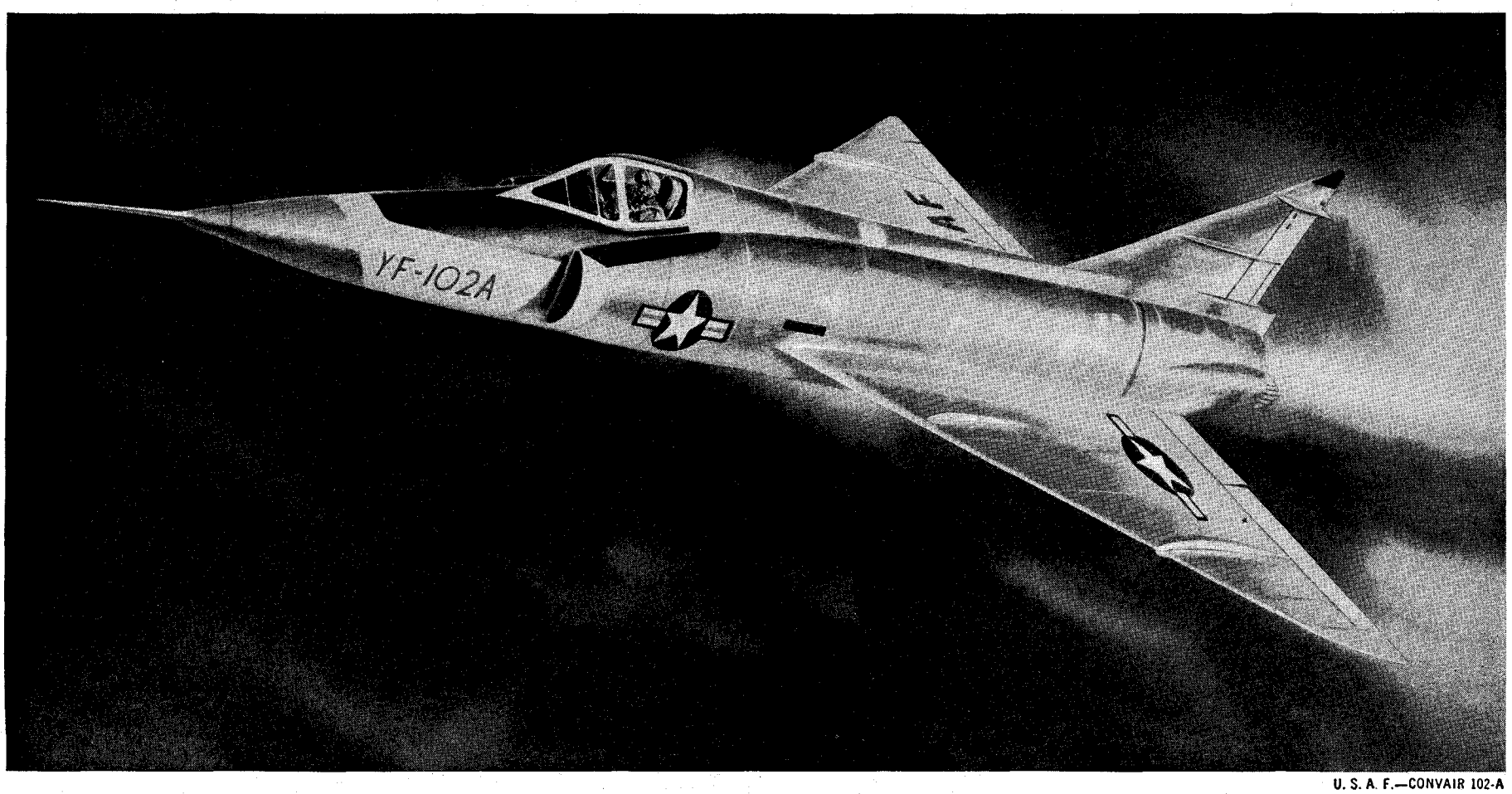

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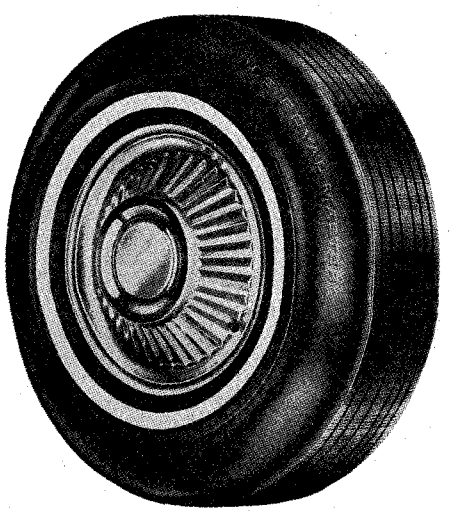

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Midas of the Texas Range (Continued from Page 22)

the cattle country near Henrietta, in North Texas. He wanted to see grass like that again.

Grass, Mr. Pettit maintains, is the greatest natural resource of Texas. Grass can be improved, increased, and is a living thing. Oil plays out.

The outlines of the dream began to come clear: He would put together his own ranch—not a show place, or a "foundation," or even a hide-out for bibulous pals but a genuine ranch, at once beautiful and practical. And he would run it, live on it and grow grass. Such a scheme, he hoped, would be good for him and good for the country.

"Owners of land should live on it," says Mr. Pettit, "for health, relaxation and for satisfaction from their investment. Most owners are town men who hire cheap help to live on their ranches. The owners get no fun out of it themselves and the land continues to be worn out. If a man lives on his ranch and uses the same judgment which made him successful in other business, he can be just as successful at ranching."

In his hard-driving, desperate and often hungry years while seeking oil, Charles Pettit had seen many ranching areas. Now he set out on scouting trips that took him more than 20,000 miles, and finally, to the dismay of his volunteer advisers, he found The Place in what to many seemed a most unlikely spot—a greatly overgrazed basin, traversed by several creeks and the Bosque River in the northern part of Bosque County, about ninety-five miles from his home in Dallas.

One friend, a Fort Worth rancher, implored him, "Don't do it, Charlie. I tried ranching near there once. It's a graveyard for cowmen."

Although he is anything but a vain man, Charlie Pettit relies on his own judgment. He went ahead and began buying up land—a business at which, through his oil-hunting experiences, he had become expert. Finally he had consolidated more than a score of eroded, unkempt and profitless farms and ranches into a unit of 17,000 acres, which he named Flat Top Ranch because of a famous and strikingly beautiful butte which stands on the property.

Then he went to work. He bulldozed the brush and he killed off the prickly pear which infests many Texas pastures. He built dams and ditches and drilled water wells. He laid out the fence lines for his many pastures. And by the time he was ready to start stocking the place with Hereford cattle the grass was being brought back. Recently a duly accredited egghead from Washington counted eighty-two kinds of grass on the ranch. The principal ones, however, are the grand old natives which Mr. Pettit had in mind when he remembered the scenes of his childhood—Indian grass, switch grass, buffalo grass, big and little bluestem and grama. He is especially strong for Indian and big bluestem grasses, which have root systems that go very deep into good soil and will live for many years without going to seed. He wanted grass and he got it. People come from all over the United States and from many foreign countries to see what this statesman of grass has done with his once-sorrowful acres.

From the beginning, when observers would comment on the substantial nature of the buildings, fences and other improvements, Mr. Pettit would say, "I am building something permanent."

For him, Flat Top has been the answer to many things. Without it, he believes, he would either have been dead long ago or he would have been reduced to sitting around the Petroleum Club, in Dallas. (However, he still goes to the club on weekends to play cards with old cronies.)

Mr. Pettit is in his seventy-eighth year. Twenty years ago he did not expect to live long; now he considers himself a better risk than he did then. He may be right. He is one of the most indefatigable and resilient sick men ever heard of. Friends often inquire about his health, and the only answer they get from those who have seen him recently is, "Terrible, as usual." Flat Top has provided the therapy which has kept him from becoming an invalid. He refuses to stay down. "I guess," says his secretary, William M. Preston, who has been with him more than twenty-five years, "the old gentleman is unkillable."

Charlie Pettit has had several accidents, one of which resulted in his head's being lopsided for weeks. He has had digestive troubles, which he blames on the dreadful food he ate while drilling for oil in Mexico forty years ago. The sight of one eye is bad; a cataract operation in Dallas last fall saved the other. He has had cancer of the throat, and part of his vocal cords has been removed. He has an inoperable hernia of the esophagus. He must have frequent blood transfusions. He takes nitroglycerin, and keeps an oxygen tank handy. He has a buzzer by his bedside to call for help if he needs it. He is not supposed to drive an automobile, but occasionally he sneaks off anyhow, and sometimes a posse finds him far out in some pasture, looking at grass and cows.

At times he is so weak that he must clutch fences or the sides of buildings to steady himself. His face is dark and deeply furrowed. One observer said it looked like a "last year's wasp's nest," another said it resembled a relief map of the Dakota Badlands. But it is a face of great animation. His forehead is broad and his head well shaped. In spite of the hoarseness, he expresses his ideas with pith and clarity. His posture is as erect as any grenadier's. He is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 155 pounds, having gained twenty pounds following his throat-cancer operation in 1940. In his oil-chasing years, friends say, he looked almost emaciated.

The original Pettits, says the boss of Flat Top, came from Holland. Charles Pettit was born in Michigan, and when he was two months old, his parents took him to Missouri, then to Texas. His father was a sometime operator of a flour mill, a cattleman, and through various deals the owner of considerable land in West Texas. He and many of his neighbors were caught up in the delusion, popular fifty and more years ago, that "dryland farming" could be made to pay—and away went the grass.

As a boy, Charles Pettit handled cattle for his father and others, and one season, with some grown cowboys, he lived in a dugout on a range in the Palo Duro Canyon country—the stomping ground of the celebrated Col. Charles Goodnight. Through the years he continued to observe the cattle business.

Charles Pettit's first work was at seventy-five cents a day in the Texas wheat fields. Like many another of the more ambitious young men of his time, he studied to become a schoolteacher, and from all accounts he was a good one, and well known, particularly in Eastland County. His first teaching job, in a country school, was for forty-five dollars a month. His salary, after a few months was $100 a month. He met and married the present Mrs. Pettit at that time. While still in his teaching phase, Pettit once studied for a year at the University of Texas.

For a time he ran a small store. Then, with what little money he could scrape together, he started buying real estate here and there. The promise of oil riches began to attract him. He was young, intelligent, lean, hungry and honest. Wherever there was talk of an oil strike, there would be Charlie Pettit. The story was always the same—he would make money and then somehow he would lose it. He tried his hand at Ranger, where the wells, promising at first, petered out to a dribble. In Mexico, seventy miles inland from Tampico, he brought in several wells. Salt water ruined them before he could get the oil out. He was in the midst of the Mexia boom, and made a little money.

The opening of the East Texas field in 1931 gave him another chance. He was on the ground early. In the space of six years he had made considerable money, with many excellent properties which he managed from his office in the Magnolia Building, in Dallas.

It had been a hard, killing life, but he had come out of the struggle not only with money but with a good reputation. At least once, his good name saved him. In one of his desperate periods he had to have $35,000 or he would go under. He went to Nathan Adams, president of the First National Bank in Dallas—he already owed the bank money—and bared his plight. He had nothing which, strictly speaking, could be called collateral. Mr. Adams took him before the directors, who heard the story. Then Adams said, "Gentlemen, from my point of view, Charlie Pettit's name is better collateral than a barrelful of Government bonds." He got the loan and soon pulled out of the hole.

Charles Pettit has an engineering mind. He is at home in mathematics and he can read a blueprint or a map. He is also a persistent do-it-yourself man. He picked out the stones that went into the handsome, solid structures which dot Flat Top. He even selected the posts for the strong new fences, and showed his workmen exactly how fences should be built. He is always practical, and he builds for utility, durability and simple beauty, but not for show. His own knowledge of how things work sometimes makes him impatient with theorists.

He built the main ranch house—the traditional big house—where he would live, entertain guests and cattle buyers, and direct the operations after establishing the ranch. Instead of hiring a fancy architect and letting a contract, he placed a large sheet of brown paper on an old piece of plank and drew, in great detail, the plans for the house he had in mind. He supervised the construction, using mostly local labor. He chose the stone from a ledge he had found not far away, and it is beautiful. However, Mr. Pettit knows his limitations, and the roof gave him pause; he paid an architect $500 to solve the roof problem. The original cost of this handsome house came to a little over $26,000. Experts have said that it could not be duplicated now, under conventional practices, for less than $100,000.

The ranch has many excellent building sites, among them Flat Top Mountain itself, a perfect place for a castle which would dominate the entire valley. But Pettit ruled out the mountain; building there would be costly, and possibly too ostentatious. He chose instead a barren ridge a mile west of the eastern ranch entrance. He brought in good dirt, supervised the landscaping and tree planting, and knew he had something good. Today the big house is almost hidden by the trees and shrubs. It is, as the architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, is fond of saying, "of a hill, but not on it."

It is primarily a man's house. Mrs. Pettit does not care for ranch life, preferring to spend her time in the home in Dallas, where she can see the friends she has made in more than forty years of residence. She and their two daughters, Wayne and Nell, visit the ranch frequently, and Mr. Pettit gives them credit for many touches which have added charm and distinction to the interior. The walls are paneled and the colors subdued; the fireplace is huge; dark green leather sofas offer comfort. There are many books around, many of them on Texas; the pictures are mostly fine photographs of the excellent Flat Top cattle.

From the guesthouse at the west end to the last of the guest rooms at the east, this one-story structure lacks only a little

"Let me know if he annoys you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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of being 300 feet long. If necessary, Mr. Pettit could take care of nearly two dozen guests with no trouble at all. Guests have been a mixed lot—bull buyers from all over the world, wispy professors eager to study grass and bugs or birds, college boys who want to see what a working ranch is like, and, now and then, shrewd front men from various institutions, cults and movements for improving the world, who think—usually mistakenly—that they can chisel some money out of Mr. Pettit. He doesn't chisel easily.

Charlie Pettit tells with considerable amusement the story of his throat-cancer operation. He had consulted a specialist in Philadelphia, and the doctor had confirmed his suspicions and ordered him into the hospital.

"How much is this going to cost me?" Charlie Pettit asked.

"Well, I can't be sure until I go into it," the doctor replied. "Possibly both vocal cords are affected. If it's only one, the price will be twenty-five hundred. If it's both, it'll be five thousand."

Mr. Pettit went to the hospital, went through all the preliminaries and was put to bed with the customary sleeping pill. It didn't work. He tossed all night thinking: $2500 or $5000. Both vocal cords or one. Naturally the doctor would want to take both, he surmised.

Early in the morning he got up and left the hospital, to the obvious consternation of everyone, including the doctor, whom he met in the lobby. He had the operation done elsewhere. One vocal cord. $1200.

It was inevitable that many persons, descendants of the old Bosque County pioneers, would greet Mr. Pettit as a sucker. He was rich. He was spending a lot of money. Why not get in on the bonanza? Some of them, the David Harums, welcomed him with great affability. A year after the Pettit arrival in the area, an old friend from Dallas accompanied him to Walnut Springs, the small town near the ranch, and he noted that, while everyone spoke to Mr. Pettit, there was none of the exuberant camaraderie he had noted on an earlier visit.

"Don't they like Mr. Pettit any more?" the visitor asked a local sage.

"Oh, they like him all right," said the man, "but they're not trying to trade with him any more. They traded once."

Charles Pettit is sometimes puzzled and a little hurt by the way many of his rich friends spend their money. He believes those persons who receive great sums of money from the natural resources of Texas—oil, gas, sulphur, uranium, lumber—should try to preserve some of these resources for future generations. He thinks they should undertake to restore the grass on many of the worn-out pastures and fields of the Southwest or replant sections they have deforested by lumbering.

The laird of Flat Top is not a philanthropist or a do-gooder in any dreamy or evangelical sense. He is a capitalist. He believes in the profit motive. He favors work, and he admires men and women whose ambition leads them to develop special skills. He believes it is better for country people to live well than to sink into poverty and despondency, and he suspects, moreover, that many of the efforts to "improve" the lot of the small farmer or rancher have actually contributed to the hopelessness of his situation.

True, he is not all business. His secret charities have included sending several orphans through college, and he helps support a Dallas orphanage. One Christmas Eve, so witnesses say, he astonished a manicurist in the barbershop in the Magnolia Building by giving her a gratuity of twenty-five dollars. She was a widow with a small child, trying to get along in competition with a prettier manicurist. Pettit threw her his trade, learned her story, and gave her the tip as an encouraging gesture. It worked. She made a success of her work, married again, and has since been a grateful visitor to Flat Top. Charlie Pettit is unashamedly sentimental about his wife, his two daughters, his three grandchildren and his two great-grandchildren. There are many evidences that this hard-bitten gentleman has an aesthetic and romantic side.

For example, there is a wild, beautiful, secluded spot on the ranch known as Taylor's Spring. Here stands a primeval log cabin more than 100 years old, and a log feedbin. Although Mr. Pettit demolished all the other shacks on the ranch, he left these log reminders of another era. He goes there with a few friends occasionally for a barbecue or picnic. Across the stream from the log cabin is a sheer sandstone bluff, at least forty feet high; its lower face is covered with ferns.

Recently a visitor noted that someone had bored a hole near the base of the cliff, and asked about it.

"I did that," said Mr. Pettit. "That bluff has a lot of uranium in it. I have tested it. But I doubt it is there in paying quantities. Anyhow, to prove it I'd have to blast away the prettiest bluff on the place. Let's forget about it."

Much of the influence of Mr. Pettit on land management, growing of grass, cattle raising, water conservation, propagation of wildlife, and so on, has been indirect. Persons visit him, observe what he has done, and then go home and—often on a very limited scale—try to emulate his methods.

From observation, Mr. Pettit knew a great deal about grass when he began his venture. Since then he has studied, experimented, listened to experts and watched his own acres with the eye of a shrewd detective. He was among the first to make successful use of poison sprays to kill weeds and unwanted brush, and he made several useful suggestions for improving the machinery for this work.

He found that, given a decent break, the excellent native grasses would flourish, and that even a worn-out field in time could be made into good pasture land. He used fertilizers, but sparingly. He has never burned brush, but has let it remain and rot where it was killed or bulldozed, adding its humus to the soil. Bluestem now flourishes amid the decayed brush on hillsides that the skeptics told him would wash away if he removed the cedar. Even on the wild and stony top of Flat Top butte itself—the home of rattlesnakes and the nesting place of buzzards—he is making a little grass grow. The awful scourge of the agricultural South, Johnson grass, bothers him not at all. He ignores it. The other grasses, when fields are not overcultivated, keep it under control. Only 1000 acres of Flat Top land have remained in cultivation, and now 500 of these are being put to grass under the soil-bank plan.

It is all there to see. There are forty-three ponds and lakes, many of them quite large, and well stocked with fish. There are thousands of ducks, a few Canada geese, beaver and wild turkeys. The woods along the streams are alive with deer. Twelve antelope graze on a big pasture in the west, in a setting reminiscent of Tanganyika. Quail are there by the thousands. An attempt is being made to bring back the prairie chicken, and there is hope for pheasants. Plover arrive twice a year on their migrations. A hundred miles of good graveled roads form a network by which every part of the ranch can be visited, and make for efficient movement of cattle between pastures. Much of the bottom land is irrigated by sprinkler systems, and along the watercourses subirrigation, in which Mr. Pettit pioneered, has proved perfect for encouragement of grasses and hay crops.

Even in the last seven years of unusually dry weather, the grass at Flat Top has not suffered much or died out. It was dry, but it was there. Grass and the many dams have had the result of reactivating several springs which the old-timers thought had dried up forever.

When Mr. Pettit first built dams there was grumbling from neighbors who lived below his land. "He's holding back our water," they said. The contrary has happened. The streams and wells have been stimulated by the practices at Flat Top, and the neighbors have more water than they had before.

Quail raised in captivity at Flat Top have been distributed to landowners in many parts of the Southwest. To protect the birds, these owners have paid more attention to grass, and thus, by indirection, the Pettit gospel of grass creeps on.

Hasty observers who have half an idea that Flat Top is a sort of plaything or a place for plowing under excess profits find on closer inspection that it is actually a business concern which reflects the canny but generous mind that directs it.

For example, on some of the land for which Mr. Pettit paid not more than thirty dollars an acre, he yearly harvests grass seed which brings $300 an acre. The gourmets of Dallas think nothing of paying eight dollars a plate for a dinner of Pettit quail. Last fall, during deer season, 400 hunters came to Flat Top, at twenty-five dollars a day, each. Along the Flat Top watercourses are many fine, healthy saplings—red oak, live oak and red bud, among others—which are very much in demand in drought-blighted Dallas. Neighbors, strapped during the drought, have earned money digging up these young trees for sale. Another item: Last year Mr. Pettit discovered that chili con carne made mostly from raccoon meat, generally considered useless, was excellent. He is willing to give this discovery to the public, gratis.

One windy February morning a few years ago, Mr. Pettit looked out an upper window of his house in Dallas and observed that a "duster" was coming in from the northwest. He watched all day as the dirty pall settled over the city. The next day dawned clear. In midmorning Mrs. Pettit, who has learned not to be surprised at anything, saw Mr. Pettit out on the west porch, measuring with a piece of tape. He figured a little on a pad. Then he got a broom, a small scoop, a flour sack and some scales. After an hour or so of this mysterious messing around, he made his announcement.

The unpleasant visitation of dust, he figured, had deposited soil on Dallas at the rate of more than 500 pounds per acre. He assumed, reasonably, that the same amount had fallen on the ranch, where it had remained because of the thick grass cover. Therefore, Flat Top land had been improved by the addition of at least 8,000,000 pounds of fine West Texas topsoil.

"I'm sorry for the people in the Panhandle, for their land is blowing away, but it is all very good for Charlie Pettit."

The mainstay of Flat Top's income has been from Hereford cattle. Mr. Pettit bought registered cattle from many of the better herds of the Southwest, and then culled heavily until he had the type he wanted. For some years he ran as many as 2500 cattle, but the number has been cut to a little more than 1000, valued at around $500,000. Pettit, who is always ready to back his own judgment against a popular trend which he believes unsound, long looked with suspicion on the fashion of growing smallish, extremely compact, almost-legless beef cattle. He works to produce a larger animal, better able to take care of itself on the range, and he contends that good legs are not a detriment. Sentiment among breeders is now veering toward his opinion.

Louis Bromfield, the writer, and proprietor of Malabar Farm, in Ohio, perhaps the most articulate of all the soil-savers, was a frequent visitor to Flat Top Ranch before his death in March of 1956. Bromfield was a noted pig fancier, and after several rebuffs he finally talked Mr. Pettit into raising white Yorkshire hogs.

"Just turn 'em loose," the effervescent Bromfield said, "and you won't have to worry about anything."

The hogs arrived and were turned loose, but did badly. Mr. Pettit decided to use his own common sense. He built good pens and sheds, laid out several good pastures, and began giving the animals supplemental feed. It (*Continued on Page 64*)

"By golly, you're right! There is a table back there!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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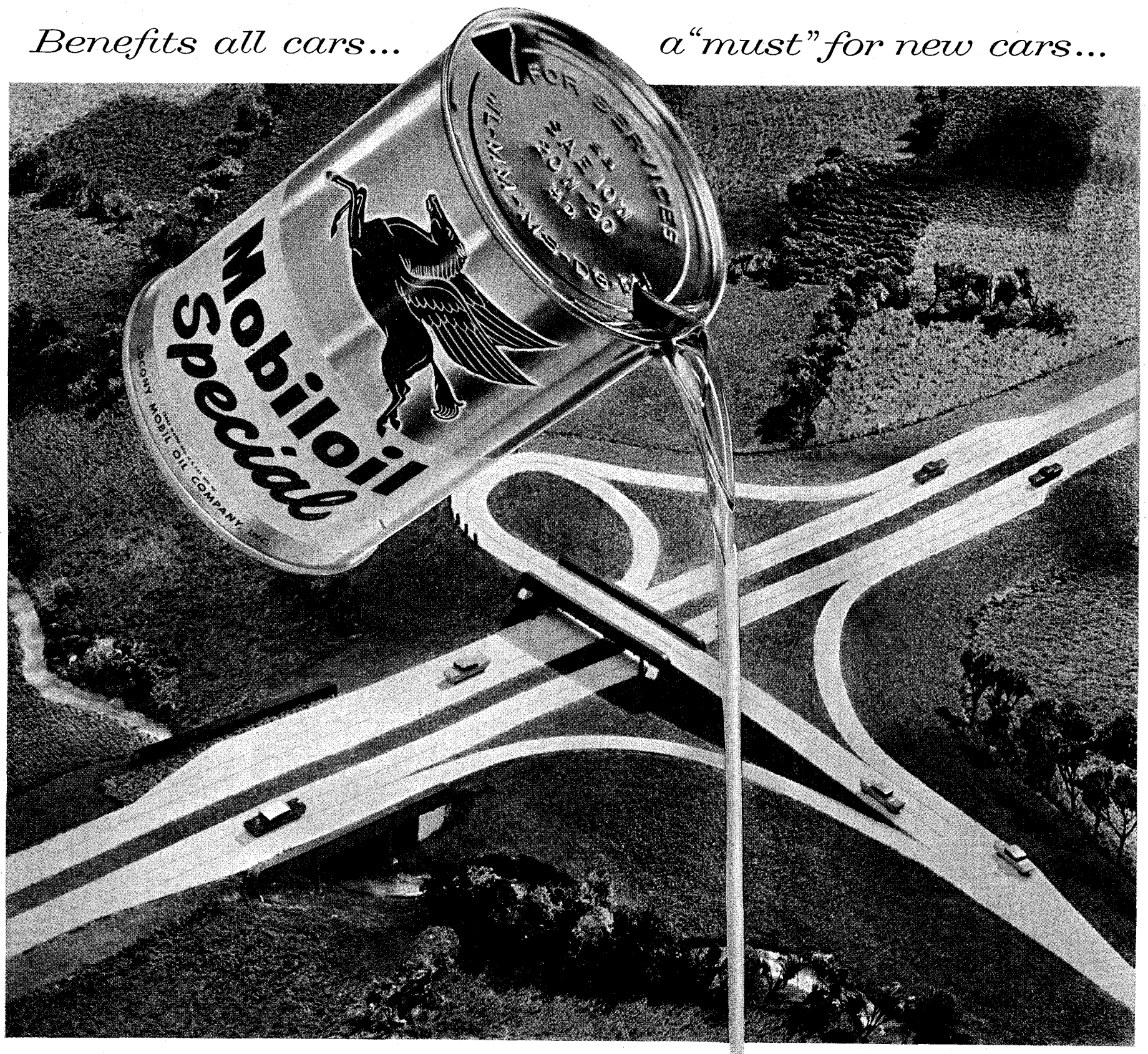

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(*Continued from Page 62*) worked, and pig raising at Flat Top has turned out to be exceedingly profitable.

Among his many visitors over the years, Mr. Pettit recalls with endless delight an agent of the British Government who came to Flat Top in the dark days at the beginning of the Second World War. Mr. Pettit, worried about the British beef cattle, offered to give 200 British Herefords sanctuary at Flat Top until the war was over.

The British agent arose for one of the hearty 7:15 A.M. breakfasts at the ranch. He saw eggs, and asked how many he could have. "All you can eat," said Mr. Pettit. The Englishman ate five.

After breakfast they drove along the winding rough road up Flat Top Mountain.

"Why did you build a road up this barren hill?" asked the Englishman.

"No reason," said Mr. Pettit, "except that I like to drive up here and look at the country."

Later, as they were driving through a lush pasture, the visitor inquired, "Now, when do you plant your grass?"

"We don't have to plant this," said Mr. Pettit. "It comes up when it rains in the spring."

"Good heaven!" said the Englishman. "Five eggs for breakfast, a road up a mountain just to see the country, and you don't have to plant grass! What an odd country!" He made a favorable report on the Pettit offer, but by that time foot-and-mouth disease had broken out among some British herds, so the idea of bringing foreign cattle to Flat Top had to be abandoned.

Twenty-two persons are on the Flat Top regular payroll, and most of them have been on the ranch many years. The land supports, in excellent style, more persons than existed there, in more or less distress, before Mr. Pettit took over. Most of the employees live on the place, though some have small places of their own not far away. All are out of debt and have bank accounts. Mr. Pettit's comparative affluence has not altered his thinking or his manner of dealing with humanity. He remembers the times of grinding poverty very well—times when for three months there was no sugar for the coffee. He says he picks his men as much for the kind of wives they have as for the men themselves.

Mr. Pettit's ranch manager is W. B. (Bill) Roberts, an easygoing Canadian who came to the ranch early from Tom Slick's experimental and research establishment near San Antonio. Roberts has built up a reputation as a manager and as a judge of cattle. He handles cattle sales, for the most part. He started with little education. Now, he says, he spends most of his evenings reading. His wife is a former schoolteacher, a handsome woman who is a leader in community life. The Robertses live in a fine, air-conditioned stone house not far from the main ranch house. Roberts makes as much as many Texas bank presidents. All this is very good going indeed for an ex-cow hand.

Another important man of the organization is Oland Hedrick, about fifty, who has been on the ranch for nineteen years. He runs the heavy machinery, keeps the ranch roads in repair, does the bulldozing and dam building, and has general supervision over the agricultural end of the ranch. He knows his business so well that he and Mr. Pettit find it necessary to have only about two conferences a year.

The cook and housekeeper, Aline Roark, was a country girl in Walnut Springs when Mr. Pettit hired her, and a very ordinary country cook. Today, nineteen years later, she can put a fine, well-cooked meal in front of a half dozen men on an hour's notice. No store-bought baked goods ever come to the Pettit table, and the meats and vegetables are the best. There is often Missouri ham for breakfast, from the supply hanging in the cold room, replenished twice a year. Steaks, chicken and roasts show up for dinner. There are often fresh strawberries or a fine pie or cake, and the salads would give pause to a French chef. On long evenings when there are no guests or family at the ranch, Aline and Mr. Pettit play dominoes or watch television. Aline's husband, known as I.B., is a husky, young-looking man who runs and, with Mr. Pettit, owns the feed mill in Walnut Springs.

Much of the scientific side of the Pettit operation is described in a book, Flat Top: The Story of a Grassland Venture, published by the University of Oklahoma Press. Many expert hands contributed to this book, and Mr. Pettit has a foreword in which he explains his general thesis of ranch operation and his feeling about the restoration with grass of rundown areas.

"I wanted to build something permanent." This sentence bobs up over and over in the conversation of Charles Pettit. But, one may well ask: Is anything permanent? What will become of Flat Top when the proprietor dies? "I have made certain investments that ought to take care of everything," says Mr. Pettit.

He has also invested in grass, which with the recent Texas rains—the heaviest in spring in many years—should bring him a fine seed crop for sale and for reseeding. Grass is his crop and his love.

A cowman said once, "Charlie Pettit loves grass so much he hates to see his animals eat it." THE END

The miner...the kitchen...and the bac

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Mysterious Disappearance

(Continued from Page 35)

"I speak English, sir, and I ask you once again who you are and who gave you permission to bring this whatever-it-is onto this property?"

"Allow me to introduce myself, sir," the tall gentleman said, bowing gravely. "Captain James Blackburn, Royal Vekonian Navy, commander of the astronaut Pioneer, and the first native of the Planet Trego to set foot upon the Planet Gleeb—unless, of course, Lieutenant Moresby has succeeded in effecting a safe landing on the dark side. I bring with me the friendly greetings of my government, and I request that you conduct me to your chiefs or head men as soon as ——"

I deeply regret to say that I heard no more, having keeled over in a dead faint.

I regained consciousness after a draught of what I later realized was the finest brandy I'd ever tasted, and found myself in what appeared to be a corner of my grandfather's study in our old home in Baltimore, and what proved to be, in fact, Captain Blackburn's cabin. Roughly ten feet square, it was richly paneled in some dark wood. Heavy red velvet drapes flanked the brass deadlight directly above the black leather couch on which I lay, and a thick Turkish carpet covered the floor. A brilliantly polished brass electric-light fixture provided illumination.

"—— must apologize for the unfortunate shock I've caused you," were the first words I heard as I opened my eyes and perceived the captain hovering anxiously over me, a silver flask in one hand. "Pray rest until you feel sufficiently recovered to sit up. And may I present my associate, Doctor Arbuthnot, of the Royal Vekonian Academy of Scientific Philosophy?"

"Just let me get a fresh cylinder onto the recording machine," muttered a voice near at hand, and turning my head I was enabled to see its owner, a plump, sandy-haired man in a rumpled tweed suit of vintage cut, fumbling with a large and cumbersome horn. "Don't want to miss this opportunity. Delighted to meet a resident of Gleeb, sir; truly delighted."

Then, just as I was remembering Aunt Lavinia and thinking of the worry she would be feeling at my prolonged absence, I heard the first faint wail of a siren, signaling, although I did not know it then, the end of peace and the beginning of utter chaos.

"Perhaps the Gleebman is feeling well enough to have a look around the ship," said Doctor Arbuthnot, training the immense horn of his recording machine in my direction.

"Capital idea," replied Captain Blackburn cordially.

"I should enjoy it very much indeed," I told them, reflecting that it might be best to leave this "Gleeb" matter for later clarification. After all, we cannot be certain whether the inhabitants of Mars, assuming their existence, call their planet Mars.

With the captain in the lead, we set out on a tour of the astronaut, as he had termed the Pioneer XXXVIII, and I learned, to my surprise, that he and Arbuthnot were its only occupants. Because, as he explained it, "My government did not care to risk more lives than necessary. The first thirty-seven Pioneers carried larger crews. All spun out of control making their approaches to Gleeb, and are believed lost somewhere just inside or just outside your atmosphere."

We now entered the forward control compartment, and I was able to observe the heavy, riveted construction of the gondola. A place of gleaming brass and copper gauges and meters, of bulky control wheels and levers, but all of curiously antiquated design, as though intended for the working of a turn-of-the-century fire engine. Both Blackburn and Arbuthnot, however, seemed extremely proud of their ship and spoke highly of her volplaning qualities and handling at speeds as high as 102 miles per hour. In like fashion, the communications department appeared to have been an early Marconi experiment, full of glowing tubes, coils, oddments of wire and vernier dials. Arbuthnot demonstrated his skill at the telegrapher's key as we watched, flashing, or so he said, the first words of the Pioneer XXXVIII's achievement back to the Planet Trego.

We were just passing into the wardroom, or messing compartment, tastefully furnished with leather chairs grouped around a massive, round wooden table, when I heard the rumble of powerful

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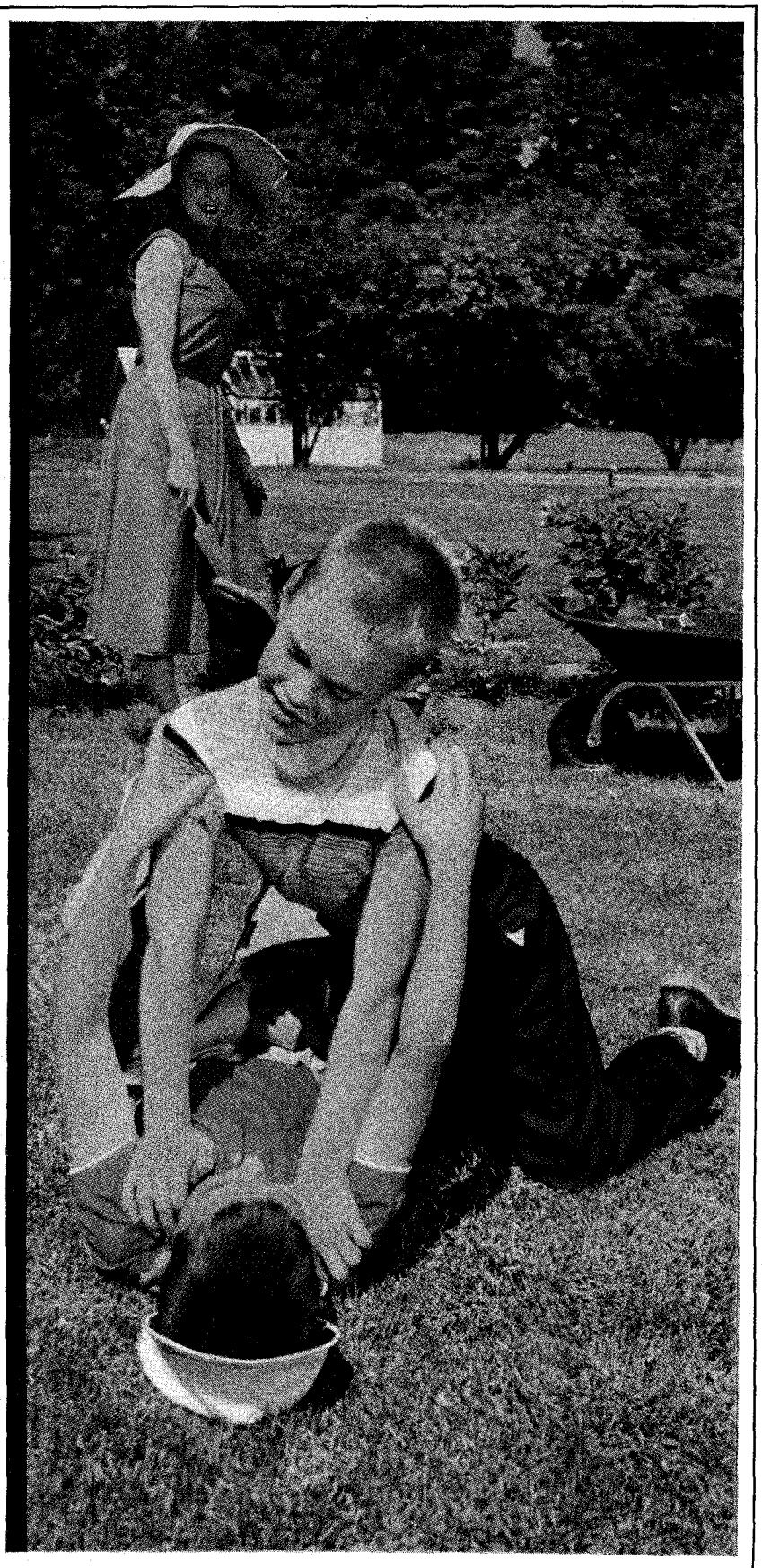
By Stephen Schlitzer



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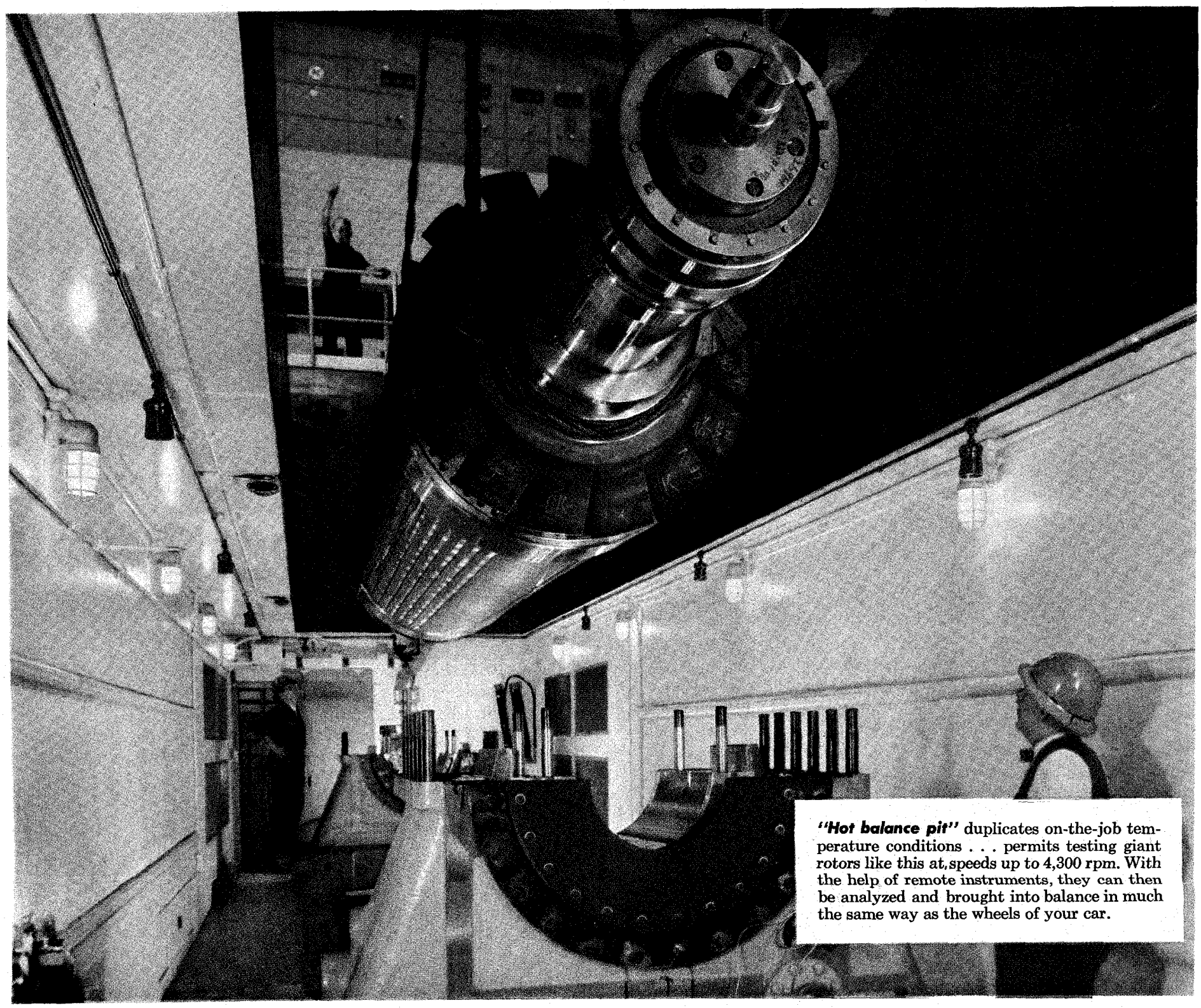

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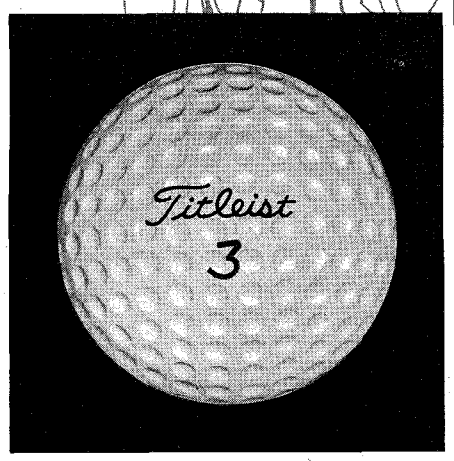

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GOLF BALLS

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(*Continued from Page 66*) "You do me too much honor, Miss Heppinstall," said the captain, bowing gracefully.

And upon this pleasant note, our evening drew to a close. The next day the United States Government, in the persons of a delegation of high military officers, scientists and diplomats, proceeded to make a laughingstock of itself.

The United States Government announced that the astronaut Pioneer XXXVIII was a hoax; that Captain Blackburn was a fake and Doctor Arbuthnot a fraud. The Attorney General was taking appropriate steps to institute legal action against both men, as soon as it could be ascertained what laws had been violated.

"The truth is, Blackburn," sneered one eminent aeronautical engineer from M.I.T., "our calculations prove that your so-called 'space ship' is incapable of sustained flight. Further, its construction makes no provision for heat diffusion at supersonic speeds. The control mechanisms are primitive, the communications system laughable."

"And sooner or later we'll find out how you succeeded in creating that radar ghost. A most authentic touch, Blackburn, but patently impossible with that self-propelled hardware shop you dare to call an interplanetary locomotive," snarled an outstanding young Signal Corps colonel. "Ha!" he added, quite unnecessarily.

"It should not be difficult to prove that the pilots of the interceptor planes you allege to have eluded were the victims of a mass hallucination," put in a psychiatrist from Columbia University, ignoring the fact that Captain Blackburn had never claimed to have eluded anybody.

"A nefarious publicity stunt, probably engineered by that fellow Mike Todd," rasped an officer of the United States Information Agency ill-humoredly. "Those movie people'll do anything for a headline. Anything."

At this point my Aunt Lavinia, who had entered her front parlor in time to overhear these remarks addressed to the Pioneer's commander, spoke out stoutly in his defense.

"And who might you be?" inquired a State Department Deputy Assistant Secretary rudely, not having met my aunt before.

"It's that blasted female again," Lt. Gen. Ironjaw Williamson, who was a member of the delegation, replied.

"Sir, I have warned you once. Now I shall take action," said Capt. James Blackburn, rising to his feet. He bowed to my aunt. "I regret the necessity of this measure, Miss Lavinia, but this bounder must be taught a lesson." With which he advanced upon Ironjaw Williamson and with one expert right hook sent the lieutenant general down and out. Dusting his hands lightly together, he then turned to the rest of the group. "Is anyone else prepared to display boorishness? No? In that case, I shall resume my chair."

The silence which followed was shattered by angry cries demanding the captain's arrest and bodily mistreatment, and I distinctly heard one rear admiral bellow something about somebody's looking for a mouthful of loose ones.

"Silence!" Captain Blackburn commanded. "One of you see to the lieutenant general; the rest of you, pay attention to what I say.

"My companion, Doctor Arbuthnot, and I propose to leave the Planet Gleeb, or Earth, this evening. I warn you not to interfere." With which remark he suddenly reached inside his yachting jacket and produced a small hand weapon not dissimilar in appearance to a Webley service automatic. "This," he said firmly, "is a Vekonian officer's sidearm, the naval dimension-reducer, having a slightly heavier charge than the cavalry model. Let me demonstrate its effect." And so saying, he directed the weapon at the United States Marine Corps brigadier who was representing his organization in the delegation. There was a brief buzz, and before our dumfounded eyes, the brigadier shrank, with horrifying speed, to a height of two inches. In the terrified hush consequent upon this demonstration, all of us heard the brigadier's tiny voice screaming at the top of his minuscule lungs, "What's going on here? What's happened to you people? You're growing through the ceiling!"

"Not so powerful as our dimension-condenser, but satisfactory," Captain Blackburn commented urbanely. "We'll put him under the counteracting expander aboard the Pioneer, and he'll be right as rain. Just a bit shaken mentally. But you gentlemen get the point, I trust." And then, to the miniature marine, "Do be still down there."

"I think," said the Deputy Assistant Secretary, who was acting as the delegation's spokesman, "we had best withdraw and reconsider what posture we ought to adopt, in view of the changed circumstances."

"One moment, gentlemen," Blackburn's voice again bade all pay strict attention. "Believe me when I say that we return to the Planet Trego as your friends. To our fellow Vekonians we shall say, simply, that you on Gleeb are not yet ready for interstellar communication. We came in peace, and you met us with warlike demonstrations. We showed you our astronaut—as much as our laws permit us to show anyone—and you sneered. Because we speak a similar tongue, you call us frauds, yet is there any particular reason why, among all the galaxies, another planet should not have evolved just such a similar language? You call us old-fashioned and inefficient, and yet here we are, while you have still to perfect a vehicle capable of traversing outer space. Yours is the arrogance of isolation and youth and inexperience, the two being not necessarily synonymous. I speak for Doctor Arbuthnot, and indeed all my fellow Vekonians, when I say that you have our sincere sympathy, and our hopes that the day is not too far distant when you will be truly ready for interstellar travel. When, in fact, you will have learned a certain humility, which is the first condition. And now, gentlemen, if you will excuse me. Miss Heppinstall is keeping tea waiting."

It was a silent delegation which took its departure, leaving the two Vekonians alone with my Aunt Lavinia and me.

While Aunt Lavinia, looking radiant with health in her tweed country suit, poured tea, Captain Blackburn looked meditative.

"Have you considered your reply, Miss Lavinia?" he asked finally. Oddly enough he was blushing furiously.

"I have, James. And my answer is yes," said my aunt, giving him a loving smile and his cup of tea. "Everything here shall go to Claude, unless ——" She paused, as if uncertain whether to go on.

"No, Miss Heppinstall," Doctor Arbuthnot put in, firmly but courteously. "You and Professor Finsbury are the only two people we've met on Gleeb—that is, Earth—who've treated us as you would expect to be treated were you in our situation. Professor Finsbury is far too valuable here, for he and others like him must help to teach your fellows the lessons they must eventually learn. I should like nothing better than having Finsbury join us, but, alas, it is not to be."

Poor Arbuthnot! How far he overestimated my services to my fellow Earthlings; how little he reckoned on our universal vanity, our refusal to admit that we are not perfect.

Well, that is the essence of the story. That evening, shortly after dark, Captain Blackburn, with my Aunt Lavinia on his right arm, and Doctor Arbuthnot strolled from the house and boarded the Pioneer XXXVIII. At the top of the gangway the trio paused and, framed in the yellow glow from within the astronaut, took a final look at the peaceful Maryland countryside. The security guard stood at a respectful distance.

"Good-by, Claude. And don't forget to have the oil-burner man check the furnace in the fall!" called out my Aunt Lavinia. "Good-by, Maryland!" And, a slight catch in her voice, "Earth!"

Gravely, Captain Blackburn raised his right hand in salute. I heard him say, "Take your station, Doctor Arbuthnot," and then they had entered the gondola, and the hatch slammed shut. Minutes later, one of the ports in the control cabin swung open and Doctor Arbuthnot's head appeared. "We shall take off under full power!" he called. "Good-by and good luck!"

There was a muffled explosion from somewhere within the astronaut; the rakish funnel abruptly belched an awesome cloud of black, oily smoke, and the great, square-ended propellers began to turn lazily over, increasing speed with startling swiftness. A gigantic whine filled the air; the astronaut trembled on its skids, and suddenly—so suddenly as to be barely visible to the human eye—the Pioneer XXXVIII was high in the air over us, portholes still visible. And then it simply vanished. One split second it was there, the next it was not.

From that split instant to this, the entire incident has been classified Top Secret. It was felt—or so the policy was explained to me—that the whole vast edifice of research and development might be endangered were the general public to learn that the first space ship to reach the Earth was as simple and antiquated as a Stanley Steamer. Public opinion might force reductions in appropriations; embarrassing questions might be asked.

"Look at it this way, Finsbury," one decent young fellow from the Central Intelligence Agency begged me. "Granted the Vekonians have whipped the fourth dimension. But how can we explain to the people that the power plant of the Pioneer XXXVIII was really not much more than an electric pump wired backwards? Now we know that an electric pump wired all wrong won't work, because the books say so. So nobody's ever tried deliberately to build an electric pump wired backwards, just to see what would happen, if you follow me. Maybe if somebody who hadn't read the books had tried, we'd have had a workable space ship of our own. Who knows what might result if somebody tried building a steam engine backwards? But I ask you, Finsbury, how are you going to explain that to the Great American Public?"

It's a good question. Frankly, I don't know the answer. But I do know that I will not have these stories circulated about my Aunt Lavinia's "mysterious" disappearance. A very great lady, in her way, my Aunt Lavinia, who trusted her own good sense and not what somebody told her ought to be good sense.

The Government knows where it can find me. It is, however, my hope that its security agents will not descend on Aunt Lavinia's farm, where I now make my home, until I have completed the small turbine which I am constructing in accord with all the wrong principles. Work on the Planet Gleeb's—or Earth's, if you insist—first dimension-condenser might as well begin now as later. THE END

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I Call on Alfred Hitchcock

(Continued from Page 37)

said. "The one composed of two or three lines that gradually turn into you."

"I drew it myself," he said. "I began to draw it years ago, when I was a movie art director. With one exception, there's been little change in it since then. At one time I had more hair. All three of them were wavy."

"TV viewers are funny," I said. "I've noticed that one of the things about you which seems to appeal to them is the fact that when they stare at you on a TV screen, you stare right back at them contemptuously. But what seems to fascinate your viewing audience even more than your superciliousness is your lack of reverence for your sponsor."

"Remember the old saying, 'A knock is as good as a boost,'" he said. "My guess is that my sponsor enjoys my lack of obsequiousness, but in the beginning they had difficulty in getting used to my approach and they took umbrage at my less worshipful remarks. However, the moment they became aware of the commercial effects of my belittling—they took a look at their sales charts—they stopped questioning the propriety of my cracks. But there's no getting around it, I did take getting used to. The tradition is that the sponsor must be coddled. In such an atmosphere I was a novelty.

Long before boys step into their fathers' shoes, daughters nowadays slip into their shirts.

CHARLES RUFFING

"The type of humor I wanted to use on TV was the type I employed in my film, The Trouble With Harry. In that film, Harry was a dead body who was a botheration to those who were alive. The awkward question, 'What'll we do with Harry?' was always popping up. There were those who found the notion gruesomely amusing, so I told myself that if no reverence for a dead body is amusing, no reverence for a live sponsor might be amusing too.

"In selecting the stories for my television shows, I try to make them as meaty as the sponsor and the network will stand for. I hope to offset any tendency toward the macabre with humor. As I see it, that is a typically English form of humor; even a typically London type of humor. It's of a piece with such jokes as the one about the man who was being led to the gallows to be hanged. He looked at the trap door in the gallows, which was flimsily constructed, and he asked in some alarm, 'I say, is that thing safe?'

"A story about the comedian, Charles Coborn, is cut from the same bolt of cloth," Hitchcock said. "I mean the original Charles Coborn, not the Hollywood one, whose name is spelled slightly different. The first Charles Coborn, who was famed for singing The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo, attended the wartime funeral of another comedian named Harry Tate, who'd been hit by some antiaircraft-shell fragments. A large assembly of comedians was gathering at the graveside. Old Charles was so ancient that he was retired, and as the coffin was being lowered into the grave, one curious young sprout leaned over and whispered, 'How old are you, Charlie?'

"'Eighty-nine,' Coborn said.

"'Hardly seems worth while your going home,' the young 'un said.

"That's an example of the kind of humor I'm talking about," Hitchcock said. "But in case you've already heard that one, here's another story about two charwomen having a day off at a fair. They were in a side show watching a man whose quaint notion of entertaining the public was to bite the heads from live rats and chickens. In carnival lingo, parties who purvey such entertainment are called 'gooks.' The two chars stared at the gook, horrified, but one of them couldn't help trying to make a bit of a joke. 'Wouldn't you like a piece of bread with it?' she called out."

Hitchcock looked at me with a pleased expression, as if he'd just unburdened himself of a fragile and delicious witticism, but I was glad that I'd already had my lunch. However, his mention of hens triggered my next remark.

"I hear your father was a poulterer," I said.

"He was," Hitchcock told me. "And there's a theory that I've never liked eggs because of my father's occupation. It's true that I do regard eggs as loathsome, and to me, the most repulsive smell in the world is that which reeks up from a hard-boiled egg, but my father's occupation has nothing to do with my reaction. I hate the whole idea of eggs so much that when I can, I drop one of them negatively, shall we say, into my pictures to cover them with the obloquy they so richly deserve. For example, in To Catch a Thief I had a woman stub out her cigarette in an egg yolk."

"I do remember that," I said, "but it's the only one of your egg scenes I do remember."

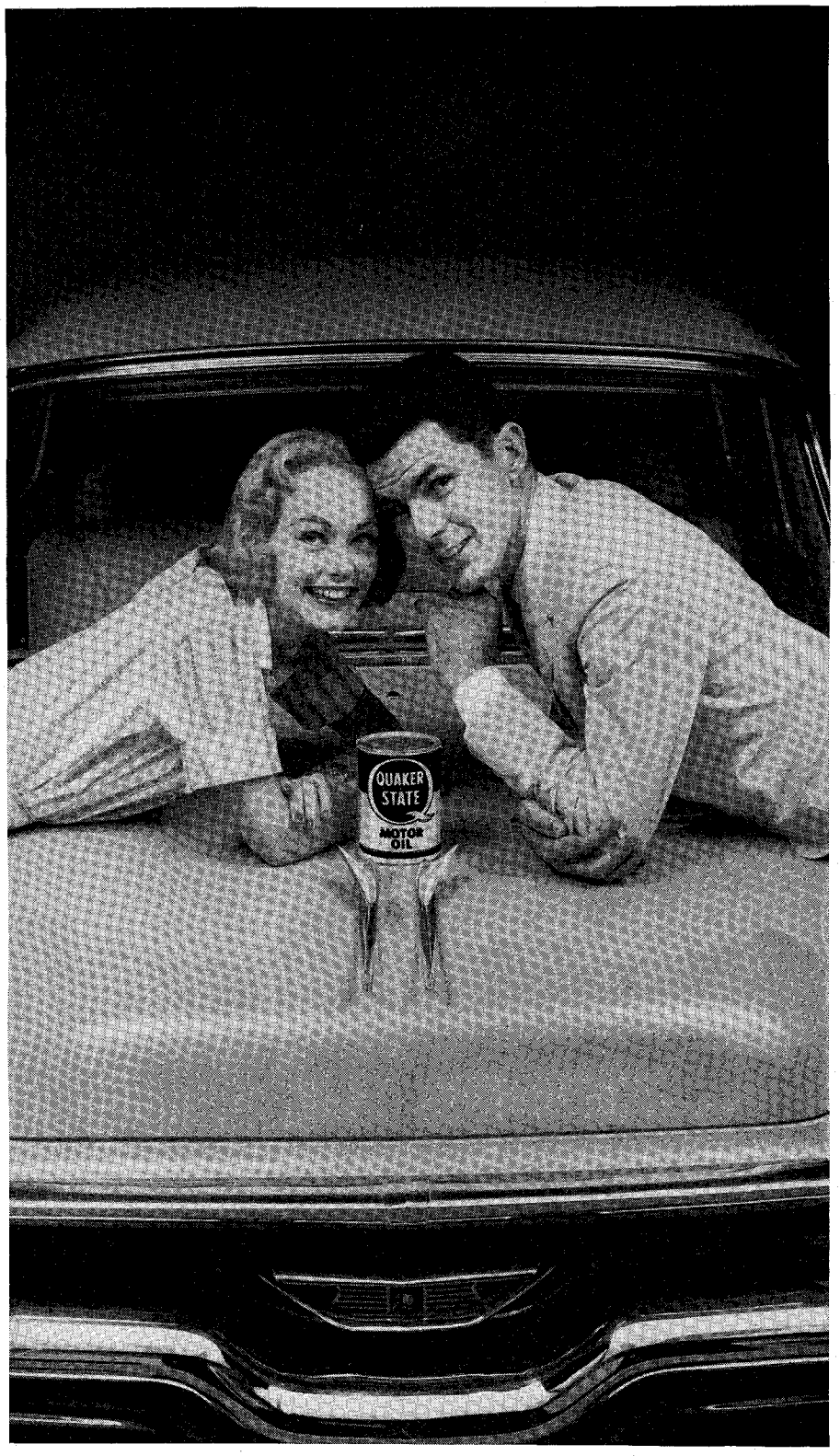
"In a picture made years ago, Shadow of a Doubt," he said, "there was a moment in which I wanted a man to be shocked by something someone had said. His knife was headed straight for a fried egg, and at the instant the remark was made, the knife punctured the yolk and immediately yellow goo spread all over his plate. To me, it was much more effective than oozing blood.

"People constantly ask me, 'Why are you so interested in crime?'" Hitchcock went on. "The truth is I'm not. I'm only interested in it as it affects my profession. Actually I'm quite terrified of policemen; so much so that in 1939, when I first came to America, I refused to drive a car, for fear a policeman would stop me and give me a ticket. The thought that if I drove I would face that possibility day after day frightened me horribly, for I can't bear suspense."

My face must have registered amazement, for he hastily explained, "I mean I hate it when I'm on the receiving end. People told me, 'Maybe if you will open a door in your subconscious, behind which you are concealing a psychosis acquired in your childhood, you'll lose your fear of policemen.'

"I grubbed back into my memory and opened the following door: when I was a small lad my father sent me to the local chief constable with a note. The constable read the note, laughed and locked me into a cell for a minute or two while he said, 'That's what we do to naughty boys.' It was my father's idea of teaching me an object lesson. When they hear that, everyone says, 'Of course! That's why you're afraid of police.' Unhappily, however, the fact that I have exposed that incident to the light has not allayed my fears. Cops still give me goose pimples."

I told him that one of my favorite Hitchcock touches was the sequence in the film, The Lady Vanishes, in which the



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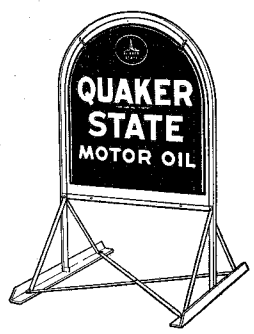

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two Englishmen discuss news of the latest cricket scores.

"You mean Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne," he said. "When I discovered Wayne, he was a compère at a cabaret in the Dorchester Hotel in London. A compère is a man who is not really in the show at all. He can be the anonymous flunky who hands the illusionist the silk hat stuffed with rabbits. In Wayne's case, his compèring meant that he announced each act and said a few words between turns. Radford was the leading man in the original company of Night Must Fall—he is also known for his portrayal of the commander of the Home Guard in the film, Tight Little Island—but I'm proud of the fact that, having found those two, I put them together. They formed a combination that complemented each other as happily as arf and arf or fish and chips."

"To me," I said, "one of the all-time classic motion-picture scenes was that pair, sitting in a small station in a European city with all hell breaking loose in the world around them while their only concern was to find out what the cricket scores were back in England. As an American," I went on, "it was the quintessence of Britishness. Did the British think it thoroughly British too?"

"No," Hitchcock said. "They knew that it was merely a humorous exaggeration. Such things have been called the Hitchcock touch, but they're really examples of English humor based on carrying understatement to an absurd extreme.

"I suppose you might call it the oblique approach to melodrama. Melodrama is the most highly colored form of storytelling. Its villains, heroes and heroines are usually played heavy-handedly and bumblefootedly. I approach it somewhat differently. I've never gone in for the creaking-door type of suspense. To me, murder by a babbling brook drenched in sunshine is more interesting than murder in a dark and noisome alley littered with dead cats and offal.

"My hero is always the average man to whom bizarre things happen, rather than vice versa. By the same token, I always make my villains charming and polite. It's a mistake to think that if you put a villain on the screen, he must sneer nastily, stroke his black mustache or kick a dog in the stomach. Some of the most famous murderers in criminology—men for whom arsenic was so disgustingly gentle that they did women in with blunt instruments—had to be charmers to get acquainted with the females they murdered. The really frightening thing about villains is their surface likableness.

"Not long ago I did a piece for The New York Times Sunday Magazine describing the appeal of the true murder tale as opposed to the fictional variety. Once more I made the point that part of the fascination of the true murder lies in the fact that most real-life murderers are very ordinary, very polite, even engaging. I've heard the complaint that a true murder lacks mystery. I don't agree that that's a weakness. To me, suspense is immeasurably more potent than mystery, and having to read a fiction murder story through in order to find out what happened bores me.

"I've never used the whodunit technique, since it is concerned altogether with mystification, which diffuses and unfocuses suspense. It is possible to build up almost unbearable tension in a play or film in which the audience knows who the murderer is all the time, and from the very start they want to scream out to all the other characters in the plot, 'Watch out for So-and-So! He's a killer!' There you have real tenseness and an irresistible desire to know what happens, instead of a group of characters deployed in a human chess problem. For that reason I believe in giving the audience all the facts as early as possible."

I could hardly wait for him to finish, to tell him that I couldn't agree with him more; that one of my hobbies—in fact, my principal hobby—is the collecting, reading and rereading of accounts of true crimes, with a special leaning for those which took place against a British background. "Someday," I said, "I hope to find an editor interested in persuading me to compile an anthology of such diverting writings. I would have cheerfully paid my own way over to England to cover the trial of Doctor Adams, the Eastbourne physician with the strange appeal for elderly and generous English gentlewomen." Reluctantly I stopped riding my hobby and returned to a discussion of the Hitchcockian technique.

I asked, "How would you handle a potential bomb explosion in one of your stories?"

"The point is to let the audience know where the bomb is, but not let the characters in my story know," he said. "For example, you and I are sitting here chatting. We needn't talk about death or anything of serious consequence, but if the audience knows that there's a bomb under my desk, set to go off, the suspense will be harrowing to them. But if we don't tell our audience about the bomb ticking away under my desk, and it goes off and blows us to smithereens, the only thing the audience will get is a shock, and a one-second shock at that, as opposed to sixty to ninety minutes of breath-holding waiting."

"The thing you do that really wrings me out," I said, "is that sometimes you have a device like a basket or a box slowly

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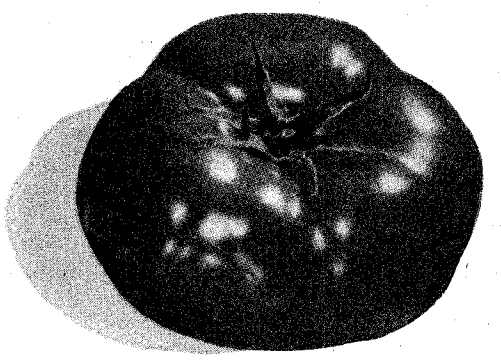

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opening while I'm sitting on the edge of my seat, waiting to see what nameless horror will emerge from it. Then something as dangerous as a small black kitten wanders out. You've prepared me for something catastrophic, but what happens is something harmless."

"By judicious hinting it is possible to persuade an audience to put a shattering interpretation on the most innocuous things," he explained. "But you must be careful not to disappoint them completely. They'll react with a gratifying crawling of the flesh to things that turn out not to be so bad as they thought, but only if you ultimately come through with a real marrow chiller. Otherwise they'll feel let down and they'll leave your show resenting you as a cheat."

"I've noticed that you let the public supply its own conclusion for some of your TV half-hour shows," I said. "That's a new technique to me. At least I've never seen it done before."

"It's quite a trick to find thirty-nine shows a year, each with a twist at the end," he told me. "So we sometimes let you supply your own twist after you switch your set off, based, of course, on what you've just seen and heard."

"They tell me you'll be doing something different on TV this fall," I said. "But I'm not quite sure just what it is."

"In addition to our weekly half-hour show, I'll do ten one-hour shows," he said. "I'll have more time to develop character in them. For that matter, some stories deserve a longer telling than others. One of the first stories I'll do is the Cornell Woolrich story, Three O'Clock. It's about a man who makes a homemade bomb because he suspects his wife of having a lover and he's determined to blow them both up, even if it means blowing up his own home. However, immediately after he's started his bomb's timing device going, two burglars break into his house, truss him up and put him in the cellar while they rob the house. Then they leave. There he is, helpless, facing his own ticking bomb and not finding the situation all that it might be. In fact, he feels that it's extremely doubtful if there's any future in it."

I waited; then I asked, "Well?"

Hitchcock blinked large, oyster-shaped eyes at me and said, "If you think I'm going to tell you what happens, you're quite wrong. I suggest that you tune in this fall and find out.

"I've never thought of the motion pictures I've made as being primarily commercial," he said thoughtfully. "Nevertheless, I've usually encountered a firm insistence from the front offices of the studios for which I've worked that I attach a satisfactory ending. In this community, to have what is known as an unhappy ending is to commit the unforgivable Hollywood sin called 'being downbeat.' And while you'll find heated denial in film circles that the average movie audience is only of teen-age intelligence, and whereas a number of people in motion pictures take it for granted that TV is only for morons, the truth is that we who make TV films are allowed to end our stories on a downbeat note as often as not. So, in spite of bleats from some TV writers, we have more freedom on TV than we do in motion pictures. Perhaps all that this proves is that people will accept more mature entertainment if they don't have to pay for it. It may be that when they pay to go to a movie they feel they have bought the right to come out with a satisfied feeling.

"It has been said of me that if I made Cinderella, the audience would start looking for a body in the pumpkin coach," Hitchcock went on. "That's true. Although my product hasn't been wholly melodramatic—I once tried an ill-starred comedy with Carole Lombard—there's no point in denying that I'm thoroughly typed. If an audience sees one of my productions with no spine-tingling, they're disappointed."

"Do you remember Robert Vogeler?" I asked. "He was the American businessman who was mysteriously snatched on a journey between Budapest and Vienna, disappeared as if a crack in the earth had swallowed him, although he finally showed up in an Iron Curtain prison and eventually was released. As I read about him I thought, *How can Alfred Hitchcock make any more motion pictures, now that things are happening in real life which once only happened in his films?*"

"That question has presented a problem," he said. "After all, I couldn't dream up a more bizarre episode than Rudolf Hess' flight to Scotland during World War Two. The fact is, if I had put that into a movie before it happened, nobody would have believed it. Not only that, things have reached a point where those who live a life of wild and improbable adventure are copying devices from my movies."

"Such as?" I asked.

"Such as my picture, Foreign Correspondent," he replied. "In it, a man was assassinated by a pistol concealed in a camera. In my film a photographer said, 'Just a moment,' to a diplomat on the steps of a large building; then pointed his camera at him and shot him dead. It gave me a turn when, a year later, the same thing occurred in real life in Teheran."

"I can see how it might rock you," I said.

"At first I thought I had suggested a *modus operandi* to the real-life assassins," he admitted, "but eventually I comforted myself with the thought that the whole thing was a coincidence. But I have to be careful that the pressure of real-life competition doesn't make me go too far with the bizarreness of my film situations, for the key to effective suspense is believability. The simpler and more homely the peril, the more real that peril."

"You've edited a book called Stories They Won't Let Me Do On TV," I said. "I've noticed it in the bookstores. Why were those stories turned down?"

"Too macabre," he said. "I won't try to outline the plot of the short story called Two Bottles of Relish, by Lord Dunsany, for you, because I'm sure your editor would be stuffy about it and find it distasteful, but there's another one in that book of mine that he may not find unpalatable. In it, a man murders his wife, then transforms her into chicken feed. Afterwards he serves a pair of his chickens to the local police inspector when he has him in for dinner."

I gulped and fished a piece of paper from my wallet. From it I read aloud this statement written about him by Ernest Havemann for Theater Arts:

"Almost any director can come up with a good, rousing historical epic or he can translate a first-rate Broadway play to the screen, but it's something else to take a simple little idea for a melodrama and use it in such a way that it keeps the audience half swooning with fear and half falling out of their seats with laughter."

"It *is* something else," Hitchcock said. "The secret is the way in which the story is pieced together. With me, all the little bits of business and the situations must be planted and established before a camera rolls. Sometimes I plan as many as six hundred camera setups before I begin to shoot. If I ever tried to improvise a plot structure on the set, I couldn't get the effects or the reactions I want to get."

"There must be very little wastage when you're done," I said.

"There's practically no spare footage," he told me. "It's been said of my stories that they are so tightly knit that everything depends on everything else, and that if I ever made a change before the camera I might as well unravel the whole sweater. That's true too. Take a ready-made stage play like Dial M For Murder. As the director of that play in its filmed form, there was almost no work for me to do. The various bits and pieces had already been put together on the stage. I've often wondered why so many successful stage plays fail as movies. I think the reason is this: someone has decided to 'open up' the stage play with added exteriors and turn it into a movie and, as a result, the tightness and tautness of the stage play is lost."

One of the questions I wanted to ask him was: "In one of your stories is one of your problems the job of offering an explanation for all the hush-hush stuff; the mayhem and the villains still pursuing? In other words, don't the baddies have to be after something?"

"That is what I call the McGuffin," he told me. "It's the gimmick; it's what the excitement is all about. In a spy story the McGuffin is what the spies are after. In The 39 Steps the spies were after an airplane-engine formula, but the odd part of it is that the McGuffin never matters very much. It can be anything I like. In a film called Notorious I had Ingrid Bergman go to South America and get mixed up with some German spies. The question arose, What were the spies after? In other words, what was the McGuffin?

"Although it was a full year before Hiroshima, I said, 'Let's make it uranium samples.' I had a hunch that somewhere some spies from some country or other must be after an atom bomb or the knowledge of how to make one. So with Ben Hecht, the writer of my film story, I went to see Doctor Millikan, of Cal Tech, to ask him what to us was a natural and not startling question: 'How big is an atom bomb?'

"Doctor Millikan almost dropped his teeth. 'Do you want to be arrested?' he blurted. 'Do you want me to be arrested too?' But after those anguished questions, he pulled himself together and spent an hour telling us how impossible it was to make an atom bomb. We didn't know it, but the Manhattan Project had already been launched, and Doctor Millikan was one of the big wheels in it. It must have given him quite an odd feeling when we walked in with our question, but, as I say, he did his best to keep his knowledge top secret by telling us how ridiculous our notion was. However, when we left, I said to Hecht, 'I'm going ahead with the uranium McGuffin anyhow.' We made the picture and it grossed seven millions. Today, it would gross two or three times that much."

I asked him to explain the origin of the term "McGuffin."

"Using the McGuffin to mean the papers, jewelry, whatever the spies are after, is my own adaptation of the word," he said. "It comes from an old English music-hall joke about two men on a train. One of the men says to the other, 'What's that package on the rack above your head?' and the other man says, 'Oh, that's a McGuffin.' The first man asks, 'What's a McGuffin?' and the second man replies, 'A McGuffin is an apparatus for trapping lions in the Adirondacks.'

"'But there are no lions in the Adirondacks,' the first man says. 'Then that's no McGuffin,' the second man says."

I said I had heard that he had a reputation as an outstanding practical joker. "I have pretty much outgrown that now," he said. "And I'm afraid that if I tried to describe them to you, they'd seem pretty flat and contrived, but I still have a little fun in elevators. Sometimes in a crowded elevator I turn to someone with me and say, 'Of course, I didn't know the gun was loaded, but when it went off it blasted a great hole in his neck. A flap of his flesh fell down, and I could see the white ligaments uncovered. Presently I felt wetness around my feet. I was standing in a pool of blood.' Everyone in the elevator stiffens; then I get out and leave them standing there. Once when I described that imaginary shooting, one woman begged the operator, 'Let me out of here, please!' and she got out at the next floor."

I asked him where he got such Hitchcock touches as people losing themselves in funeral processions or ducking into amusement parks or into halls where political speeches were being made to hide from their pursuers.

"I simply look around and ask myself what background I can use next," he explained. "Someday I'll have a character dash into a hospital, pretend to be a patient, lie down on one of those litters on which they wheel you into the operating room, and before it's over, I'll have him operated on."

I had heard that he'd once told one nervous young actor who was jittering around in front of a camera, "I can't understand why you are all of atwitter. There's nothing depending upon your performance except your whole career."

I wanted to ask him what had happened to that young man. Had his career taken him on to become an Academy nominee? But I didn't get a chance to ask.

He stood up and said, "I know you'll forgive me, but I'm fifteen minutes late to look at screenings of various actresses I am considering for my next film. It turns out that the girl I had selected for the part has made a previous engagement with a bird who has a nose even longer than mine—a stork."

There are some things that even a great director, who anticipates every move before he turns a camera, can do nothing about.

THE END

Big Dipper

By Elizabeth Landeweer

The sky is a bucket of stars tonight,
With the Milky Way for an arching bail,
And hanging above me, glittering bright,
The Big Dipper glows like a fiery grail,
Its great rim molded to fit the lip
Of some moon-gilded leviathan.
Just to brush that cup with a fingertip
Would bring down the sky on a mortal man,
The stars would fall like the morning dew,
And comets would feather their tails in squads,
By the great horn spoon, it would be a brew
To wet the whistles of all the gods.

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The Terrible Threat of Nerve Gas

(Continued from Page 29)

never passed between him and Nachmansohn—though he later guessed it.

The next hurdle was transport. As his base camp, Rabaut chose Letitia, a native village in the wilds of Colombia. The only feasible approach to it was by amphibian plane along the Amazon from Belém, some 1100 miles away, on the east coast of Brazil. No such plane could be spared stateside. But Coates heard that the United States Rubber Development Corporation, a Government agency, had a PBY in Belém. After weeks of dickering, an Army plane flew Rabaut to Belém, and the PBY flew him thence up the Amazon.

The PBY returned to Belém after depositing Rabaut with a supply of food. He built a raft and began cruising the river, eyes peeled for electric eels. Most of the time they lie torpidly in shallow water. Rabaut would drag them ashore with seines, wait for them to dry and, donning rubber gloves, toss them into tanks of water.

The eel collector lived in isolation, stretching out his food rations with what game he could catch. His only means of communication with the outside world was through an occasional native boatman who ventured downriver. In this way Rabaut sent word to Coates via Belém that he desperately needed new rubber gloves. Coates enclosed several pairs in airmail letters to Belém. Almost all were returned without comment by the United States military censor, but toward the end a few slipped through.

When the PBY returned for Rabaut, he had collected more than 100 eels. But before the plane could take off again, the State Department, moving in its own mysterious way, decreed that the plane should not transport either Rabaut or the eels across Brazilian territory. The alternative route out was north through a gorge with walls 8000 feet high. The eels together with their tanks weighed almost two tons. They had to be stowed in the nose of the PBY; then, as soon as the plane cleared the river, shifted to the tail.

The eels traveled the last leg of the journey—by rail from Miami to New York—in style. Freight cars were too cold for them so they rode in heated private compartments.

Behind Operation Eel and its contribution to a nerve-gas antidote lies one of the most far-reaching quests in scientific annals: The life-saving drugs are only by-products of basic research into the human nervous system. The larger goal is nothing less than the discovery of the nature of thought, how it arises, how impulses are translated into action.

Among the phenomena involved in that formidable enigma are two extraordinary biological entities—choline esterase and acetylcholine. Nachmansohn has been exploring them for the last twenty years and expects to devote the rest of his career to them.

Choline esterase is an enzyme. Manufactured by all living cells, enzymes are the maintenance crew of the body. Without them vital functions like breathing and digesting would be fatally slow. In fractions of a second they cause speed-up and regulate chemical changes throughout the animal organism—the conversion of food, for example, into elements that the blood can absorb. There are hundreds of different enzymes, each acting upon a specific substance.

To illustrate further, our bodies need sugar for energy. But before sugar can be released, it must be split into simpler components, then still simpler ones. A series of fifteen enzymes performs that splitting.

The substance upon which an enzyme acts is called a substrate. Acetylcholine is such a substrate—the substrate of choline esterase.

It was first found to exist in animal tissue twenty-seven years ago by a British physiologist, Henry Hallett Dale. He noted its presence specifically at the nerve endings. What was it doing there?

Nerve and muscle cells, Dale knew, generate electricity and the electricity is the conductor of impulses from the brain. He concluded that if a pianist, say, wishes to strike middle C with his index finger, the impulse travels from the brain to the nerve endings, where it foments a discharge of acetylcholine. In a sense the pianist thinks acetylcholine into being. In the instant of its discharge Dale further demonstrated, it causes a momentary muscular contraction, and that contraction is the driving power which moves the pianist's finger. Every heartbeat, every intake of breath, all of our countless movements are triggered in the same way by the potent compound.

It follows that some force must intervene to destroy each discharge of acetylcholine after the power has been utilized. Otherwise the pianist's finger would go on twitching indefinitely, the whole human machine would be shaken apart. Dale postulated an enzyme of which acetylcholine is the substrate. Just as there are special enzymes to split up sugar, he reasoned, so must there be a special enzyme to split up acetylcholine. He visualized a pair of chemical teammates in continuous off-and-on action—the one flicking a switch, so to speak, to furnish power, the other breaking the circuit. Later researchers identified and named the enzyme choline esterase. At about that point Nachmansohn entered the picture.

He was born in Ekaterinoslav, Russia, the second of three children of a well-to-do importer. Soon after, the family moved to Berlin. At the age of twenty-four he graduated from the University of Berlin with a medical degree. At the university he met a gifted girl student, Edith Berger. They were married four years later and had a daughter, Ruth. Today Dr. Edith Nachmansohn is a psychiatrist, Ruth a Columbia fine-arts student.

Nachmansohn studied enzymes at Berlin's Chemical Institute; then biochemistry at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute. In 1933, as the tramp of Hitler's bully boys grew louder in the streets of Berlin, he took his family to Paris, where he was appointed *maître de recherche* at the Sorbonne.

In his early studies of choline esterase and its substrate, Nachmansohn minutely analyzed nerves in lobsters, rabbits, mice, chickens and human brain tissue. He made the original discovery that the chemical teammates do not operate just at the nerve endings, as Dale contended, but throughout the entire nervous network. From this he arrived at a revolutionary concept. "Nature," he says, "does not make meaningless arrangements. Such a general distribution of substances must have a functional reason. I began to suspect that the body's prime generator of electricity was acetylcholine itself."

To verify his hunch, he cast about for some living organism that expends much more electricity than those he had been using, a natural amplifier. Only two members of the animal kingdom would fill the bill—the electric ray and the electric eel, which discharge up to 150 and 600 volts respectively, as compared to the one tenth of a volt discharged by ordinary animals, including man. "Nature's gift to the biochemist," Nachmansohn fondly calls the unlovable creatures, which have since become the constant companions of his working hours. "The point is, man doesn't need much electricity to communicate an impulse or a thought. But to electrocute, which is the way these rays and eels attack or defend themselves, obviously requires high voltage. Thus, they offer an enlarged reproduction of the human nervous system, where electrochemical phenomena are greatly amplified and so easier to study."

On display in the Paris World's Fair of 1937 were two specimens of the *Torpedo marmorata*, an electric ray from the Mediterranean, their flat, turnip-shaped bodies measuring ten inches in diameter. When the fair ended, Nachmansohn persuaded the exhibitor to part with them. Installing the baby monsters in a tank in his laboratory and insulating himself with rubber gloves, he sliced out bits of their natural batteries. As he expected, choline-esterase-acetylcholine activity was rife.

To obtain enzyme extract for further examination in test tubes, he journeyed to a marine laboratory on the Mediterranean coast, well stocked with torpedo rays. Of the electric eels, generating still higher voltage, its tail being 60 per cent battery,

NEXT WEEK

Secrets of the Unknown War

By DAVID HOWARTH

An Amazing True Adventure in the Arctic

The Redlegs' Miraculous Twins

Cincinnati Baseball Heroes

McMillan and Temple

Why I Went Back to Nursing

She Answered a Hospital's Call for Help

He Tamed the Wind

The Little-Known Genius
Behind Supersonic Flight

We Spent Our Vacation Down on the Farm

A Family Holiday
That Doesn't Leave You Broke

Can He Bail Out Britain?

Prime Minister Harold Macmillan

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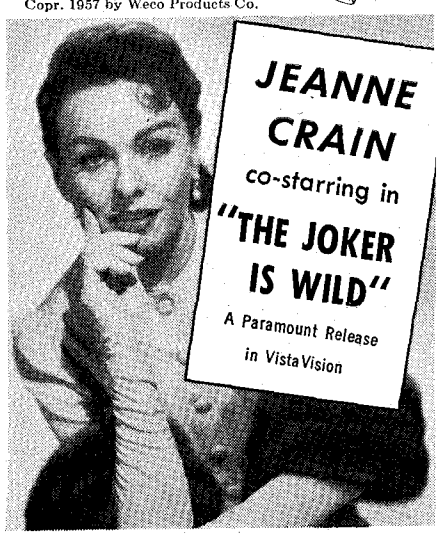


he managed to get only a single specimen. They come from the fresh-water rivers of tropical South America and importing them was prohibitively expensive. Running up to ten feet in length, they have fetched as much as $100 a foot.

A month before the war broke out, Nachmansohn accepted an invitation from Yale to continue his research under its auspices. He sailed aboard the Normandie with his wife, daughter and fifteen quarts of milk-white enzyme extract.

Meanwhile, German production of nerve gas, rendering all other poison gases obsolete, was under way. The German code designation for them was Trilon, actually an innocuous water softener; the real names: Tabun, Sarin and Soman. Why the Germans never used them—fear of retaliation, or that sudden wind shifts would imperil their own troops—is still debated by military historians. At the Nuremberg trials Albert Speer, the Nazi Minister of Munitions, testified:

"I knew that they (Hitler and his political advisers) were discussing the question of using our two new combat gases, Tabun and Sarin. They believed that these gases would be of particular efficacy, and they did in fact produce the most frightful results . . . there was no respirator and no protection against them that we knew of. For the manufacture of this gas (Tabun) we had about three factories, all of which were undamaged and which, until November, 1944, were working at full speed."

Allied intelligence got its first inkling of Tabun in 1944. The Allies did not obtain the formula until after the war, when they seized all three German plants. One at Dyhernfurth in Poland fell to the Russians.

The idea of a volatile toxic, undetectable by the senses, was no novelty. As early as 1940 the Allies had the formula for a gas, also of German origin, called di-isopropyl fluorophosphate—DFP for short. It proved less lethal than Tabun and was superseded in 1945 by what the Chemical Corps now refers to as the G-series, including Tabun.

Nerve gases were evolved from certain insecticides with which they share the same nerve-paralyzing properties. Dr. Gerhardt Schrader, research chemist for the huge German I. G. Farben trust, developed a series of these insecticides so lethal as to make them impractical for agricultural purposes—though modifications of them are now widely employed. They were adapted instead to chemical warfare.

Ever since Allied intelligence penetrated the Nazi secret, one of the United States Army Chemical Corps' highest-priority projects has been both to stockpile its own nerve gases and to devise defenses against them. In 1951 Gen. Anthony C. McAuliffe, the then Chief of the Chemical Corps, announced an expenditure on that project of a billion dollars. The Russians, he added, were making nerve gas. With the Dyhernfurth plant at their disposal, it could be assumed that they had a fair start.

American stockpiles of the G-series are now abundant and still growing. A plant at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, prepares the basic ingredients, consisting of cheap, common chemicals. They are distributed among the Chemical Corps centers, the principal one being the Rocky Mountain Arsenal near Denver. There end production proceeds amid elaborate safety devices. Ultra-sensitive electronic-signaling devices respond to the faintest traces of escaping vapor. Each laboratory keeps on hand canaries, rabbits or fruit flies, which react to the poison faster than humans. Workers handling large amounts of the toxic wear hermetically fastened, head-to-toe clothing, treated with detoxifying chemicals.

Despite these precautions there have been occasional casualties. In 1954 at least seventy Rocky Mountain technicians suffered exposure. The dosage was light, yet many of them were hospitalized for days. They complained of blurred vision—the first symptom—cramps, contractions, chest pains, shortness of breath, nausea. Some told of wild dreams, extreme anxiety and an inability to make decisions. These mental symptoms led Army neurologists to speculate that even mild exposure might suffice to distort the judgment of commanders and troops in combat. More recently, during field tests in which goats were tethered in a target area, a Chemical Corps officer ventured too close. It took doctors twelve hours to revive him.

The manufacture of G-gas, however, has been an elementary operation compared to the search for countermeasures. Standard gas masks (Speer notwithstanding) do resist the nonpersistent or vaporized varieties; impermeable rubberized raincoats, boots and gloves give protection against the persistent liquid kinds—though dense saturation can penetrate even rubber.

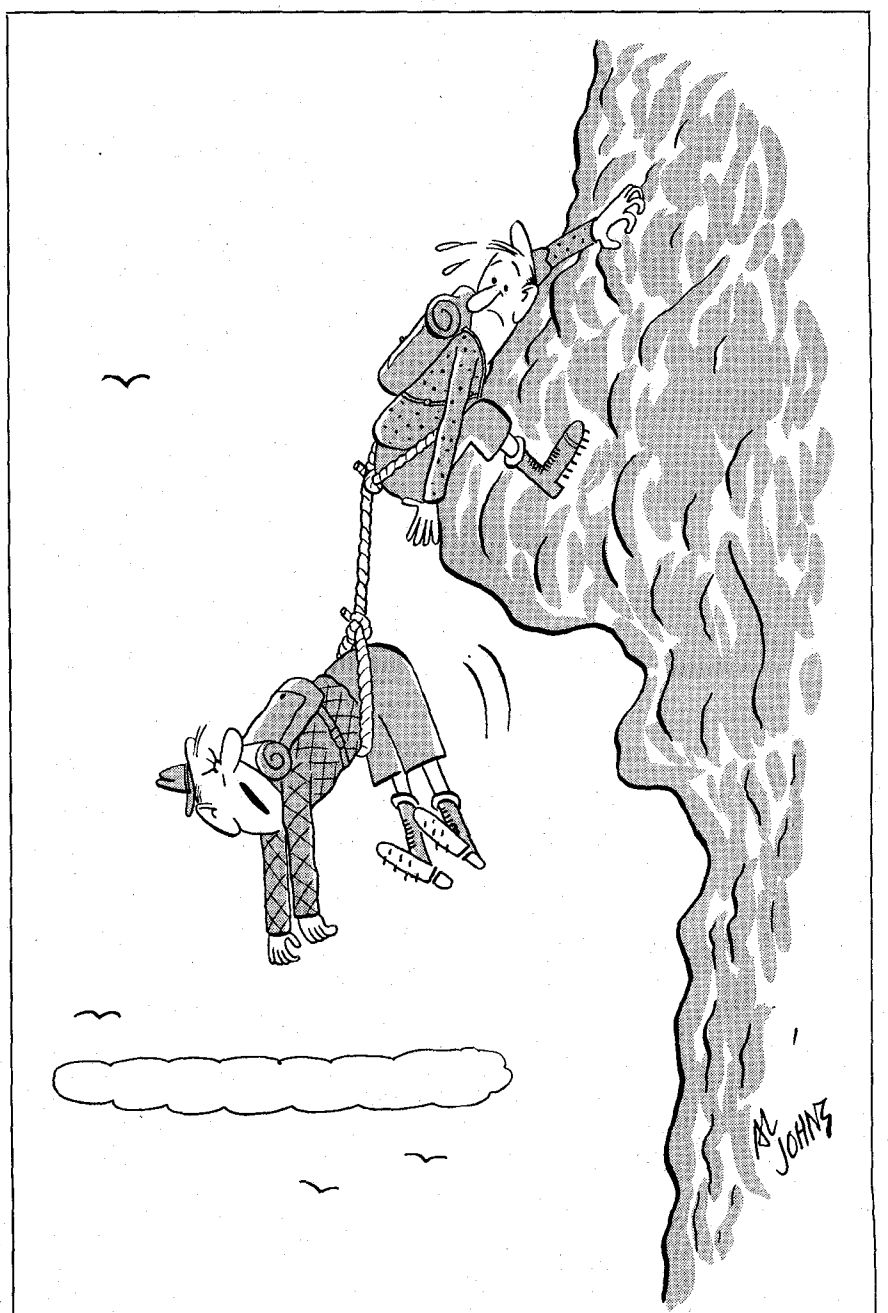
The Chemical Corps in collaboration with RCA has developed an automatic warning device. Weighing twenty-five pounds and contained in a compact portable metal case, it can be connected to a 110-volt AC or 24-volt DC power source to operate continuously for twelve hours. After this period a simple readjustment, requiring only a few minutes, will put it again in operation. At the first trace of nerve gas a red lamp lights, a loud buzzer sounds. A filtering system prevents interference by heavy dust or smoke.

Atropine sulfate suggested itself as an antidote at an early stage because of its known effectiveness in combating poisons of similar action. It was found that intramuscular injections would counteract symptoms produced by fairly heavy exposure. The drug has since saved not only victims of laboratory accidents like the Rocky Mountain technicians but also farmers, aerial crop dusters and chemical-plant packers contaminated by nerve insecticides. Of the latter group scores, not treated in time, have died.

At present atropine is the standard, recommended antidote—indeed the only one available. The Federal Civil Defense Administration has released a thirty-minute color film showing how an aggressor might attempt to destroy civilian populations with nerve gas in an attack on American cities, and how atropine can be self-injected through syrettes. Atropine-filled syrettes are now available to civil-defense organizations.

But the effectiveness of atropine, powerful as it is, would be limited against massive saturation by nerve gas to be expected in an all-out onslaught. And so the search for something superior continues.

When Nachmansohn first tackled the problem, he killed a rabbit with DFP—Tabun was not yet available—and ana-



"No, you may not borrow my knife!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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lyzed the nerve tissues. The scientific consensus at the time was that the toxic destroyed the entire nervous system. But the only significant chemical change Nachmansohn noted was a total absence of choline esterase. He observed the same change in a test tube by adding DFP to enzyme extract from his Amazon eels. The poison completely inactivated it. That meant prolonged, uncontrolled acetylcholine activity, leading to a fatal overfunctioning of the nerves. The switch was closed with the other half of the chemical team not there to open it.

When Nachmansohn reported his findings to the Chemical Corps experts they concluded that the enzyme had been abolished. He disagreed. He thought it likelier that it had only been inhibited. Accordingly, he felt that the best antidote would be one with the power to reactivate choline esterase rapidly and so restore the normal off-and-on cycle.

Before Nachmansohn could begin to look for such a reactivator he had to determine exactly what changes DFP caused. He and a team of Columbia associates studied nerve tissue with some of the most sensitive instruments known to science. Because of the wider implications of their work, their research was supported by grants not only from the Chemical Corps but also from the Surgeon General of the Army, the United States Public Health Service and the Atomic Energy Commission.

With a micromanipulator they isolated single eel cells. They charted the speed and strength of impulses flashing through nerve fibers with an oscillograph. To separate choline esterase from other substances in tissue, they used an ultracentrifuge that cost Columbia $16,000. Now and again they were reminded of the deadliness of DFP when, in transferring fresh supplies from vials to tubes, wisps of vapor escaped and their pupils constricted. Some of the researchers suffered from blurred vision for several days.

They had barely covered the groundwork five years later when a fellow professor recommended to Nachmansohn as an assistant twenty-eight-year-old Dr. Irwin B. Wilson, of Columbia's Chemistry Department. It was a happy choice. So readily did Wilson grasp the underlying principles that he was soon able to take up the specific challenge of a nerve-gas antidote. By 1951 he had deduced the precise manner in which the toxic kills.

We have seen how choline esterase acts as a kind of circuit-breaker to control discharges of acetylcholine. Nerve gas contains atoms of a chemical group called phosphoryl. These atoms attach themselves, barnaclelike, to the molecules of the enzyme. In doing so they obstruct the circuit-breaking mechanism. Acetylcholine runs wild, convulsing the nervous system.

Wilson had thus defined his target—the phosphoryl group. There remained the problem of fashioning a chemical bullet that would knock it off the enzyme. "I could have spent the rest of my life," he says "searching the pharmacopoeia for the right compound. It seemed easier to design a new one from scratch on the basis of what properties we knew an antidote must possess."

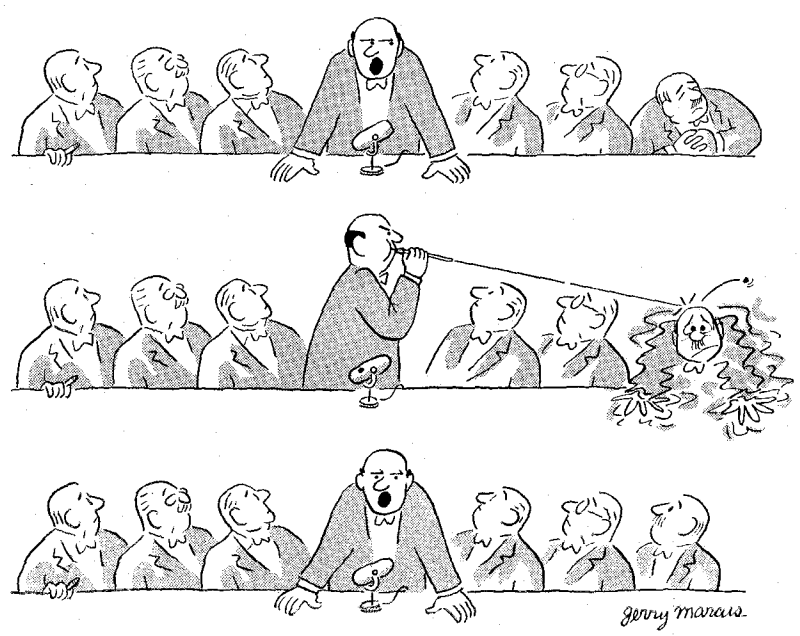
At the twenty-fifth attempt he developed, and with an associate, Dr. Sara Ginsburg, synthesized a yellowish crystalline substance—pyridine aldoxime methiodide, nicknamed PAM. Forty white mice were then divided into two equal groups. Dr. Helmut Kewitz, a pharmacologist from the Free University of Berlin, long associated with the project, injected them all with DFP. Next he gave the first twenty an injection of PAM. In five minutes the second twenty mice were dead. The first twenty survived.

Because the chemistry of the human nervous system does not differ basically from that of mice, it could be predicted that PAM would protect humans against DFP as well as against the nerve insecticides which they resemble. Said Nachmansohn, "I will be astounded if it does not."

But would PAM counteract the deadlier G-series, which, though they affect the nerves in the same way, embody variations of structure? Tests were run at Edgewood. The mice died. But Nachmansohn and Wilson were in no wise perturbed. The principle which they had formulated, they felt sure, was still valid. An antidote to other nerve gases merely required further trials along identical lines. "The problem is now practical," said Nachmansohn; "no longer theoretical."

Not long after, the Chemical Corps, following a modification of principles similar to those of the Columbia group, came up with a compound that protected mice against the G-series. The Army chemists are now on the trail of a method to confer immunity to nerve gas for prolonged periods before and after exposure.

Between the successful tests of these two compounds and their general use as antidotes a good many factors remain to be determined, such as dosages, the physical form, the techniques of administering them. Then, as the final phase of the long search, must come tests on humans. "We will have no alternative," says director of research Summerson. THE END



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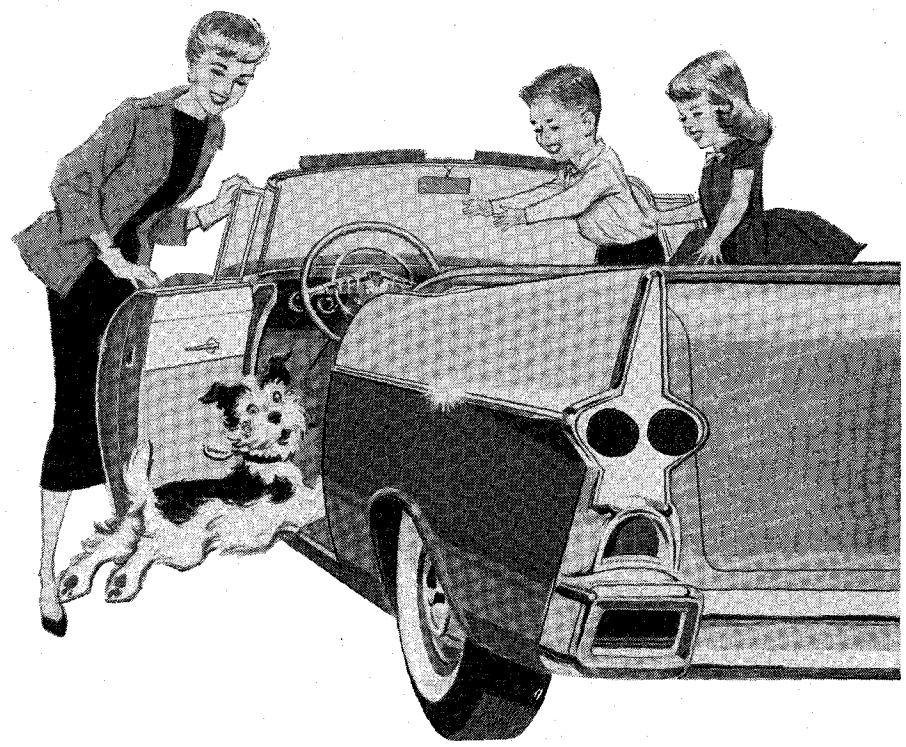

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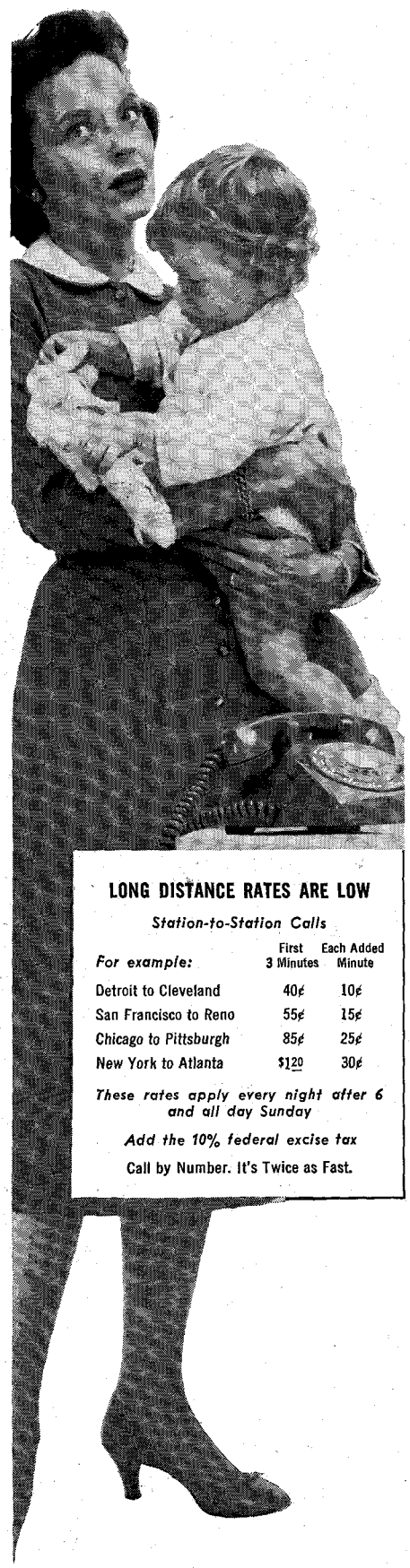

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Can We Stay Rich?

(Continued from Page 30)

very poor, who have so little money they cannot plan how they are going to spend it, and the very rich, who have so much they don't have to plan.

They asked these families some deceptively simple questions, couched in homely phrases from which all economic double-talk had been eliminated.

"How do you people feel about your situation right now?" the interviewer would ask. "Would you say that you and your family are better off or worse off, financially, than you were a year ago?"

Then the researchers would sit back and listen, for they learned in the beginning that, once the ice was broken, the best question was silence or at most an occasional noncommittal grunt.

From this beginning the questioning went on.

"Now, looking ahead," the interviewer would ask, "do you think that a year from now you people will be better off, financially, or worse off, or just about the same as now?"

Then they asked about prices—whether people thought they were too high, or about right, or what they felt they needed most, and whether now was a good time to buy, or whether it would be best to wait.

Gradually, in an hour or so of easy, casual talk, the whole pattern of the family's hopes and expectations and attitudes would begin to take shape. By the time the gentle probing was over, the interviewers had a fairly clear idea of how people felt about spending in general, and what items they were most likely to spend their money for. They also could judge with some accuracy how the urge to save compared with the urge to spend, for the American people, they knew, are forever torn between these conflicting impulses.

Bringing together all these interviews and analyzing them, the economic psychologists found they could translate human emotions into statistical form in an Index of Consumer Attitudes and Buying Intentions. These charts, they knew, were not worth very much when considered alone. But when compared with studies made a few months before or a year before, they told an understandable story. They indicated whether or not more people or fewer people felt like spending their money than had felt that way at some previous time. They showed whether more people or fewer felt in a saving mood than had felt that way before.

The men who studied these figures did not claim that they could predict the magnitude of spending or saving that would occur in the immediate future, for the techniques they worked with were still too unprecise. But they did believe they could detect trends and shifts in mood; and on the basis of these findings they could predict with a fair amount of accuracy the direction in which the economy would be moving three to nine months ahead.

These predictions, of course, could not supplant the classic guides the economists had always used in making their forecasts. But they could supplement them. And they could be of great value to businessmen, who were wondering whether to expand or not, and to all financial agencies, particularly to the Federal Reserve System, for whom the surveys were made. For rising consumer confidence held in it the threat of inflation, and a hint of growing consumer pessimism could be the harbinger of a leveling off or a slump.

The dean of those psychologists who believe that the secret of the business future lies locked in the hearts and minds of the consumer is a Hungarian-born scientist named George Katona, a gruff, pipe-smoking scholar who was one of the founders of the Survey Research Center at the University of Michigan.

Professor Katona's conviction that the financial fate of the nation depends on the degree of optimism or pessimism the consumer feels, goes back to 1923, to the year of the great inflation in Germany, when a loaf of bread cost 200,000,000 marks. In that year a man could make a living by buying cigarettes at a retail store in the morning and holding them for the price rise that was sure to come before night, and workingmen were paid every day at noon, so they could spend their wages before they became worthless. To Katona, a young psychologist temporarily working as a bank clerk, there seemed to be a crazy quality in this inflation that had nothing to do with traditional economic values. He turned to the books on economics, seeking an explanation in the old classic terms of quantity of money, volume of goods and velocity of circulation. But the books, to him, did not provide an answer. Obviously, some queer psychological fantasy had possessed the German people, compelling them to get rid of their money as fast as it came to hand.

In his ten years of study of the American consumer he has seen these same mysterious psychological factors at work, refuting the textbook maxims and confounding the predictions of the economists.

At the end of World War II, for example, most experts were convinced that the country was in for a great depression. There had been 8,000,000 men out of work before the war began. Factories, with the flow of war orders shut off, would be closing down by thousands, and the 12,000,000 men returning from the wars would soon be wandering the streets, jobless, selling apples. Russia, too, waited, gloating, for the crash that would destroy the capitalistic system.

But the crash never came. It turned, instead, into the great boom which has run almost unchecked for ten years, and only now is beginning to show signs of leveling off.

The factor the economists failed to take into consideration was the people's tremendous yearning for "things"—for goods and services that would make life easier, happier and more comfortable. Throughout ten years of depression and five years of war the United States had been a "have-not" nation so far as consumer goods were concerned. People wanted and needed everything—new cars, new houses, new clothes, new gadgets of every kind.

And they had the money to buy them—war-time savings tucked away in banks and savings-and-loan associations, in war bonds and in cash values built up in insurance policies. On top of this, they had almost unlimited credit. Banks during the war had become mere depositories for Government securities. By converting these securities into cash, the banks had tremendous reservoirs of money available for loans. Insurance companies were seeking safe investments for their huge backlogs of accumulated funds. The savings-and-loan associations were eager to provide the mortgage money that would transform the great yearning for new houses into reality.

The social legislation of the depression years had not had time to do much good before the war came along. But the busy war years brought the great shift in income distribution that Mr. Roosevelt's share-the-wealth philosophy had fostered. Before the war there were relatively few American families with incomes of $5000 a year or more. At the end of the war there were millions. With this shift in income distribution there came a profound change in the average American's state of mind. In 1941, a depression-born caution, an instinct to save, possessed him. In 1946 his mood had changed to an almost psychopathic desire to spend.

"It was fantastic," one startled economist said, "the things that people would rather have than money."

Businessmen and manufacturers, sensing intuitively the powerful, pent-up demand, poured their own accumulated savings into vast expansion programs. The returning G.I., instead of walking the streets looking for work, found employers banging at his door, imploring him to

"And even if our ship does come in, I'd like to bet the harbor is paralyzed by a dock strike."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"I think he's the sweetest, handsomest, most intelligent man in the whole world, and so does he."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

come back to the mill, the mine, the factory and the office. Banks and other lending agencies shoveled billions in loans, at low interest rates, into the economy.

Anybody with a reasonably honest face could borrow money and anything, even a vacation in Europe, could be bought for a token down payment, with the remaining cost spread out over a period of months that might stretch into years. Total costs lost all meaning. Bedazzled by some new and shining gadget, all that the eager buyers wanted to know was how much it cost per month.

Out of this surging eagerness to buy and borrow, and the willingness of the business and financial community to make buying and borrowing possible, the boom was born. In ten years it lifted the living standards of the American people to the highest level ever known in any country anywhere. It covered the nation with factories, many of them making things never known and used before. It surrounded old cities with vast new suburbs of bright homes and provided them with their own commercial districts. Millions of men of modest talents and moderate incomes found themselves able to acquire luxuries that none but the very rich once could afford.

The question which now plagues the economic psychologist, as it troubles every thoughtful man, is simply this: Can it last? Is prosperity its own gravedigger? Must a decade of fantastic growth, of almost limitless wish fulfillment, end inevitably in saturation and recession?

At the moment, the economic psychologist would answer this question with a wary "No." The deep-felt wants of the American people are still unsatisfied. They are still intent on improving their standard of living. They may have bought the new split-level house in the "nice" neighborhood which they had dreamed of. Now they want to air-condition it or add a room for a new baby. They may have the two-tone fin-tail car with power brakes and power steering. Now they'd like a second car, or a sailboat, or small cabin cruiser for weekends on the lake. They have the refrigerator and the washing machine. Now they want the freezer and the automatic dryer. They have black-and-white TV, but they keep thinking how nice it would be to see the big spectaculars in color.

They have seen a great rise in their incomes in the past decade, for 41 per cent of all American families now have more than $5000 a year. They expect that rise to continue, though maybe not at quite so swift a pace as in the past. Their feeling of optimism is not quite so ebullient as it was. But it is still there and it still is strong.

The degree of consumer confidence has varied, of course, over the past ten years, and the variations have been reflected in fluctuations of the business cycle. These changes in the public mood are difficult to explain other than in psychological terms, for in many periods, consumer attitudes and actions have run counter to what have seemed on the surface to be the prevailing economic trends.

In 1949, for example, wants were strong and most folks admitted that prices were reasonable. But the notion was widespread that prices would fall still further as production, converting from war to peace-time items, got up a full head of steam. In consequence, many people decided to postpone their heavier purchases, waiting for the price drop. This waiting mood prevailed until the summer of 1950, when the Korean War began. Then, before there was any noticeable increase of Government spending or in the money supply, there was a rush of panic buying.

Fearful of World War III, and remembering the shortages, restrictions and rationing so recently ended, buyers stormed the stores, grabbing everything they could lay hands on before the anticipated price rise. They lit a quick, hot fire of inflation, then quickly put it out. As the Korean front stabilized, and it became clear that the fighting in the Far East would not explode into a global war, consumer thinking did a quick about-face.

The mood of acute fear, according to Professor Katona, gave way to one of uneasy anxiety. The expectation of shortages disappeared as the people realized that the country could provide both guns and butter during a prolonged period of *cold war. The rush to buy* slowed down in 1951 and the slowdown continued well into 1952, as families held on to their cash, despite stable prices and the new money the Federal Reserve System was pumping into the economy.

The traditional economists, noting this slowdown, concluded that it represented a slackening in demand. The people, they felt, had saturated themselves with goods in the buying splurge of 1950.

The economic psychologists, asking their probing questions, found a different story. People wanted new and better things as much as they ever did. But they held off. They had an uneasy feeling that it was not a good time to buy and they complained of high prices and heavy taxes.

The election of a new administration and the end of the fighting in Korea wiped out that spirit of pessimism. In 1953 there began the great splurge of installment buying that carried on through '54 and '55 and well into '56. The period saw the fantastic rise of the discount house, selling for cash, the construction of huge shopping centers in suburban areas. Though hurt by these two developments, downtown department stores still did a remarkable business. Many of them, rigging up a half-dozen different types of revolving credit plans, found themselves making more money on interest charges than on the sale of goods.

"We aren't merchants any more," one manager of a multimillion-dollar retail store complained. "We have turned into a bunch of blank-blank bankers."

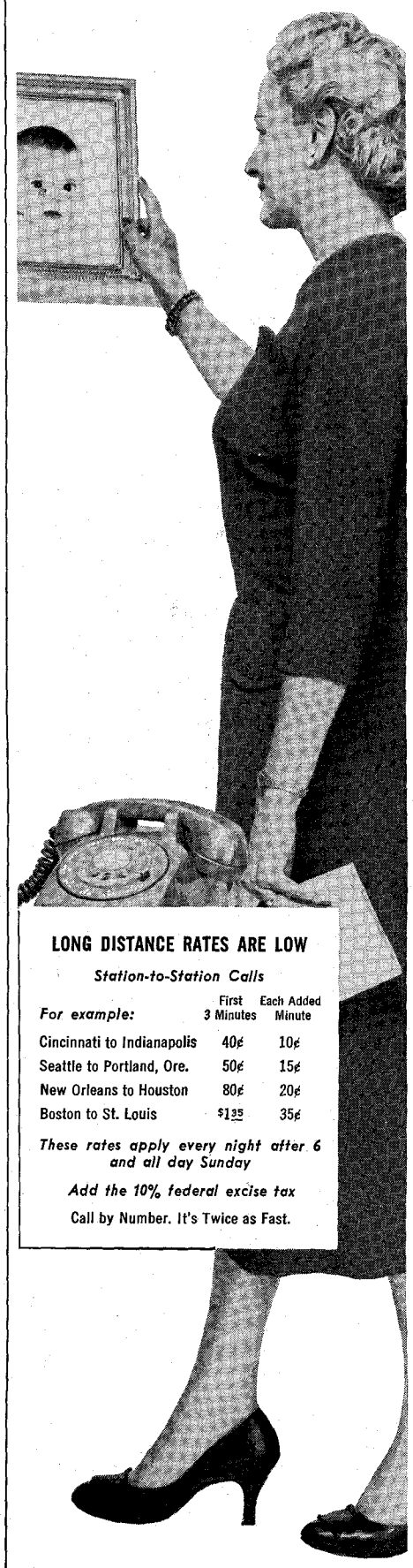
The commercial banks themselves accelerated the pace at which they had already begun to change over from class banking to mass banking, setting up personal-loan and small-loan departments in competition with the finance companies. Old-line bankers, remembering 1929, shuddered at the shaky loans their young executives, who had not been scorched in that flame, were willing to make.

The great buying spree of 1955 inspired the vast business expansion of 1956, and the combination of the two inevitably brought on the inflation that everybody feared. The index of consumer prices began to creep up, month by month. The consuming public again was torn between two strongly conflicting impulses—the urge to buy before prices rose any more, and the feeling that by holding off a little while, they might get more for their money later on.

There is evidence they chose the more cautious course. Interviewers, beating the bushes in '56 and early '57, noted that more people were feeling a little less optimistic about the future. Confidence, on the whole, still was high, but it was obvious that the buoyant spirit that prevailed in 1954 and 1955 was no longer prevalent. The spirit that keeps a boom going—a growth in optimism—was not there. All signs pointed to a leveling off in 1957.

In analyzing the dramatic shifts in consumer attitudes over the years, the researchers became convinced of one thing. Consumers are no mere automatons, marionettes dancing to the pull of economic strings over which they have no control. They pull the strings themselves. As they moved about over the country asking their questions, the interviewers turned up many facts that ran counter to old economic beliefs. They found out, for example, that the traditional assumption that people with declining incomes borrowed the most money and people with rising incomes borrowed the least just wasn't so. The people who bought the most on credit were those whose incomes were rising. Folks with declining incomes were next, as they struggled to keep their standard of living up to the level they were used to. And people with stable incomes borrowed the least.

How long since you called the children?



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They found out that you couldn't always tell how people were going to react to rising prices or falling prices. The traditional view was that if consumers expected prices to rise, they hurried to buy; if they thought prices were going down, they postponed buying. But it didn't work out that way every time. Sometimes they resented the way prices had already risen, and refused to buy even though they had the money or plenty of credit.

Little things could trigger off sudden urges to buy no matter which way prices seemed to be moving. A youngster riding home from school might complain that the family car was an old clunker because he had seen Johnny's mother bringing her riding group to school in a brand-new, flared-fender job. Up to that moment it had not occurred to either papa or mamma that the family sedan, which was only three years old, was an old clunker. But the seed had been planted. Mamma remembers that the brakes need tightening and one of the tires keeps going soft. Papa starts hearing little pings and wheezes in the engine he'd never noticed before, and he begins to wonder what a valve and ring job would cost, and a new set of plugs. And the thought occurs to him that maybe it might be better to trade the old heap in, rather than to pay a fat garage bill. So pretty soon a new car is sitting under the carport and the family is content for another couple of years.

This is one of the more peculiar attributes of the free-spending American, the researchers have found—his willingness to get rid of something while it is still in good working shape, and trade it in on something new. Prestige has a lot to do with it. Mamma goes to her bridge club and hears Mrs. Jones agging proudly about her new refrigerator with revolving shelves and storage space in the door. Mamma's old refrigerator may be working perfectly, but thereafter she begins to hate the sight of it. People may be a little slow to get rid of an old stove, just because it does not have an infrared oven and lights and bells on it that make it look like a jukebox. But everything else—washers, dryers, refrigerators, radios, TV sets, automobiles—is expendable as soon as something new comes along that promises a little more convenience.

All that most folks want to know is whether the trade-in allowance on the old gadget will cover the down payment on the new. Paying the rest is easy. You just write a little check every month for a year. If you want to make it a smaller check, you stretch out the payments over two years.

Another curious facet of the American's character is his complete candor when it comes to talking about what he owes. He is ashamed of a low income, but he is willing to tell a complete stranger how much he's paying every month to the bank or the finance company, the appliance house, the car dealer or the department store. He seems to be proud of his debts.

His English counterpart is entirely different. An attempt to make a survey of installment, or "hire-purchase," buying in London fell flat on its face. The Englishman, blowing indignantly through his mustache, considered the interviewer's questions about his debts an outrageous invasion of his privacy. He clammed up as if the matter on which he was being queried was one which might have been of interest to the late Doctor Kinsey.

Of one thing the psychologists are sure. The fears of their brother economists that the American public has become saturated with "things" has no foundation in fact. The classicists are fond of pointing out that the majority of the people already own homes and cars and household gadgets, and they predict that in the future industry will be forced to coast along, limiting its output to replacement needs.

The researchers, who know what shimmering dream castles the American consumer is forever building in the sky, do not believe that this is so. For a while after an income rise has set them off on a buying spree, consumers do have brief moments of satiety in which they feel there is nothing else they need or want. But this feeling does not last long. Technology and the siren song of the advertising man soon destroy this mood of contentment. People raise their sights and start wanting things they'd never thought they'd be able to afford before. Levels of aspiration, the psychologists find, inevitably rise with achievement and fulfillment. They fall or hold steady only when the consumer experiences some frustration or failure—the unexpected doctor's bill, the tax bite that was heavier than anticipated, the raise that didn't come through.

The constant upgrading of desires, the psychologists say, is one of the things that give the American economy its dynamic quality. It stems from a social system in which no man is limited in his goals by the circumstances of his birth. In older countries, the son of the house may be content to follow his father's profession, and to wait patiently for the old homestead or the family business to come to him by inheritance. In America, he strikes out on his own. He not only leaves the environment he knew as a child, if it suits him to do so, but he struggles to climb to a higher social and economic level than his father knew. Restless, questing, confident of the future, but driven by a deep inner discontent, he does not want enduring things that will be kept a lifetime and handed down through generations. He wants new things which he will keep and use only until something better comes along.

As the American has differed from the European in his economic drives, so does the American of this generation differ from his own forefathers. His great-grandsire believed that a man deserved luxuries of life only after he saved up enough money to pay cash for them. The young family man of today wants them immediately, and he is perfectly willing to mortgage his future to obtain them. He sees no reason why he should wait for the fine house, the good car, the costly vacation, until he is too old to enjoy them.

Curiously, though, for all his willingness to plunge headlong into debt, he at the same time feels a tremendous compulsion to save. It is true that installment buying makes it less necessary to save in order to obtain the things he wants immediately. It is also true that social security and private pension and retirement plans have made saving for old age less imperative than it was in his father's day.

But neither of these things, the researchers find, have killed the basic instinct to lay something away for a rainy day. Most people try to save, and most are dissatisfied with the amount they have been able to put away. From the economists' standpoint, though, they save far more than they realize. The average man does not think of debt repayment, or the money he pays on life-insurance premiums, or the bite taken out of his salary check for the company pension fund, as a form of saving. To him, savings are cash in the bank, E bonds, and the money he puts into common stocks; and he tries to acquire these things even while he is buying heavily on the installment plan.

The economic psychologist takes comfort from the discovery of this ever-present, though sometimes latent, urge to save. Like his traditionalist confrere, he knows that the growth of productive capacity in the years ahead must be financed by the savings of today. He is equally aware that production must be expanded hugely or there won't be enough goods to go around. The nation's population is growing at the fastest rate in history. The American consumer has not only expressed his buoyant faith in the future by spending prodigally. He has expressed his boundless confidence by begetting young in prodigious numbers. Every eight seconds, somewhere in the United States, a baby is born, and there is no sign that what a British economist has described as "this thunderous roar of pattering feet" will diminish soon.

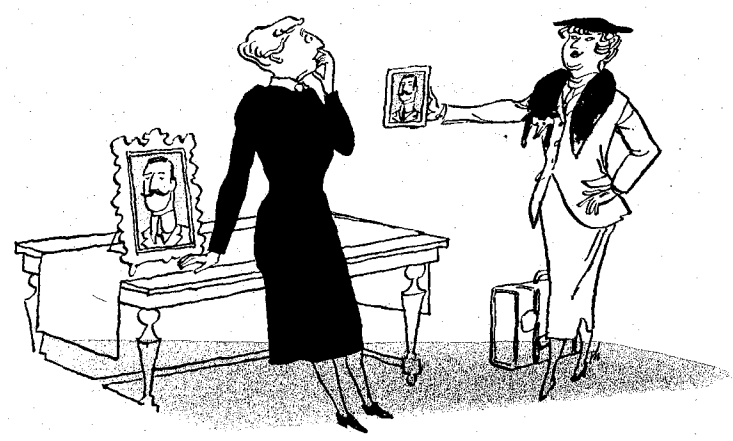
Babies are consumers from the moment of their birth, and there are some economists who growl morosely that our capacity to reproduce is outrunning our capacity to produce. The millions born during the war years are in high school now. In another five or six years they will be marrying and having babies of their own, creating vast new markets for houses, cars and all the myriad products of industry. Behind them march the hordes of babies born since the war. Together they will make up the estimated eighty-eight to ninety million wage earners of the 70's, whose labor must support a population of more than 200,000,000. And despite taxes and high prices and heavy debt, somebody has got to provide the savings that will build them factories to work in and tools to work with.

Nobody today will claim that all these millions will live and work in an economy free of cyclic swings. But the psychologists are convinced that the day will come when sudden up or downward shifts will no longer take us by surprise.

Their testing methods are still too crude for their surveys to be conclusive now. But every three months, when Professor Katona's research crews go out to ask their searching questions, they learn a little more about the hopes and dreams and aspirations of the millions of consumers, and understand a little more clearly how their attitudes and expectations affect the business cycle.

Someday, they hope, they will be able to predict with some assurance the period in which a depression is likely to begin, and can cry the alarm in time. Then, perhaps, business, government, bankers and the consumers themselves, forewarned, can do whatever is necessary to make sure that the really bad times never come at all.

Editors' Note—This is the last of three articles by Harold Martin.



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Tom, as a stagestruck young buck, eloped with Denise, an actress. Their wedded life lasted only a weekend. They went their ways without bothering to get a divorce. Years later, Tom met and married Nellie. They lived happily for forty years. When Tom died, Nellie filed claim to his estate as his widow. To her horror, Denise appeared and demanded that she, as Tom's only legal wife, be awarded his property.

"I've suffered the greatest shock a woman can bear, learning after forty years that I wasn't legally married to Tom," Nellie told the judge. "If I am not entitled to Tom's estate as his widow, then I claim it as his creditor. For forty years I kept house for him and helped him to accumulate this estate. Its value would just about pay for my services."

"Nellie isn't entitled to a nickel," Denise's lawyer retorted. "She concedes she isn't Tom's legal widow. But she lived with him as a wife and did the usual wifely chores without expectation of payment. Though mistaken as to her legal status, she never intended to make herself Tom's creditor. And she can't now."

If you were the judge, would you throw out Nellie's claim?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Nellie won. Logically, the court said, Denise's lawyer was correct. But it ruled that there would be an "unjust enrichment" of the husband's estate if the woman who mistakenly and faithfully believed herself his wife was not awarded the value of her services for forty years.

Based upon a 1948 Wyoming decision.

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Never Fall in Love (Continued from Page 24)

And that effectively switched the subject, as he had known it would—the necklace, all fine silver filigree and inlaid gold and sparkling gems that looked real, and were, was a first-rate red herring.

It came up later again, of course—this time at dinner. "When," Sue said, "are you going to settle down?"

Jerry looked at Walt. Walt said, "Ah, do you know what your portfolio is worth now?" And he turned brokerlike, listing stocks, bonds, so much of this, so much of that, what each was worth and what each paid in dividends. Income-tax-free salary added up fast.

Jerry listened. He nodded. "Very impressive. I'm a success. How's the sailing dinghy?" He paused. "I thought I might take it out tomorrow."

"You're impossible," Sue said. "What you need is ——"

"—— a wife," Jerry said. He nodded again. "Who have you got picked this time?"

There was silence. Walt coughed into his napkin. Sue merely glared.

"Nice to be home," Jerry said. "Restful." He wiggled his bare feet.

He was first down in the kitchen in the morning. He made coffee—good coffee, strong, black. He found a grapefruit and ate that. He was cooking bacon when Walt, in a fresh business suit, sneaked in quietly. He wore a conspiratorial air.

"I just thought I'd warn you. It's the—first string this time; she's spent three years hunting. Elizabeth Carson." He paused. "She's a—doctor."

"The last one spoke languages. And the one before that ——"

"Tonight," Walt said. "Dinner. I'm warning you."

"I'll struggle into shoes," Jerry said.

He sat in the sun, which was bright, but not too hot, and watched the water, which sparkled. He wore a pair of dungarees rolled up two or three turns. He waited patiently for the tide to rise and the morning breeze to come up. The dinghy sat on its sand dolly. A lesser grebe swam past, looked at Jerry, upended, wiggling its small fluffy tail, and disappeared. It came up again twenty yards away. Jerry applauded solemnly, and behind him someone laughed. He turned to look.

It was a girl. She wore dungarees rolled up to the knees and a shirt and sneakers in need of discarding. Her hair was reddish brown, with faint sun-bleached lights, and there were freckles on her nose.

"You're the one," she said, "who goes off and builds things and then comes back." She sat down, cross-legged. "No slide rule?"

"I do it in my head."

She nodded gravely. And then, "Going sailing." It was a statement, no question. "I'll go with you."

"Why aren't you in school?"

She cocked her head, as a bird might, or a small bright squirrel. "Insults, yet."

"Apology."

"Accepted."

There was silence. The girl sat. She watched the water. She watched the lesser grebe. After a long time she said, "Breeze."

Jerry looked. "So it is."

"Let's go." She stood up. She crossed the sand, put one small shoulder against the stern of the dinghy. She looked at Jerry. "Coming?"

He felt a smile growing deep inside; he stopped it before it showed. "I guess I'd better."

The girl said nothing.

The water danced, sparkling, and the sun was warm. Jerry had the tiller over his shoulder and the mainsheet in one hand; he reclined more or less on the back of his neck, knees high and crossed.

"A day meant for singing," he said. "The earth and sky in tune."

"A poet," the girl said. She sat hugging her knees to her chest. "A builder and a poet. What else?"

"Don't pry."

"All right."

And there was more silence, only the gurgle of water at the dinghy's prow, the faint hiss of their wake streaming past. They sailed through the moored yachts, up the channel and in and around the fishing fleet, back down the channel again.

"Remarkable," Jerry said.

"That I don't talk? Why should I?"

He studied on the question and its possible implications. Then, "Do you know Sue?" It could scarcely, he decided, be otherwise.

"Who's prying now?"

"Your point." He said it easily, without pain. "But, so we'll know where we stand ——" And he paused. "You're the doctor, of course. In disguise."

"No disguise."

"You'll look different at dinner tonight."

"So will you, I trust."

He grinned at her then. "I have a proposition. Sort of a mutual nonaggression pact. If you see what I mean."

"I see what you mean." Sitting quietly, hugging her bare knees, her hair riffling, her eyes steady and calm on his face.

"You like doctoring?"

"I like doctoring."

"I like building things." He watched her nod. "So you keep on doctoring and I keep on building. As I said, a nonaggression pact." He had, he thought, put it rather neatly.

The girl nodded. "It's what I had in mind. That was why I came out."

"Oh," Jerry said.

Together they rolled the dinghy out of the water, up onto the beach. Jerry took down the sail. The girl unshipped the rudder, stowed it beneath the seat.

"You swim?" Jerry said.

"I swim."

"This afternoon ——"

"I have office hours this afternoon."

"Oh."

"Until tonight," the girl said. "Thanks for the sail. And for the pact." She held out a small brown hand. The fingers were strong. She turned away.

"Hey," Jerry said. "Ah—what do I call you?"

"Partner," she said. She was gone, in the rolled-up dungarees and the shirt, looking for all the world like a small boy—only with certain minor differences. Jerry strolled into the house and smiled at Sue, who pretended she had not been at the front window.

"The good doctor and I," he said, "will get along."

"When you smirk like that," Sue said, "I look for the jam on your chin."

He went fishing that afternoon out on the great rocks of the west jetty.

He caught one fish, nondescript and unenthusiastic. He held the fish in one hand and removed the hook with the other—a simple operation, or should have been. And when it was accomplished he merely sat for a few moments and contemplated the hook which he had so neatly transferred from the fish's mouth to the base of his own thumb. He tugged at it gently and without success. Jerry collected his gear and walked back into town.

The doctor wore a short white smock affair, neat and professional-looking, over a skirt and medium-heeled shoes. Here, inside, the sun-bleached lights in her hair were hidden, but her eyes, watching Jerry, were calm, unchanged.

"I couldn't wait till dinner," Jerry said. He held out the thumb, fishhook still attached. It was beginning to hurt now.

"You did it the hard way." She was already examining, wiggling the shank of the hook gently, giving him his thumb back again, turning away with decision. She turned back with a hypodermic needle, shot him twice, sat him down, and then leaned back against one of the cabinets. "You do this kind of thing often?"

"Not a habit, if that's what you mean." The local anesthetic was already taking effect.

"That was what I meant." And there was the barest hint of amusement in her eyes. "Some do, some don't; and sometimes when those who don't, do—if you follow me—there's a reason."

"I see." Jerry said. "I wanted to see you, so I did this as an excuse?"

"Why would you want to see me?" She was laying out instruments now, all neat and orderly. Her face was hidden from him. "We have a pact."

"Partners," Jerry said.

Her head bobbed. "So we'll just say you had a sudden attack of the fantods." She picked up his hand, turned it this way and that. Then, her face still hidden, "The fantods, sometimes, give no warning."

Jerry watched the top of her head while she worked. "I still don't know what to call you. There are variations on the theme Elizabeth—Betty, Bess, Liz, Liza, Libby, Beth ——"

"I answer to them all."

"Or doc."

"That one, no."

"Bess."

"Your choice."

"It has a nice dependable ring." That was the word—"dependable."

"You can take your hand back now."

He looked. The thumb, hook extracted, wore a neat white bandage. He held it up, admired it from all sides. "Efficient."

"I try to be."

"Businesslike; no foolishness." He stood up. The floor tilted for a moment and then steadied itself. "I was lucky."

Her eyebrows rose in question.

"That you had no other patients waiting."

"That," she said. And then, "Yes."

"I haven't thanked you."

"Professional services, no thanks required."

"Sailing tomorrow?"

"If you like."

"Sue will approve."

"Yes."

Standing there, the bandaged thumb held up, he could think of no other conversation. He left. The waiting room was still empty. He collected his gear and walked home, talked briefly with Sue, took Sue's car and drove into town. He struck pay dirt at the first yacht broker.

"Westerly," the broker said. "She's thirty-four feet, sleeps two comfortably, four at a pinch. Sweet little boat, sails well, easily handled alone; auxiliary, of course; and really fully found—dishes, bedding, silverware, pots, pans, everything. Charter by the week or month."

"Month," Jerry said, "for a start." He drove home again, thinking that sailing dinghies were fun, but a trifle cramped.

Walt was home when Jerry came downstairs, showered, dressed, shoes and all. Walt looked at the thumb. He looked at the shoes. He looked at Jerry. "I warned you."

"So you did." And then, "Just between us boys, she's harmless."

Walt measured gin and vermouth with concentration. He said nothing.

"She has facets," Jerry said. "Very interesting." Rolled-up dungarees and a shirt, hugging her knees, squinting against the glare of the water; short white smock and calm efficiency—at least two facets, and two were enough.

"A facet," Walt said, "is a plane surface, no? Flat?"

"Correct."

Walt stirred the mixture. He poured two drinks, twisted lemon peel over each, handed one to Jerry. "Look again," he said, and went to answer the door.

Bess came in, grave, composed. She wore a dress—a dark print—and high-heeled shoes. There was nothing special about the dress, except the way it looked on her. And it was strange what high heels did; changed things, sort of made them look different—legs, that was, and ankles. Funny, if Jerry hadn't seen it, he wouldn't have believed it.

"My thumb," he said. "It's—fine."

She nodded, watching him. "I'm glad."

"Well," Jerry said. He looked at Walt.

"I just poured you a drink," Walt said. He handed Bess his untouched glass. "I'll see what's keeping Sue." He was gone.

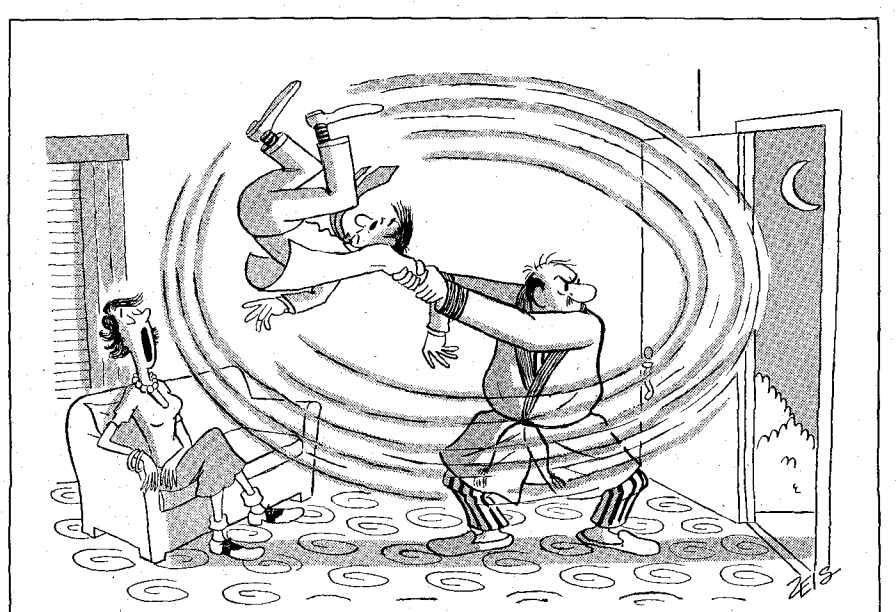
Jerry said, "Ah, you look nice."

"Thank you."

"I can't see your freckles."

"They're still there. Just covered up."

He bent a little at the waist, the better to see. "So (Continued on Page 86)



"Good night, Charles."

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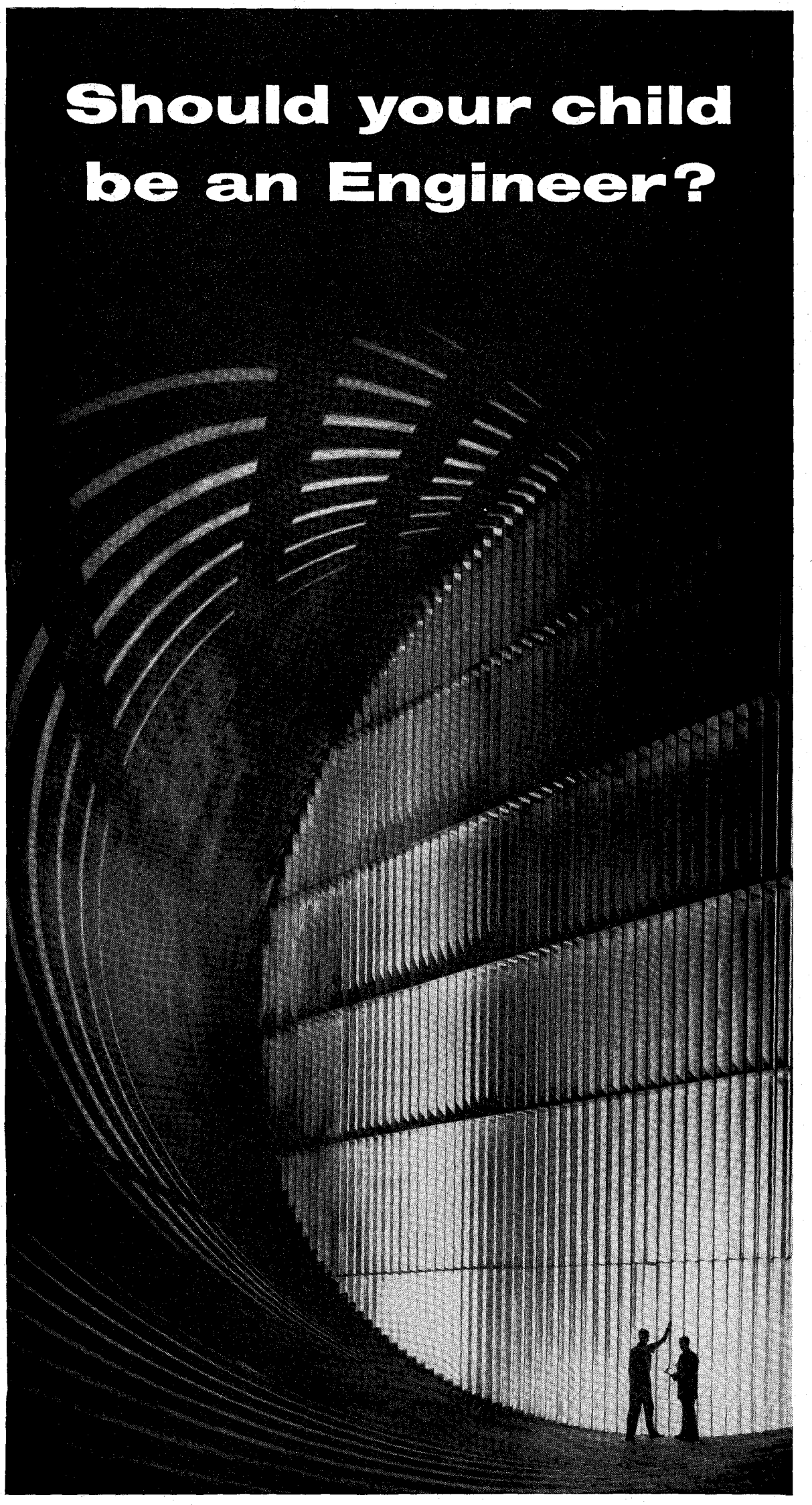

Against the backdrop of the NACA transonic wind tunnel at Langley Field, Virginia, stand two young engineers. The abstract patterns seem to symbolize the dramatic role played by today's engineer in the never-ending drive toward technological progress. *It is he who translates dreaming into doing . . . he to whom the future promises its greatest challenge.*

by T. Keith Glennan

President of Case Institute of Technology, Cleveland, Ohio

(As told to OSCAR SCHISGALL)

HUNDREDS OF THEM, all engineers, had gathered for their fifth annual alumni reunion. There was the usual exuberance of shoulder-thumping and hand-shaking, with everybody saying to everybody else, "You old so-and-so, what are you *doing* these days?"

I wandered from one cheerful group to another, and here are some of the answers I caught:

"I'm out on the desert. Missile testing outfit."

"I'm laying out a shoe factory in Binghamton."

"I'm down in Maracaibo. Drilling for oil under the sea."

"I'm in the research lab of an Ohio plastics plant."

"I'm with a dredging outfit. Widening a river channel."

"I'm with a TV company. Working on color."

"I'm in construction. We're putting up two Park Avenue skyscrapers in New York."

"I'm in air conditioning."

"I'm in ceramics. Developing new kinds of building materials."

So it went: never the same answer twice. And this was revealing.

Only a few years ago the question, "Should your child be an engineer?" would evoke the image of a young man signaling from a tripod in mid-street, or perhaps of an older man supervising the construction of a bridge. I suppose these visualizations are still valid. But if you plan to consider the work of an engineer in our time, you will have to picture him in hundreds of different roles. For the word "engineer" has come to mean almost as many different occupations as there are industries.

Certainly the engineer who works on aircraft design is hardly the same fellow who, as an industrial engineer, builds a vast new conveyor system into an automotive plant; nor has he much in common with the chemical engineer, the nuclear engineer, or any of the other scores upon scores of engineering specialists I could name.

Believe it or not, there are more than 150 different organizations of American engineers, each devoted to its own specialized interest!

So when we ask today, "Should your child be an engineer?" we are really asking whether he should be a trained expert in some aspect of modern technology.

The scientists and engineers have become key figures in our modern industrial society. And this is only the dawn of their heyday. Scientific progress is constantly opening up new horizons, bringing new needs, new opportunities. In this era of mass production there is virtually no industry which does not require the skills and services of engineers.

Food? The growth of the frozen food business, as an example, has created countless demands for engineering know-how. Better methods of refrigeration in transit, better ways of storing and freezing at home—these and other improvements all depend on the ingenuity of engineers.

Clothing? The development of synthetic fabrics has brought new challenges and new opportunities to chemical engineers. Chemistry has, in fact, become one of the most important factors in the giant textile industry, producing countless new plants and thousands of new jobs.

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Homes? Modern techniques not only in building and in architecture, but in heating, in air conditioning, in every aspect of electrification—all these call for the skill of engineers.

Communications? Without engineers there would be no television, no radio, no telephones, no telegraph lines, no cables.

"In this era of technology," I have heard it said, "engineering furnishes the basic training for almost any industrial career you can mention." And that is emphatically true.

People often ask me what is included in an academic program leading to a degree in engineering. They ask, "Isn't an engineering course basically a narrow one?" The answer, of course, is that the modern engineering curricula are so constructed as to provide an excellent and quite broad preparation for an effective life in a technological society such as ours.

Mathematics, physics, and chemistry are still the bedrock courses for the future engineer; without them he cannot go very far. The more of them he can get during his high school and college years, the better. But these must be regarded only as a begininng.

The fact that future engineers will enter every walk of life makes it necessary for these students to have, in addition to concentration in the natural sciences and the art and practice of engineering, a fine liberal education in the humanities. I am happy to say that most of our great institutes of technology and engineering colleges have recognized this. They have broadened their curricula to include substantial blocks of time for studies in the humanities and social sciences.

Naturally, what most young people want to know about engineering is this: Is it a good profession? Does it pay well? Does it offer wide opportunities for creative activity and for responsible leadership?

Frankly, I know of no profession that offers more today.

Look at the advertisements in our metropolitan newspapers. I do not mean only the classified help-wanted columns; I mean the big display ads inserted by countless firms that employ engineers. They plead with engineering students to come for interviews and conferences. They hang out the inducements of good pay (including such fringe benefits as retirement plans and group insurance), and good living conditions. Never before, as far back as I can remember, has industry competed so militantly for the services of young engineers.

As a result of this demand, no matter what branch of work the graduate of an engineering college may enter, he can count on earning at least $5,000 a year to start. Some men who are trained in specialties or who are willing to travel will command even higher salaries.

Moreover, the man with a master's degree can begin at $7,500; and a Ph.D can easily earn $9,000.

And what is the limit on earnings? There is no limit except ability and willingness to accept responsibility. Increasingly, in this age of technology, the engineer is being called on to assume top supervisory and managerial jobs in his own and allied fields. When he reaches executive levels, the engineer can go to any figure—salaries of $35,000 and more are no longer uncommon.

Another point to remember: Though I have no wish to be an alarmist, I must emphasize the fact that our country is competing against communist Russia for leadership, not only in such areas as aviation, atomic weapon development, and guided missiles, but also in almost every type of commercial production, including the peaceful use of the atom. So our national future may well depend on the quality and the number of our engineers. *And Russian schools are reported to be graduating approximately double the number of new engineers that ours are.*

This is a point to ponder soberly when thinking of a career. We in America need every engineer we can produce.

That brings up the question of women in the profession. Until now women have played a quiet role in engineering. For the most part they have served as laboratory technicians and research assistants. But I believe this is bound to change.

Probably no single field offers a broader choice of occupation than engineering. Every industry from steelmaking to papermaking, every locale from offshore drilling rig to city skyscraper can hold an assignment for the graduate engineer.

Recently the National Society of Professional Engineers queried several hundred leading firms on their attitude toward employing women engineers. The replies indicated that 65% of the firms would gladly hire women if they were available; and 23% of them already have women on their staffs.

Perhaps the future is brighter than women realize.

How long will the present demand for engineers continue? The need will go on, I believe, for generations. Our population is constantly increasing. By the end of the century we will probably be a nation of over 200,000,000. This growth, especially in a technological era which almost daily provides new ideas and new machines, will require more and more engineers. They are the most widely needed servants of such an age.

Also, our defense program seems destined to continue indefinitely. This means a great number of engineers must devote their time to research, planning, and development in connection with our military arsenal. As a result, there will continue to be a scarcity of engineering talent to meet the demands of private industry.

So when one asks, "Should my child be an engineer?" one can be sure that engineers are *needed* today and that their opportunities will be widespread and alluring.

What must be considered is not so much the attractions of the profession—these exist in abundance—but rather the skills, the aptitudes, the likes of the child.

If a youngster's great love is music, for example, one need hardly argue the point that he should follow a musical career; it would be worse than futile to reshape the child's temperament, forcing him into engineering or any other calling. The first criterion to consider is:

Does the child have a natural aptitude for the sciences?

Does he love to cope with the challenge that a scientific problem tosses at his imagination?

Is he skillful in mathematics, physics, chemistry?

Is the science department of his school the one to which he naturally gravitates?

Are his extra-curricular activities apt to lie with science clubs and similar experimental groups?

Does he love to read about scientific advances?

These are the considerations to be weighed. If a child meets the test of such questions with affirmatives on the side of science, then the chances are he will find engineering a satisfying, rewarding and always adventurous career.

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(*Continued from Page 82*) they are." There was a kind of fragrance in the air. He had not noticed it before. He tasted his drink. "A busy afternoon?"

"Not very."

"Saved many lives? Besides mine, I mean?" He paused. And then, "Not fair."

"What?"

"Dress," he said. "Shoes. Perfume. Hiding the freckles." It was best to get the ground rules firmly established at the beginning.

She studied his face. Slowly she nodded. "I'll remember."

"No offense."

"Of course not."

He felt better. "I chartered a boat. We can sail outside. Nice little boat." He was describing Westerly at length when Sue and Walt came in. He continued to describe it well into dinner.

He walked Bess home in the soft night. The water of the bay was black, quiet. The only sound was the vague booming of the surf on the far side of the peninsula, a dull, soothing sound. "Only in the Pacific," Jerry said. And then, "Well, not quite true. But in the other oceans it sounds different, a different rhythm."

"I wouldn't know." Her voice was quiet.

He felt vaguely apologetic. "Lots of nice places. Lots of nice people. Different, of course, but not really."

"That's why you go away?"

"I guess so. I hadn't thought about it. Sue asks, and I don't know the answer. Women see things one way, and men another."

"I see."

"Hard to explain," Jerry said. "You go away, and then you come home again, look forward to coming home."

"And then you go off once more."

He nodded, pleased. "Most women don't understand that."

They had reached her door. "What time tomorrow?"

"Whenever."

"If you have calls to make."

"No calls."

He thought suddenly of the empty waiting room. "Oh."

"My practice is new. It hasn't been weaned yet. As a matter of fact, it's still in the birth-pang stage." She paused. "Now you know."

"Nothing to be ashamed of."

She was silent.

"It will work out." He waved the bandaged thumb in a vague gesture of comfort and reassurance.

"Thank you."

"Why," he said, "don't we make a sort of picnic of it tomorrow? I'll ask Sue to whip something up——"

"You said the boat has a galley."

"Yes."

"I can cook."

"Can you? Well, fine." He walked home slowly, enjoying the night. It was a many-faceted female, he thought; and then, remembering Walt's definition of the word, and remembering the way she had looked in the print dress, he searched around for a different way of expressing what he meant. He did not find it.

He was all dressed the next morning—dungarees, bare feet, a T shirt added for formality—when the telephone call came. Sue answered it and walked into the kitchen.

"For you," she said. And she added, "That man."

That man was named George, and he dwelt in San Francisco somewhat in the manner of a large intelligent spider in the center of his web.

This strand, manipulated, caused a dam to begin to take shape in, say, India; that strand was attached to a bridge across an Andean gorge; other strands reached out to pipelines, airfields, artificial harbors in unlikely places around the world.

"You sound good," George said. "Rested?"

"No."

"Busy?"

"Yes. I'm going sailing."

"There's a plane out of Long Beach at twelve. You'll be here by three."

"No."

"You can fly back this evening."

"No."

It was a large and intelligent spider, very intelligent. "Not even curious?"

"No." But some of the emphasis had oozed away.

George's chuckle was deep, satisfied. "They're holding a seat for you on the twelve-o'clock plane. If you can make it, fine."

Bess was ready when he knocked at her door. She wore the dungarees and the sneakers and shirt, and she carried a basket.

"I thought hamburgers," she said, "and pickles and onions and potato chips. And beer." She hefted the basket thoughtfully. "Trying to play safe." And she paused, wearing a strange, almost embarrassed half smile. "Not knowing your tastes in food."

"I had a—phone call. My boss." He explained the call.

She studied her feet. She looked up. "Then that's that, isn't it?"

"I ——" he began.

She shook her head. "No apology."

"We've got a couple of hours," Jerry said. And he watched her hesitate and then nod. She set the basket down.

They sailed out beyond the jetties, past the bell buoy that rolled to the long swells and tolled their number. The sun was bright and the sky was blue, and the only immediate sounds were the slatting of a halyard against the mast and the frothing hiss of water streaming astern, the hollow rush of wind. Jerry had the tiller. Bess sat, her knees against her chest.

"I'm sorry," Jerry said.

"Because you like your work, your life?" She paused. "No."

"Well," Jerry said. And then, "Want to take her?"

They switched places. The girl handled the tiller as if it were her own arm. Watching, Jerry thought of facets. "My thumb is fine."

"Good."

"You're a good doctor."

"Because I dug a fishhook out of you? Maybe."

"I'm no judge, I guess, if that's what you mean."

"That wasn't what I meant."

"You don't smile much, do you?"

She looked at him then, and the corners of her mouth lifted, brightening her face, her eyes. The effect was disconcerting. "Sometimes."

"Ah," Jerry said, "starting a practice, I've heard, isn't always easy." He paused. "And is always expensive—everything goes out."

"That is correct." The smile was gone.

"Ah, doctors ——"

"Doctors are people—just men and women."

"Different, though."

She studied the jib in silence. "You're wrong. Men and women first. Doctors afterwards." And, "Better turn back. It's time."

They came about, ran back down on the bell buoy. Before the wind it seemed warmer, quieter.

Jerry said, "Ah—I could lend you some money, if you need it." He watched her head come up. "Partners, I mean. Interest, investment, like—like a bank."

She studied him briefly. "I might be a bad risk."

"No." He spoke slowly. "You're dependable."

"Flattery, yet."

He had no answer to that.

They came up the channel close-hauled and heeling, tearing the water to white froth. Bess said, "I'll drop you at the house and put the boat in its slip." She paused. "If you trust me with her, that is."

"I trust you." You sized up a man, and the process did not take very long, and then you were prepared to back your judgment. Women, he thought, were no different. It was as simple as that. "Take her out again, if you want. Be a shame to waste that breeze."

"Thank you."

"I—meant it about that loan."

She watched him steadily. "I know you did. I'll—think about it."

"Be nice," he said, "to have a doctor I know here."

"In case of another fishhook, you mean." She nodded.

He caught the twelve-o'clock plane with fifteen seconds to spare—par for the course. The stewardess came along with chewing gum. She smiled at him in a friendly way. He wondered how many facets she had, and how she would look with a tiller in her hand. "How are you with a scalpel?" he said.

She stared at him and passed on.

He was two hours with George and reports and conditional contracts, and a large, detailed map. "Big job," George said. "New country."

"A hellhole," Jerry said.

George studied his face. "Expecting argument?"

"No."

"So now you have the whole picture. Go back and think about it."

"One question," Jerry said. He paused. "When?"

"Two weeks," George said. "Then maybe in a year we can spare you for a real vacation."

"You call this living?" And then, "Don't answer that. Nobody twisted my arm."

George watched him thoughtfully.

The next day Jerry took Westerly out, with Bess and hamburgers. Off Point Fermin they watched seals; off Long Beach they fed a pelican; near the bell buoy they swam—no more than this.

The day after that they did not sail. "I have a patient," Bess said.

"Congratulations."

She nodded gravely. "Thank you, partner."

Jerry went up in the mud flats and dug for clams—a pleasant, messy occupation, allowing ample time for thought. The sun was bright, as advertised; the sky was blue; Encino Beach was a pleasant place to be—no mosquitoes to speak of, no jungle heat, no silly orchids in rain forests. He carried the clams home, hosed them down outside, carried them into the kitchen and steamed them, and then, using a fair share of Sue's pots, pans, gadgets and ingredients, prepared a sauce.

It was a good dinner. Sue said, "I asked Bess, but she couldn't come." She looked at Walt, who looked at his plate. Jerry seemed not to hear.

Sue said, "All right. I'll break down and ask. What little idea did that man have day before yesterday?"

"Oh," Jerry said, "we talked."

"And," Sue said, "when are you going?" Her voice was quiet, gentle.

Jerry worked at a clam. Out in the mud flats, squishing around, it had been as if he held a magic conch shell to his inner ear—the sounds of streaming wake had been plain, and the slatting of a

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halyard, the rush of wind against his face; and he had tasted hamburgers and pickles and the cool freshness of beer; and watched pelicans and seals, and Bess in dungarees, Bess in a swim suit, Bess in white smock, a dark print dress—Bess.

"I—don't know," he said. "Maybe I'm not."

Walt opened his mouth and then closed it again. Sue said, "The millennium has arrived." Her voice held quiet triumph.

And it was then, as if on cue, that Bess walked in through the kitchen. She wore a sweater and a blouse and flannel skirt and medium-heeled shoes.

"Ah," Jerry said, "have a clam." He held one out. The sauce dripped, unnoticed, on the floor.

"I've eaten, thanks." She stood there, and as they watched, she tucked her lower lip between her teeth and held it tight.

Sue said, "The wanderlust boy is maybe settling down."

There was silence. Bess' lip came out from beneath her teeth. She looked at Jerry. "True?"

He took a deep breath. "True."

"Why?"

It was strange, but there were only the two of them; Walt and Sue shut out, as if a curtain had dropped. "Do I have to spell it out?"

"Yes."

"Because I want to stay here."

"Not good enough."

"Where you are."

Slowly she shook her head. "Still not good enough."

He nodded. He wiped sauce from his hands. "I think I'm in love."

"We had a pact."

"I tore it up—a scrap of paper, worthless."

She was silent. Then, "I know."

"You, too?"

"I'm human."

"Well," Jerry said. And then, "Well, well!"

Bess said, "You'll give it up? Your life? Your pride? For me?"

"The place," Jerry said, "is a hellhole, the middle of a jungle. It'll be at least a year ——" He stopped there. She was watching him with a strange, intent expression. "The answer is yes," he said.

"Then ——" The words came out slowly. "Then I don't want you." And she added, "I'm sorry." She turned away. They heard the medium heels clicking across the kitchen. The back door opened and closed.

Sue said, "Your move."

Jerry turned his head to look at her.

"Go——" Sue began.

Walt said, "Be quiet, woman."

Jerry put down his napkin. Slowly he stood up. "I think I'll go for a walk." He padded out in his bare feet.

The bay was flat and black, empty-seeming. He walked around the curve of the bay as far as the marina; he walked out to Westerly's slip, stepped aboard and sat down in the cockpit. Here, in the quiet, it was again as it had been out on the mud flats—the magic conch shell held to his inner ear, he listened to the sounds, smelled the smells, tasted the tastes, and watched, and thought. After a long time, he got up and stepped ashore and padded back around the bay.

Bess' little house was dark. He knocked. He knocked again. She came at last, in robe and slippers, her hair rumpled from pillow contact, her eyes —— He looked at her eyes. They were a trifle red.

"Emergency, doctor," he said.

"I told you not to call me that."

He nodded then, satisfied. "Your emergency, not mine." And he walked in past her, sat down and waited until she closed the door. "What happened today?"

"Nothing."

"Lying to a partner?"

"The pact is torn up."

"That," Jerry said, and he was smiling now, deep inside, where it would not show, "merely makes the crime worse." She had shown him the way, he thought; she had put her finger on the main point—pride had to be maintained, because without pride no man, no woman was worth having. "You had a patient today."

"It's not just today."

"I know."

"No," she said, "you don't know. You can't." And yet, in the declaration there was a question, almost a plea.

"You don't want to fail," he said. "After years of studying, working, pointing towards this, now you're afraid you're going to fail. You knew starting a practice would be hard, but you didn't know it would be like this. Now ——" He paused, thinking that this was a lousy love scene, but knowing that there was no other way. "A fair summation?"

"You should have been the doctor."

"No. You diagnosed for me. Now I diagnose for you." He paused. "You won't fail. It isn't in you to fail. My offer of a loan still goes. With it or with money from somebody else, you'll be successful."

"You think that?"

"I know it." And he paused again. "It's possible you have a case of the fantods now, can't keep your mind on what you're supposed to be doing; maybe that's what happened today. But you'll get over them. Like me—no more fishhooks." He held up the bandaged thumb.

She was silent for a moment. Then, "Thank you. Faith, from even one person ——" She stopped there. "Thank you, partner."

"Professional services," Jerry said. "No thanks required." He stood up. He smiled down at her and hoped that the smile looked confident, because it wasn't. He said, "Ah—sailing tomorrow?"

She watched him steadily. "If you like."

"I haven't much time left. Ten days."

"I know."

"It really is a hellhole," he said.

She was standing now. "I believe you."

"At least a year before I can—get away."

"So you said." Her eyes held the same hint of amusement he had seen that first day. "You don't usually repeat yourself."

"Well ——" he said. And then, "I'll be back. Here, I mean."

"I knew what you meant." And the amusement seemed to deepen.

He took a deep breath. "Ah—will you wait?" He held the breath.

"No."

He opened his mouth. He closed it again. He said, "Why not? Give me two good reasons. Give me only one."

"I gave it to you some time ago—day before yesterday, out in the boat." She paused, and she was smiling, with her lips and with her eyes, with all of her. "Maybe you didn't hear when I said I was a woman first and a doctor afterwards. If you want me, you take me with you."

He stared at her. Then, "Sue won't like it."

"No."

"She thinks ——" He stopped there. He felt a little confused, but not too much, merely around the edges. "You might come in handy, at that."

Slowly, gravely, she nodded. Only her eyes seemed to dance. "I think I will, in various ways." And then, "Come here. I'll show you one." THE END

The Perfect Squelch

Al, a brisk, fast-talking New Yorker, spent half his time in the Army trying to avoid work, the other half criticizing the rest of the platoon. "In the city you got to know the answers," he would tell them constantly. "You got to think fast. You dopes from the country never learn. You ought to watch how I do things and catch on."

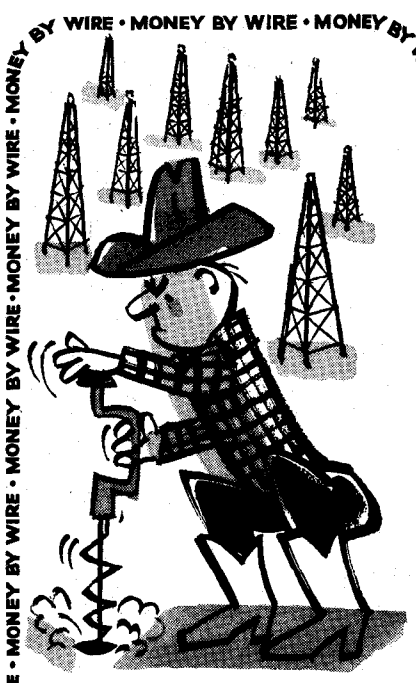
Once, during a camouflage exercise, Al was especially critical. He had gone into the woods and returned in a remarkably short time almost hidden by lush vines.

"Come on, you guys," he snorted. "Start using your heads. Look at the wonderful job I did in a few minutes."

When the other boys just stared at him, Al grew irritated. "Well," he demanded, "could you guys do any better?"

"No, Al," the nearest trainee told him *quietly*. "*Not with poison ivy.*"

Michael Schafer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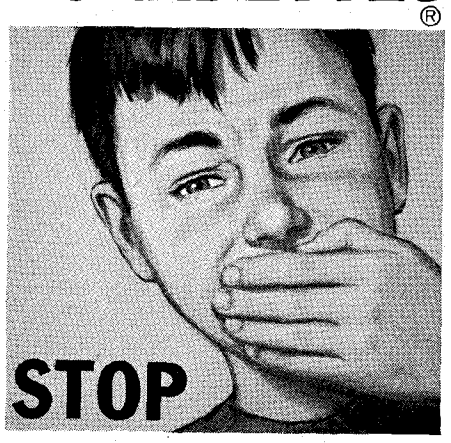

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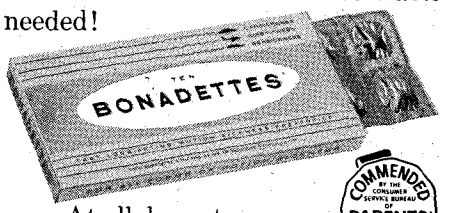

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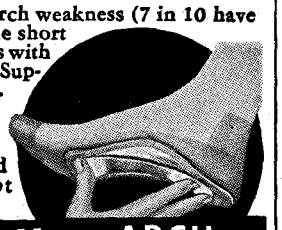

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Just What is Modern Republicanism?

(Continued from Page 19)

which it embodies is essentially, of course, as the President belatedly realized, an attack on the President himself as leader of the Republican Party. As such, it is another battle in the long war within the Republican Party. The war will not be finally won or lost this year or next, whatever the outcome of the President's belated defense of his budget and his program. Yet it is entirely probable that the war will be won or lost by the end of the President's second term, and the whole future of American politics will hinge on the identity of the victors. Thus it is worth trying to understand what the violent commotion about Modern Republicanism is really all about.

One Northern Democrat has given this brief and pungent answer: "I don't understand all this hoorah about Modern Republicanism. Ike decided last year to steal all our issues, and that's just what he did. Hell, that's all Modern Republicanism amounts to."

That is not all it amounts to. But it is a lot of what it amounts to. To see that this is so, it is only necessary to recall the nightmarish position in which Adlai Stevenson found himself in last year's presidential campaign. Given "peace and prosperity" and the personal popularity of the President, Stevenson's lot would in any case have been an unenviable one. But when you consider it in retrospect, it really was nightmarish. For a man who is called upon to address a large audience, and suddenly finds that he really has nothing much to say, is in a classically nightmarish position. And that was the position in which poor Stevenson found himself in 1956.

To be sure, Stevenson said a lot. But a great deal of what he said concerned the two issues he "created"—ending the draft and the hydrogen-bomb tests. Quite apart from the merits of his stand on these two issues, almost everybody now agrees that he might well have fared better if he had never raised them at all. And yet, in a sense, he had to raise them, simply because there was so little else he could talk about.

Consider a couple of examples. In 1955, if you had asked almost any Democrat how Eisenhower could be beaten, he would have smiled beatifically and murmured the magic words "the farm vote." Farm income had been dropping ever since the President's inauguration. On the farms, the name of Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson was a hissing and a byword. There were all sorts of indications, like the 1955 local elections in Indiana, in which the Democrats captured for the first time a whole slew of rural townships, that the Republicans were in bad trouble down on the farm.

In 1955, with an eye to the 1956 elections, Sen. Hubert Humphrey, of Minnesota, introduced a bill for a "soil bank," to pay farmers to withdraw land from production. Secretary Benson and his spokesmen threw cold water all over the idea, on the ground, among others, that it was administratively unmanageable—an argument which begins to look sound in retrospect. The Democrats met for the second session of the 84th Congress in January, 1956, jubilantly determined to exploit the farm issue to the hilt, with Humphrey's soil bank as a chief instrument to that end. When the President vetoed the soil bank, they reasoned, and also vetoed the Democratic bill fixing parity at 90 per cent, the farm vote would be delivered to them in one great glorious chunk.

Then, in April, the administration introduced a soil-bank bill of its own, less costly than the Humphrey version, but embodying essentially the same principle. Humphrey remarked at the time that he felt the way he did one time when he took a swim in the ol' swimming hole, and the girls snuck up and stole all his clothes.

And while the President did veto the Democrats' 90-per-cent-parity legislation, Benson simultaneously fixed price supports on the major crops only a few percentage points below the level demanded by the Democrats. To be sure, there were still a lot of unhappy farmers on Election Day, and Democratic governors were elected in such solidly Republican states as Kansas and Iowa. But the fact remains that poor Stevenson was largely robbed of the farm issue—which he was ill suited to exploit in any case. His talk about the cold indifference toward the farmers of the "big-business administration" sounded a bit hollow in view of the simple fact that the Eisenhower Administration was spending a great deal more for the farmers than any Democratic administration had ever spent. And Eisenhower easily carried every farm state outside the South, except the border state of Missouri.

Or take another example of how "Ike stole all our issues." By 1955, the school problem was getting really serious. The remarkable postwar fecundity of the American people, the population explosion from the cities into the suburbs and the slowdown of school construction in the depression and war years had overcrowded the schools to the bursting point. Here was another issue for the Democrats to exploit, and they introduced into the House a multibillion-dollar plan for Federal aid to the states for school construction.

Again, Democratic mouths watered as they envisaged the masses of embattled parents and schoolteachers who would support the generous Democrats against the tight-fisted Republican administration. Again, the administration made off with their clothes, when Marion Folsom, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, persuaded the President to back an administration school bill. Again poor Stevenson was robbed of an issue.

Wherever Stevenson looked for an issue last year, the prospects were equally bleak. Stevenson was in favor of amending the Taft-Hartley Act, but so was the administration. Stevenson was in favor of a Federal road-building program, but the administration had an ambitious road-building program of its own. Stevenson was in favor of expanding Social Security legislation and upping the minimum wage, but so was Eisenhower. And so on.

So Stevenson was forced back on the manufactured issues of the draft and the hydrogen bomb, and at the very end, in desperation, on the issue of the President's health. The election returns told the story. And the story is still being told today, in the current session of Congress. The Democrats profess jubilation over the conservative Republican revolt against Modern Republicanism. In fact, the revolt deepens the dilemma in which the Democratic Party has long been sunk. Stevenson himself, that rather ghostly figure, summed up the dilemma accurately enough—discounting the partisan flourishes—at a Democratic pep rally in the spring:

"If the Democratic Party, which has stood so brilliantly in our time for the constructive use of government to promote the general welfare, now tries to out-Republican the Republicans on the issue of budget cutting, it is going to be hard to take us seriously again as the party of the people."

The Democrats, in short, are faced with a most unpleasant choice. They can support, and thereby strengthen, a Republican administration and a Republican President. Or they can commit infanticide—and possibly suicide—by joining the Republican conservatives in killing or mutilating policies and programs originated in the first place by the Democrats themselves, like foreign aid, or the farm program, or the school bill. Like Stevenson in 1956, the Democratic Party in Congress in 1957 has not a single clear-cut issue on which to oppose the Eisenhower Administration, unless it be the budget. And it is going to take a lot of persuading to persuade the country that the Democratic Party is more budget-conscious than the Republicans.

The first thing, then, to understand about Modern Republicanism is that it is solidly based, like the New Deal, or the Fair Deal, or for that matter the New Freedom and the Square Deal, on practical political considerations. Leaving execution aside for the moment, the basic concept is politically shrewd. As Gabriel Hauge, special presidential assistant and the leading theorist of Modern Republicanism, has remarked of the President: "He taught us how to win again."

Whether consciously or not, the Eisenhower formula for winning again is precisely patterned after the formula discovered decades ago by the British conservatives and successfully exploited by them ever since—take over the opposition's program, cut the costs, and assign conservative-minded men to administer it. This analogy, in turn, suggests both the ways in which Modern Republicanism is "indistinguishable from the New Deal," and the ways in which it is markedly distinguishable from the New Deal.

It is indeed indistinguishable from the New Deal in certain areas, simply because President Eisenhower is decidedly not a revolutionary by temperament or political instinct. It would require a social revolution—conceivably a rather bloody one—to eliminate or drastically alter such inheritances from the New Deal as the vast Social Security System; or the New Deal-originated policy of protecting farmers from the vagaries of the weather and the market; or the Federal regulatory agencies; or the enormous Federal investment in such projects as TVA; or the whole maze of legislation and Federal action derived from the basic New Deal concept of the Federal Government's responsibility for "the general welfare."

The Eisenhower Administration has in fact accepted this basic concept of the

... ...

Machine Age

By Mae Winkler Goodman

Machines to do the dishes,
And one to wash the clothes;
Another one to dry them—
How simply living goes.

And yet no one's invented
Machines that scrub a face,
Or soothe a fall, or wipe the tears,
Or take a mother's place.

... ...

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New Deal. That is the second thing to understand about Modern Republicanism. As a practical matter, the Eisenhower Administration could no more have rejected responsibility for the general welfare than it could have moved in bulldozers to tear down the TVA. In the first Eisenhower term, the acceptance of the basic welfare concept was reluctant, largely unconscious, and wrapped in the Madison Avenue semantics to which the administration is unhappily addicted. But by the beginning of the second Eisenhower Administration it was conscious and explicit.

"We believe," said Secretary Folsom, perhaps the leading Modern Republican in the Cabinet, shortly after the President's second triumph at the polls, "that when the welfare of the whole people is involved in certain problems which are nationwide in scope—problems which cannot be solved, or solved quickly enough, by private efforts or local or state governments—then there is a deep Federal responsibility to help."

President Eisenhower himself is fond of quoting Abraham Lincoln, who said the same thing better, when he said it was the Government's role ". . . to do for people whatever they need to have done, but cannot do at all, or cannot so well do, for themselves . . . ." Franklin Roosevelt liked to quote the same passage, and this notion of the Government's responsibility, as expressed by the founder of the Republican Party, was considered subversive heresy by most Republicans a couple of decades ago. It is still regarded with deep suspicion by Republican conservatives. Yet the differences between the Roosevelt New Deal and the Eisenhower Modern Republicanism are perfectly real all the same.

It is an interesting experiment to ask the leading administration exponents of Modern Republicanism: "Just how does your policy differ from the New Deal?" In reply, you get some hifalutin nonsense, but you get some sound sense too. Take Secretary Folsom, the mild-mannered businessman who has had a lot more to do with shaping the basic direction of the Eisenhower domestic program than most people realize. One of the first things Folsom points out is that the Eisenhower Administration has added some 13,000,000 people to the Social Security rolls.

This answer is enough to make the older generation of conservative Republicans whiz in their graves or, in the case of those still living, leap, purple-faced, from their club chairs. But, once you accept the principle that it is the Government's job to do for the people what needs to be done, it is a thoroughly conservative answer. For in that case, who is to pay for the doing of it? Suppose the money to support a person who is ill, or too old to work, or unemployed, must come from the general treasury. Under a progressive system of taxation, that means that the heaviest load falls on the rich taxpayers and big corporations. Even today, about $1,500,000,000 of Folsom's budget is devoted to this kind of direct relief. But Folsom happily foresees the time when the load will be reduced to the vanishing point, as more and more people become eligible for Social Security.

"Altogether," he has said, "9,400,000 people are getting benefits now. If it were not for this program, the annual cost of public assistance would be several billion dollars higher today. In the past six years, for example, while the population over sixty-five has increased more than 2,000,000, *the number of older persons receiving* public assistance has dropped by 290,000."

Saving the unhappy payers of the progressive income tax several billion dollars a year is certainly a conservative act. So is Folsom's answer to the question: Who is to pay to support a man who is ill, or old, or unemployed? Folsom's answer, though he would not put it quite that way, is "To the maximum extent possible, the man himself, out of the income he made while he was working."

That is the answer provided by the system of Social Security insurance. It in turn suggests why the originators of the Social Security System were such impeccable conservatives as Germany's Otto Von Bismarck and Britain's Winston Churchill. It also suggests why the system, so often denounced as "creeping socialism" in this country, was at first bitterly opposed by the European socialists, who correctly saw it as a means of cutting the ground out from under socialism, without the economic and social upheaval which was their objective. It suggests, finally, why the system, instead of being cut back, has been expanded far more rapidly than ever before under such conservatives as Dwight Eisenhower and Marion Folsom.

Obviously, there are also things that "need to be done" which cannot be paid for through the Social Security System. The system cannot, for example, build schools on an emergency basis. But the differences between the administration school bill and the Democratic school bill tell a lot about the differences between Modern Republicanism and the current Democratic version of New Dealism.

Both bills, incidentally, are a lot more conservative than the school legislation sponsored by none other than the conservatives' demigod, the late Sen. Robert A. Taft. Taft's bill included the genuinely radical concept that the Federal Government should underwrite teachers' salaries. But though both the Democratic and Eisenhower Administration bills are alike in that they are confined strictly to school construction, they differ in two important ways.

The Democratic bill originally provided a straight subsidy to each state based on the number of children in that state, without regard to the state's ability to pay or the degree of its effort in the field of education. The Folsom bill includes an elaborate formula designed to encourage the states to take the maximum load, at the same time subsidizing the poorest states more heavily than the richer states. The purpose is to keep the Federal share of the load at a minimum and to discourage the states from sloughing off all responsibility for educating their children onto the national treasury.

There is also a more important and simpler difference. The administration bill is cheaper—a lot cheaper. The Democratic bill originally provided for $600,000,000 a year in Federal funds for six years. The administration bill calls for $325,000,000 a year for four years.

That word "cheaper" ought to be underlined. It is a comparative, not an absolute, adjective. Modern Republicanism is not cheap. Since the first Eisenhower year, nondefense spending by the Government has increased by a whacking $7,000,000,000. (A lot of this increase, incidentally, is accounted for by the farm program, which the conservative Republicans from the farm states, who are the chief critics of Modern Republicanism, are notably chary of criticizing.) No one would call $7,000,000,000 "cheap." But it does merit the adjective "cheaper." For—in dollars adjusted to the 1956 *level—the national product* has increased since 1953, the last Truman fiscal year, by a colossal $35,000,000,000. And nondefense spending, as a proportion of the total national product, has declined under

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Eisenhower, from a high of more than 10 per cent under Truman to just over 6 per cent in the famous "biggest budget in peacetime history."

There is another, and very important, way in which Modern Republicanism differs from the New Deal. On this point, Gabriel Hauge, who is actually, far more than the better-known Arthur Larsen, the real ideologist-in-chief of Modern Republicanism, is most articulate. "A deep faith in economic decision making by individuals," Hauge has said, in his articulate way, "and an abiding conviction that it is the only way to a better and stronger America are the foundation stones which undergird and pervade the economic philosophy of the President of the United States, Dwight D. Eisenhower."

To put it more briefly, the Eisenhower Administration is nice to business. The Eisenhower Administration is nice to business in a number of ways. It has dismantled none of the Government agencies which proliferated in the New Deal and Fair Deal days to regulate business. But these agencies have been staffed with men who are friendly—too friendly, in the eyes of some critics—to the businesses they are supposed to regulate. And although the first Eisenhower Administration's $7,400,000,000 tax cut did not provide the tax bonanzas some of the more starry-eyed businessmen expected of a Republican administration, it was certainly favorable to business in all sorts of ways. Above all, not only can businessmen be sure of a sympathetic hearing from the Government, but to a considerable extent they run the Government—when they can be persuaded to exchange their handsome salaries for the relatively low pay of Government officials.

But although the Eisenhower Administration is nice to business, and nice to farmers too—to the tune, in the current budget, of almost $5,000,000,000—it is by no means nasty to labor either. Secretary of Labor James Mitchell, a pleasant-mannered, outspoken man with a map-of-Ireland face, believes, unlike some un-Modern Republicans, that the labor unions are here to stay. With his moderate labor policies and his winning ways with labor leaders, Mitchell was in part responsible for the splitting away of labor support from the Democrats, which was one of the most significant phenomena of the 1956 election.

How, then, does the Mitchell labor policy differ from the labor policy of his Fair Deal and New Deal predecessors? Mitchell does not grope for an answer. The Roosevelt and Truman Administrations, he points out, constantly injected themselves into labor disputes. Thus strikes tended to become exercises in exploiting the power of the Federal Government. Labor especially—but sometimes industry too—was reluctant to settle a strike until the Government hole card had been played. And because the hole card was there to play, strikes were called more frequently and tended to last longer.

By contrast, despite intense pressure from both sides, the Eisenhower Administration has adopted a strict hands-off, settle-it-yourselves attitude in labor disputes. The Eisenhower years have been far less strike-ridden than the years before, and most strikes have been settled far more quickly. Of course there are economic and other reasons, apart from administration labor policy, for this happy state of affairs, as Mitchell is quick to acknowledge. But the facts are as stated by Mitchell. It is also a fact that no labor leader has ever charged that the Mitchell labor policy is an antilabor policy.

All in all, then, the Eisenhower recipe for Modern Republicanism reads about as follows: First, abort the opposition's issues with programs of your own designed to deal with the same problems. Second, make these programs cheaper, use the social-insurance system wherever possible to pay for them, and put conservative-minded men in charge of them. Third, be nice to business. Fourth, at the same time be careful not to alienate, and if possible attempt to attract, other important economic and voting groups, like labor and the minorities.

In terms of domestic politics, it is an effective formula, and what is more, in the sense that it is in tune with the political and economic realities in this prosperous and conservative-minded country, it is an intelligent formula. Yet in its practical application the formula has two weaknesses which could prove fatal.

In 1952 there was a lot of brave Republican talk about brand-new, "dynamic" and "efficient" foreign and defense policies. In fact, faced with the realities of power, the Eisenhower Administration soon recognized that it could no more abandon the system of anti-Communist alliances built up under the Truman Administration or opt out of the arms race with Russia than it could tear down the TVA. So, on both the foreign and defense fronts, the formula was adopted: "Do what the Democrats were doing, but do it cheaper."

It is ironical that the President's foreign-aid program has been the focal point of attack in the current session of Congress, while for the first time a serious attempt has been made to slash deeply into the defense budget. For the facts are plain and on the record. In the Eisenhower years, the proportion of the budget devoted to the foreign and defense programs has been sharply reduced, while the proportion of nondefense spending is sharply up. In this sense, it may be said that Modern Republicanism has been financed out of foreign and defense spending.

During the Battle of the Budget, that admirably candid official, Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson, expressed bewilderment that he was being attacked for spending too much, instead of for spending too little. As he said, "I could join the meat-ax boys . . . if I didn't know so much about it. In my opinion it is a peril-point budget."

It is indeed. The Eisenhower Administration's own intelligence estimates show the Soviet bloc surpassing the West in area after area of military power, including the strategic air-atomic power which was a near-monopoly of the United States when Eisenhower became President. This is not the place to criticize the administration's foreign and defense policies, but it is worth noting in passing that the British Conservatives in the '30's also financed their "enlightened conservatism" largely out of their military power, with ultimately disastrous consequences to the British conservative interest. In this sense the "peril" of which Wilson spoke is a peril not only to the United States but to Dwight D. Eisenhower and the kind of Republicanism he represents.

Yet it is also true that, just as Modern Republicanism accepts the basic welfare thesis of the New Deal, so it also accepts the basic Fair Deal thesis that the United States must underwrite a global anti-Communist alliance. As Walter Lippmann put it at the height of the Battle of the Budget: "The orthodox (Republicans) believe that much money can be saved, especially of what now goes to foreign aid, by a more isolationist foreign policy. The President, on the other hand, believes in collective security, which cannot be made to work without subsidies to foreign countries."

This is why the focal point of the attack on the Eisenhower program has been foreign aid, despite the fact that the Eisenhower level of foreign-aid spending is lower by at least 40 per cent than the Truman level. But the revolt of the un-Modern Republicans, which has had a big assist both from the President's own Secretary of the Treasury and from the frustrated Democrats, is not really about whether the foreign-aid program is to have a few hundred million dollars more or less. It is about the leadership and control of the Republican Party. And this suggests Modern Republicanism's second weakness. It is a weakness of follow-through.

The first part of a President's second term can be, it seems, as dangerous as middle age in a man. Like President Roosevelt after the 1936 landslide and President Truman after the 1948 upset, President Eisenhower entered his second term suffering from euphoria. Like his predecessors, he entertained the illusion that, the voters having spoken loud and clear, his worst troubles were over. Surely, he reasoned, his enormous victory should settle the ancient argument within the Republican Party once and for all. America had "approved of Modern Republicanism" and the President went happily ahead to fashion a program embodying what America had approved of.

He reckoned without certain simple political realities. He had a Democratic Congress, and what Democrats approve of is the Democratic Party in control not only of the Congress but of the White House as well. Moreover, a very large and powerful section of the Republican Party in Congress emphatically does not approve of Modern Republicanism, and emphatically does want to control the party and nominate the party's candidate in 1960. Thus both the Democrats and the un-Modern Republicans had a mutual interest—to cut the President down to size.

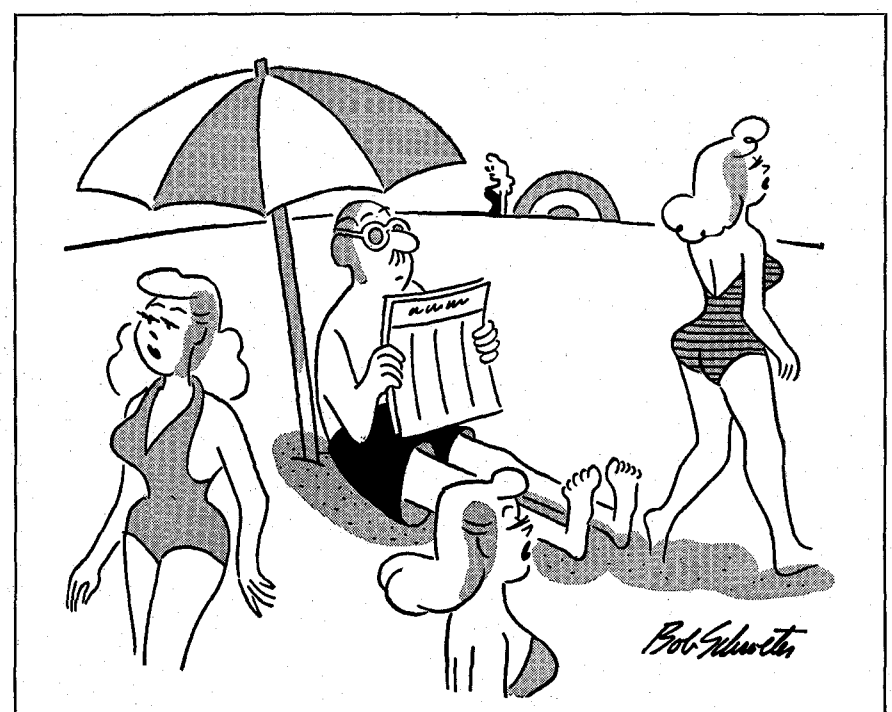
The attempt to cut the President down to size obviously took the President himself by surprise, and he was slow to react. But when at length he realized what was at stake, he began to fight back. Much will depend on the outcome. Of course the future of the Republican Party will not be determined by whether or not the administration school bill, say, passes the current session of Congress. And of course the President is not going to transform the Republican Party into an ideological monolith, with a party line from which deviations are not permitted. The Republican Party of Eisenhower will continue to have its Jenners and Malones, just as the Democratic Party of Roosevelt continued to have its Bilbos and Byrds.

The President's problem, rather, is to save the heart of his Modern Republican program, and, in so doing, to place his imprint so indelibly on his party that it will continue to be the party of Eisenhower in the voters' minds—just as the Democratic Party remains to this day in the minds of great blocs of voters the party of Roosevelt. The problem is a peculiarly difficult one for the President, just because he is Dwight D. Eisenhower.

He is a man peculiarly lacking in the instinctive political vindictiveness, the innate love of using his power to reward or punish, of a Roosevelt or a Truman. "The trouble with Ike," one of his admirers has said, "is that he's not tough enough." But if Eisenhower is to do what he wants to do, he is going to have to learn to become very tough indeed. He is going to have to use his immense power—of patronage and high appointment; of personal and political support; of ready access to the voters' minds; above all, his power to make or break potential Republican presidential candidates—in order to beat, badger, cajole and tempt the Republican Party as a whole into becoming his kind of party.

For a man of Eisenhower's conciliatory temperament, it will not be easy to use his power in such a way. Yet there are signs that the President has at long last learned the lesson that a man who stays above the battle cannot win the battle. And the opportunity before him is a great one. It is an opportunity to give this country what the country largely lacked in the long lean years of the Republican opposition—a responsible, moderate, conservative party, a party capable, in the President's words, of "adapting the great principles of the Constitution to the inescapable industrial and economic conditions of our time." And that, after all, even more than issue stealing or vote getting, is what "all this hoorah about Modern Republicanism is all about."

THE END



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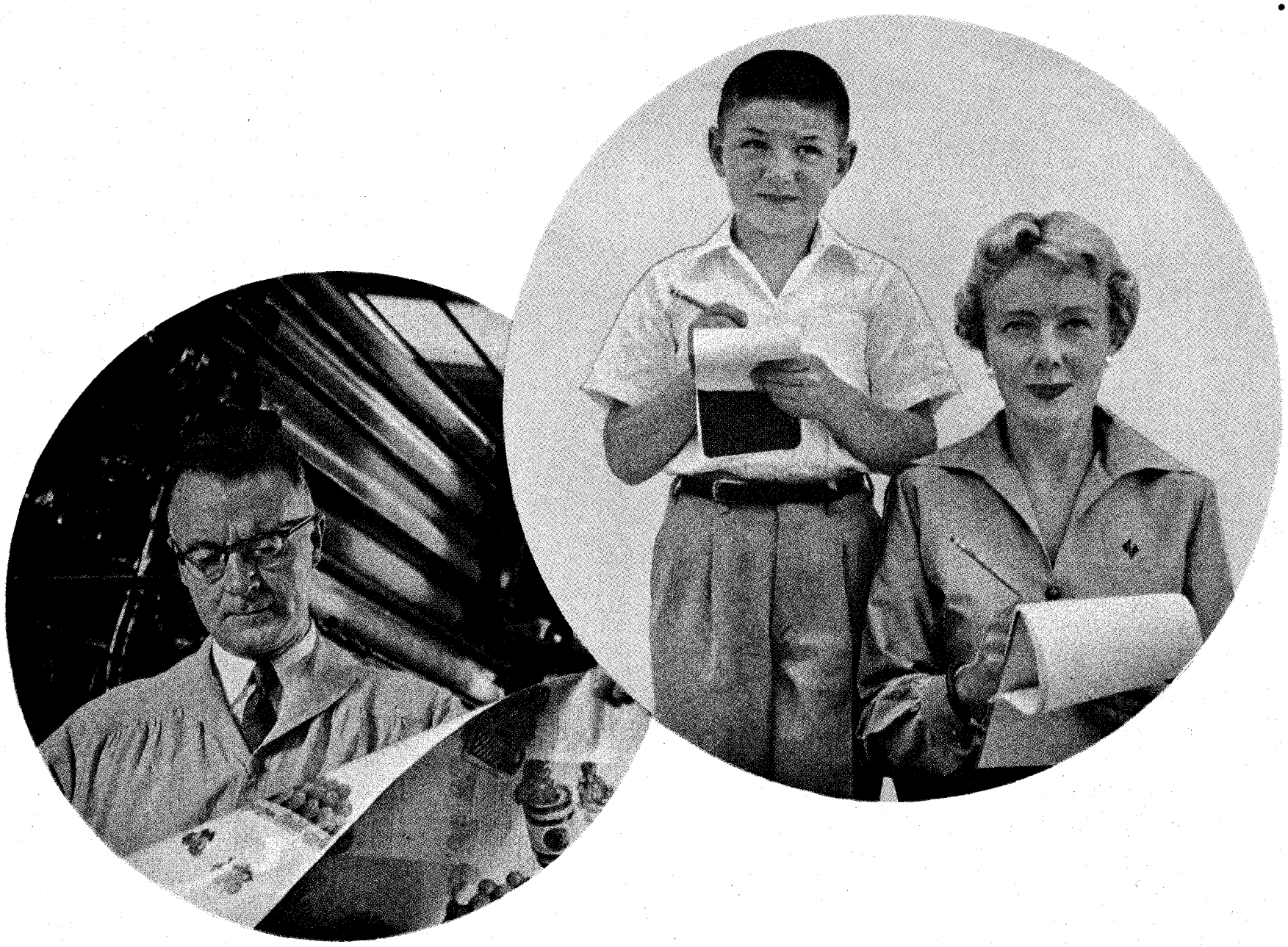

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Blood Sport (Continued from Page 27)

on the point of falling asleep. There was Borros Spohk, an American who believed that if a man tried hard enough he could live thirty hours a day; and a Swedish count, Helmut Ovden, who had been a devotee of what he called "the blood sports" since his fifteenth birthday. There was the Frenchman, Maurice Delafont, a perfectly normal, ordinary man, except that he was fifty, owner of a prosperous business, married to a beautiful woman, had three delightful children, and still he went motor racing all year long.

The starter's flag was in the air and Stephanie twisted her hands tightly together and waited. The exhaust noise rose steadily to a shattering roar. The big flag fell and the cars started to move, slowly for the first few feet, many with blue smoke rising from spinning rear wheels, the rubber burning; and then, unbelievably as you watched, they were away, up to sixty miles an hour in the time it took to draw a long, deep breath, then ninety, a hundred, all in a solid multicolored pack, mere inches from each other; they howled into the first long curve and were gone. In a bit over five minutes they'd be back. Stephanie tugged at the clasp of her purse, dredged out a cigarette and lighted it.

In the next pit a bottle crashed on concrete and a woman's strident voice said, "*Ah, c'est dommage!*" Floating over everything, the impersonal, professional excitement of the public-address system.

These few minutes of the first lap were almost the hardest of all for Stephanie. She looked in at the pit. Everything was neatness and order now, the little squares of the graph paper on which the lap charts were kept, the four Swiss split-second watches in their mahogany case, the orderly rows of pencils. The voice of the crowd rose and began to mount to a shout; the cars were in sight.

Stephanie leaned around the pit and stared down the long straightaway to the distant corner where the first car would show itself. It came now, a red one, sliding the corner so that she could see the whole length of it, straightening out with a wicked-looking, tremulant tail wagging, and then seeming to swell in her eyes, without moving, as she looked straight at it. Half a breath and it was level with the pits, and she felt the shocking "Whack!" as the driver shifted into top. It was Munoz, lifting a limp hand to wave to his pit; twenty feet behind him a green Vanwall car, little Martin, tight and tense; then another red car, Dennis, sitting so far back that his arms were out almost straight in front of him. Once she'd seen Dennis, Stephanie paid no attention to the rest of the cars as they rasped past. Silence again.

Stephanie felt quite apart from the other women who had committed their men to what she thought of as the unspeakable hazards of the race. She was sure she was more in love than any of them were; and she knew exactly what was happening on the 7.7 miles of the road circuit, two cars wide, its black-top softened by the sun. Like many women, Stephanie had a poor graphic imagination; but she did not have to depend upon it to know what the men were daring. Once she had let Dennis show her, in Italy, the car, a big two-seater open Ferrari of the type called a 4.9.

The road was straight where they started, after Dennis had told her to expect to be frightened, but to force it down; if she could not, she was to slap his thigh and he would slow the car. They smiled at each other. He ran the engine up, let in the clutch, and Stephanie's head snapped back. She tried, unsuccessfully, to pull herself forward against the surge of the car's acceleration. Dennis' arms were bare, the muscles standing in ridges. The steering wheel shook in his hands, the uncovered metal of the body vibrated, the noise of the engine was unbearable, and Stephanie wanted to scream in sheer terror. The big needle riding the tachometer dial spun around: 3000, 4000, 5000, 6000. Dennis' left hand grabbed the gearshift lever, his left foot hit the clutch, his right stamped on the accelerator pedal, and with a crack like a long fat whip being snapped across the sky, the engine bit again. The tachometer needle climbed again to 6000 and again his feet danced on the pedals, and the soft evening air was split as 400 horsepower slammed into the clutch.

Stephanie was rigid with terror. Ahead of them, the road ran out in a right-hand corner. It is impossible to explain how a corner looks running up to a car nearing 200 miles an hour. The car seems to stand still, and the corner rushes into one's face like a train in a nightmare. Stephanie knew they were going to die then and there. The car would sail through the corner and a mile into the woods beyond it. She couldn't bear to look and she couldn't close her eyes either. She turned to Dennis. He was staring ahead, the brown skin crinkled around his eyes. His toe hit the pedal, and the steel pads of the disk brakes, tight in their calipers, shrieked as they bit into the wheels. His heel came down on the throttle and his left arm flicked as he dropped a gear; the engine screamed, fell off; again the wail of the brakes and the monstrous howl of the engine as he caught third gear.

He flicked the wheel back and forth and the car drifted through the corner, nose pointed in, tail in the middle of the road. Dennis kicked it straight, flattened the accelerator, and again Stephanie felt the whole weight of her body thrust inexorably into the leather of the seat back behind her. She endured it all for three laps of the circuit. She smiled wanly at Dennis as he helped her from the car. She staggered in his arms to a chair. After a while the memory of the physical beating faded. What remained was the face of death hanging to the flying car like its own exhaust smoke.

"There are three sports that try a man," she remembered Helmut Ovden saying. "Bullfighting, motor racing, mountain climbing. All the rest are recreations."

The leaders came by again: Munoz, Martin, Dennis, Caducci. The other cars were stringing out behind them. There was no silence now. Every few seconds a car came past, or two or three. Stephanie walked through a narrow place between two pit counters, and she felt sheltered immediately, separated from the circuit by the pits, by the odds and ends piled up behind them—tins of oil, cases of mineral water, camp chairs, stacked spare tires. There were parked cars, too; motorcycles, bikes, scooters. Looking a long way across the field, she could see another leg of the circuit; little toy cars sliding along it, too far away, too quiet and too small to matter. She felt removed and safe.

Still she was oddly bound to do what Dennis had asked her to do, and she looked for the candy-striped tent of the bar. She would have the vermouth cassis he'd suggested, although she didn't want it. She had an uneasy, unspoken conviction that to refuse him anything, just before or during a race, might be fatally unlucky. Fear of his being killed with some small favor ungranted terrified her. She stirred the purplish, bittersweet drink.

By the time the race was half over, an hour and a half gone, it had settled into a deceptively simple pattern. Of the twenty-some cars that had started, four had retired with mechanical trouble, one had been disqualified for accepting help from spectators after going off the road. Munoz, Dennis, Martin and Caducci were all driving on the absolute limit, and they traded the lead back and forth among them. Only the professionals present, and a few knowledgeable spectators, marking the way the cars slid the entire width of the road going into bends and shuddered and danced under maximum acceleration coming out, knew how bitterly the first four places in the race were being contested.

Stephanie knew, and so she marveled at some of the other women, bright, twittering little things, no more concerned than they'd be at a horse race. She had little to say to them and they had nothing for her. When she wanted to talk with someone she looked for Madame Delafont, who always came to the races with her husband. Stephanie found her sitting behind her husband's pit in the shade of a beach umbrella, a bottle of wine in a tiny tub beside her chair. She was knitting.

"Sit down, my dear; sit down, Stephanie," she said. "Have some wine."

"Thanks, Julie," Stephanie said. "I just finished a vermouth. I'll wait."

"How does it go with our heroes?" Julie Delafont said. "I haven't looked at the chart for half an hour now."

"Munoz first, then Dennis, Caducci, Martin, a few minutes ago," Stephanie said. "I think Maurice is farther back."

"He was eighth," Julie said. "He knew the car was not going well this morning, and then, too, of course, it isn't a factory car."

Stephanie stretched her legs straight in front of her. "The sun is good," she said.

"This is no sun," Julie said. "Wait until you get to Nassau."

"I shan't be there," Stephanie said.

"Dennis isn't running?" Julie Delafont asked.

"Oh, yes, he's running," Stephanie said. "It's just that I'm not going."

They heard a shout and a double screech of brakes hard on as a car came too fast into the pits. Both looked and saw a flash of it. It was green, not blue, not red, so they paid no attention.

"I think I will have a little drink, if I may," Stephanie said. "I guess I'm getting jumpy. I'm getting so I hate all the noises. The only noise I like to hear any more is the pop of the champagne cork when they open the bottle for the winner; just that one pop and all the blessed silence, not a single damned engine running." She took a little sip of wine.

"Don't be thinking like that; don't run off down that alley, Stephanie," Julie Delafont said, "or you'll find yourself giving up the whole thing, and Dennis too."

"That's just it," Stephanie said after a bit. "I am giving Dennis up. I'm going to give him up."

"I see," Julie said. "I must say you've surprised me." She spilled wine into her glass. "Tell me, how long has it been now that you and Dennis have been married?"

"We were married in July a year ago," Stephanie said. "July, at Rheims."

"That isn't very long, is it?" Julie said. "A pity, too. It's a sad thing to fall out of love."

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"Don't tease me, Julie," Stephanie said. "I haven't fallen out of love. I adore Dennis. There cannot be anything else like him in this entire world. But I'm going to leave him because I can't stand the life he has, that's all, I can't stand watching him make a bet with his life practically every week. Do you know how many times Dennis ran last year? Forty-one! Every single important event in the world except Indianapolis! Look, Julie, I know what it's like out there, I know what goes on out there, and I can't take it. If I keep on, I'll ruin both our lives."

"My girl," Julie said, "I think you're mad. Look. All this you are talking about—the racing—this is nonsense. The fact of the matter is that you love him; by which I mean, you like him, you admire him, you desire him. That is reasonable love, that is lasting love. You may not find it again. Therefore it doesn't matter what the man does—whether he is a garbage collector, a banker or the public hangman. Don't you see that?"

"No, I don't think I do," Stephanie said.

"'The beauty of the young is God's apology for their stupidity,'" Julie said. "Look, Stephanie, the only men worth having are the ones who are passionate for the world, for their work in the world. These are the only good ones, and there are not nearly enough of them to go around. With a man like Dennis or Maurice, it is possible to have a life; not an existence, a life, something that is not just cabbage soup and winter rain on the roof. You don't give up a man you love because he will die! What an idiocy! You are making me angry."

"I'm sorry if I am," Stephanie said. "But don't you see, what good am I, what use to Dennis, when I can't even keep him from seeing how frightened I am? Today, just before the start, he took one look at me and he knew. I'm sure he always knows. In time he'll hate me for it. Right now, I hate myself for it."

"The essence of the thing is so simple," Julie said. "It's impossible for me to understand how you miss seeing it. Look; you are afraid of only one thing, really. That he will die. Don't you think he's afraid too? Every one of them is; it's the main reason they do these madnesses—to see the fear of dying rise up in themselves and then to push it down again. He is going to have to do this dying, if it comes that way, not you. Give some thought to him. And for yourself, think only how dear he is, what he means to you. And every time he gets into a car, kiss him good-by; that's all, kiss him good-by!"

"You do that?" Stephanie whispered.

"Certainly I do that. I kiss him good-by. I pat his dear face; I walk away saying to myself, Ah, my Maurice, he was the dearest and best of all men who ever lived in this world! Sometimes I even think of how I will tell the children. I say good-by to him. I tell myself calmly that he is dead. And then—every time so far, at any rate—I am lucky. The noise, as you say, is over and Maurice is back with me. So I can kiss him again, and wash the oil from him and take him in my arms again and comfort him. What else should we do but meet our men as they come down from the mountain, and comfort them until they have to go back again? And when they go back, kiss them good-by!"

Stephanie sat silent for a long time.

"I'm sorry, if I have disturbed you, Stephanie," Julie Delafont said finally. "If I was too rough, I am sorry. It's just that that's how it seems to me to be, that's how I have been so happy all this time."

"No, no, you weren't too rough," Stephanie said.

"At any rate we have drunk up all the wine," Julie said. "And there's only a half hour of this foolishness left. Let's walk down to the corner and watch these crazies for a few minutes, and then we can come back and see the finish. I love to watch the finish. That idiot with the big flag, seeing how close he can stand without having his feet run over. I do hope I'm watching, the day somebody gets him!" She giggled like a girl.

They walked together behind the pits to the first corner. The sun was low now, butter-yellow on the drivers' faces as they came down the long straightaway and into the corner, the air was cooling, night was coming in. There were fourteen cars left. Caducci was out, Perdita in a Maserati was running fourth behind Munoz, Dennis Marshall, Spohk. Dennis was within two car lengths of Munoz, and had been hanging to him like that for more than a hundred miles. Spohk was well back, driving magnificently with his characteristic indifference to hazard, but his car was not fast enough to bring him up to the leaders and everyone was watching the fantastic Munoz-Marshall duel. Their two cars ran as if tied together. Twenty-five times a lap each driver watched the other accept a chance to make a mistake, and none were made. A trifling error by Munoz would suffice to let Dennis pass him; one by Dennis, and Munoz could run hopelessly far ahead. But they came around like a train.

"They're so incredibly good they make it look dull," Stephanie said.

"They'll finish that way," Julie Delafont said. "I think they're reconciled. Maurice, as you can see, he is not."

Maurice Delafont was lying seventh over-all, and second in his class to Stehrs, in a Gordini. Stehrs had been well ahead, but his car was slowing, and Delafont was closing hard on him. He was pushing, delaying his braking to the rim of disaster, whipping the wheel madly back and forth as the car slid, spinning his back wheels as he bored out of the corner.

"Look how excited," Julie Delafont said. "Like a damned wet-nose schoolboy. You would think he'd been driving for six months, instead of God knows how many donkeys' years."

Excited or not, Delafont was hurrying, and every time he came around he had made a few more yards. A man standing behind Stephanie and Julie was timing the interval. "Delafont will catch him," he told his friends. "If he keeps on at this rate, he'll catch him with two laps to spare." Stephanie and Julie turned to look at the man; he held his watch up to show them the interval, and they both had their backs to the circuit when they heard the rubber shriek and the shouts. They snapped their heads around. Blue car and white car; the white one swerving to the side of the road, its driver fighting to hold it out of the ditch; the blue one flipping end for end down the course, like a clown's toy. A man flew out, tumbled through the air. To the people standing at one side it seemed that he would miss the telephone pole. No, he hit it high and fairly and face-on in a terrible embrace; just for a second the body stuck there; then it fell backward, arms piteously outstretched. The white car had got around; there was nothing else in sight; nothing to be heard but the soft thud of the body hitting the ground, the quick sigh from the crowd. This much Stephanie was sure of; then Julie was gone, out into the road, tugging at the body, people pulling her away, a man tearing off a yellow sweater to wave it madly at the cars still coming.

When she dared, Stephanie ran across. That was when Julie began to scream. She screamed rhythmically, methodically; her chest working like a bellows, in breath, out in a long, bare-souled animal howl. Her eyes protruded, she knew no one; the veins in her forehead purpled and she screamed. In the fifteen minutes it took for an ambulance to come, she destroyed her voice.

Stephanie was helpless before the ambulance came, but afterward she could at least admit it, and she left and walked alone back to the pits. Munoz had won, Dennis behind him. He was waiting for her, his face black with oil and rubber, except for the egg-shaped patches around his eyes where the goggles had ridden. His shoulders sagged with fatigue.

"He's dead?" Dennis asked.

"He's dead," Stephanie said. "I was there. So was Julie. They've given her a tremendous dose of morphine or something."

"What a pity she had to see it," Dennis said. "What a miserable thing for her."

"I really thought she was losing her mind," Stephanie said. "I suppose it was only hysteria. Only! The odd thing was, we had been talking about it just a little before—the chances drivers take—and she said she was always reconciled to Maurice's death. Every time he went out she gave him up all over again, and felt only lucky when he came back to her. And then, when it happened, she went completely to pieces."

"That was because she saw it."

"No, I think she always knew she would," Stephanie said, "but she made up that other fiction, and for all those years they lived in it and were happy."

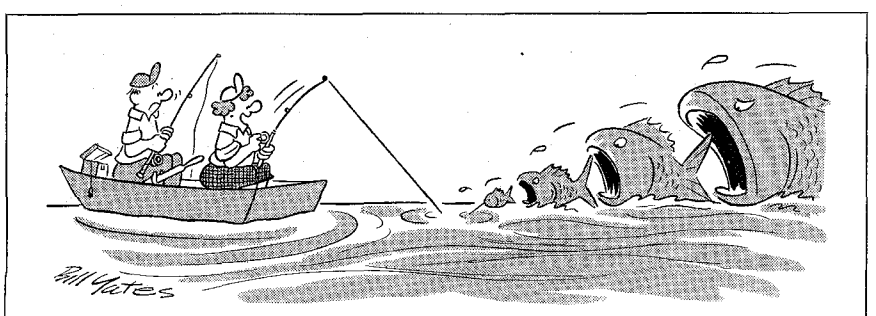
"The poor sod," Dennis said. "One trip to the well too many. After all, the man was over fifty!"

"Let's go home, Den," Stephanie said. He threw his kit into the little car behind the pits and they bumped off across the field to the roads, solid with traffic now in the gray twilight. Dennis ran alongside the road, cutting in and out with easy virtuosity. The hotel was eight miles distant.

"You said you were going to tell me something tonight, Steph," Dennis said.

"No, I'm not going to tell you anything, darling," Stephanie said. "I'm going to soak you in a tub, and give you tea and rum and put you to bed; those are the only plans I have for you."

"*Vive les plans*," Dennis said. "Dear God, *vive les plans*." THE END



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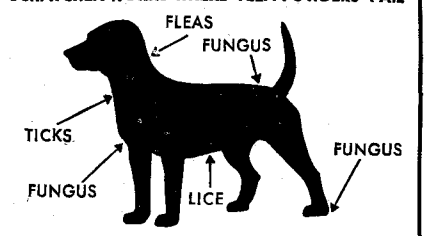

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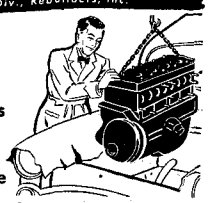

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California Passage (Continued from Page 41)

on graze beyond the wagons. His route carried him past the Dixon Conestoga where Cameron now sat on the tongue of the wagon, watching Abbie as she carried on the cooking duties.

Abbie looked up, saw him striding by. "I'll have coffee ready soon, Luke," she said, knowing that he preferred it to the tea Ellen was serving Menafee.

"Thankee, ma'am," Luke said, "but this old hoss is restless. If'n there's any left later, I might fancy a mug, but a tot o' rum would likely tickle my gullet a lot more."

Abbie winced a little. Luke had seen that expression often in her face. It came whenever he fell into the jargon of the mountain men. He had watched Ellen and Cameron look wry also at such times, and therefore, stubbornly, he went out of his way to offend them with the drawling and nasal idiom.

But in Abbie's case there always seemed to be something more than auditory shock. He knew that his presence invariably brought a darkening in her thoughts. Since the night the knife, thrown from darkness, had come within a fraction of taking her life, this grayness of mood had grown upon her. Often Luke fancied there was a terror and an utter bewilderment in her when she gazed at him, and also at Ellen. He was convinced that she knew more than she had told about the happenings of that night.

Luke caught up his sorrel and saddled and rode to the crest of a low, rocky rise west of camp.

Cameron had left the Dixon wagon. Presently Menafee also rose. He held Ellen's hand for a moment, patting it. Then he strolled off toward his own wagons, where a poker game was going on. Mack Sledge sat as a spectator of the game, whittling at a stick with a belt knife.

Luke picketed the horse in a depression where it would not be skylined, and found a position for himself in the shade of a boulder. He lay sprawled at ease there for two hours, inert, utterly relaxed, half asleep, half awake. This habit of relaxing with such apparent total indolence was something Ellen could not understand. Luke knew it annoyed her; he had heard her tell Abbie that he was the laziest individual she had ever observed.

Then, abruptly, he came to his knees in a single motion. Some two miles away a barren ridge suddenly had sprouted brownish-black dots that moved almost imperceptibly but surely. Buffalo! Buffalo at last!

Luke raced to his horse, mounted and headed away. Looking back, he saw that Ellen was watching him from camp. He waved and pointed, trying to indicate by sign language the news and what he intended to do. He saw her lift an arm in understanding. Apparently she was the only person in camp who was aware of his departure as he rode off.

He kept below the swells until he was between the herd and the river and downwind of them. Then he began closing in. The country was broken by coulees and low ridges. He finally left his horse in a dry wash and moved ahead on foot.

Patiently he worked his way to a better vantage point and waited until they grazed closer. These animals were at their prime now after a summer's fattening. He picked out a young cow as his first choice, laid his sights on it and fired.

"Right in the lights," he murmured, rose to his knees and threw down on a *second animal. The buffalo* began to scatter. But he dropped his quarry on the run.

The remainder stampeded out of range. The dust blew away on the hot wind. Luke reloaded, then got to his feet. He stared. His first target was down in plain sight, but his second quarry seemed to have vanished. He ran to the spot. Then he slowed and laughed. His second buffalo had toppled into a small ravine and lay there dead now on the sandy floor.

Luke first bled the two animals, then began working on the buffalo in the coulee, for he was shaded here from the sun by the clay walls. He managed to prop the animal on its back. Then, with knife and belt ax he started to peel away the hide.

He was hard at his task when a heavy voice spoke jeeringly, "Howdy, Luke!"

He jerked around, aware of his carelessness. Sledge and another man were heel-squatting on the rim of the coulee above him. Sledge had a pistol in his hand and the other man carried a rifle.

"Gotcha!" Sledge said gloatingly. "Dead to rights! I been waitin' a chance like this fer a long time!"

A wild greed had stirred his muddy eyes. His companion was a bullwhacker named Chape Parker, who was a member of Tracy Menafee's crew. Parker, a dusty-haired man with a coarse, pock-marked face, was grinning and showing big teeth.

Luke's rifle leaned against the clay wall.

"Don't move to'rds the gun, Luke," Sledge warned. "I'd blow the in'ards out o' you afore you took two steps."

Luke straightened slowly, carefully, for he could see their fingers on the triggers. He tossed the knife aside. Sledge motioned. Chape Parker dropped into the coulee, kicked the knife and ax away.

Sledge now also slid into the coulee. The thirsty rage was now beginning to blaze in him. He holstered the pistol. Then, without warning, he swung a big left palm viciously at Luke's face. Luke understood what he was in for. Mack Sledge meant to beat him to death to pay for the humiliation that had been inflicted in the presence of the wagon company weeks ago.

Luke ducked, even though he expected to be shot in the back by Chape Parker, and Sledge's heavy palm only grazed him. Sledge yelled, brought his hand back in a clawing motion, his fingernails raking Luke's cheek. At the same instant Chape Parker leaped on his back, pinning his arms. Luke was held helpless thus for an instant as Sledge steadied himself and drove a big fist at his face.

Luke whirled now, Parker still desperately hanging to him. He was unable to break the man's grip. Sledge's face was twisted in agony. He had broken a knuckle in that glancing blow. He kicked savagely, the toe of his boot driving into Luke's thigh. Luke fell, with Chape Parker still clinging to him. He rolled over and began rising, lifting Parker bodily with him. Sledge now again drew his pistol, using his left hand, for his right hand was paralyzed with pain. But he was afraid to fire for fear of hitting Parker.

Now Luke surged completely to his feet, still lifting Parker with him. Then he deliberately hurled himself backward in a diving, crashing fall. This brought all his weight down upon the man as they struck the earth, and Luke, at the same instant, rammed his elbows into his opponent's stomach.

He heard Parker's breath drive from him in a wheezing gush. Parker's grip relaxed and Luke twisted free. He drove his fist into Parker's face with all his strength, and the force of that blow hurled the man back against the clay wall. Then Parker slid limply to the ground.

Sledge's pistol roared in Luke's face, the powder flame burning his cheek. But the man, firing left-handed at a moving target, had missed. Before Sledge could cock the gun for another shot, Luke was upon him and batted the weapon aside. Sledge dropped the pistol. His thick arms tried to draw Luke closer. His hands ripped Luke's shirt from his body and the tatters hung from his belt. Luke drove a right and then a left to Sledge's face. That rocked the big man, but only slightly.

Sledge hurled a handful of sand into Luke's face, seeking to blind him. Luke survived that, and, as they clenched, he drove both fists into Sledge's middle.

Sledge lurched partly to one knee, his mouth open and gasping, his head beginning to wabble. Luke struck again. Sledge rocked back to a sitting position. Luke kept striking as the man's body sagged. His own features had paid a harsh toll. His eyes held the primitive fury of a man who had only one impulse left—to kill. He drew back a fist to strike again.

Then hands frantically caught his arm, pulling him away from his quarry. "No! No!" a girl's voice was screaming. "You'll kill him! Don't, Luke Storm! Don't!"

He twisted around, looked up. It was Ellen! She was clinging to him, still trying to drag him away from Sledge. There was pleading in her eyes, and a horror.

"Please!" she implored. "Don't have his life on your conscience. Listen to me! Have mercy! Don't stain your mortal soul with blood!"

The madness drained out of Luke, leaving him limp. Mack Sledge toppled on his side and lay breathing heavily and moaning. Luke tried to get to his feet and failed. He was swaying. Ellen supported him, an arm around him, holding him against her while she daubed with her kerchief at the blood that flowed. She was uttering little protesting sounds, as though some of the injury and the pain were hers.

Luke's mind cleared and he strengthened. He drew away from her. Finally he got to his feet. "All right," he croaked. "All right."

Chape Parker was now beginning to revive. His nose was broken and he had lost teeth. Mack Sledge still lay inert, breathing with harsh labor, his eyes open, but glassily unseeing.

"I—I saw Sledge and that other man leave camp not long after you had signaled to me that you were going on a hunt," Ellen said haltingly. "It occurred to me that something like this might be on their minds. So I followed them."

"You were told not to wander away from camp!" Luke said hoarsely.

"Who else was there to send?" she demanded. "Except Vance Cameron. And he wasn't in sight. No one else in the company would care about anything that might happen to me." And she added bitterly, "Or to you."

Something caused their eyes to meet abruptly. Ellen stared, puzzled, as though struck by a startling and incredible impulse. Luke, too, was shaken. He had found himself suddenly wanting to take her in his arms. Then she turned away. He tried to force such a thought out of his mind, but something had changed between them.

He assessed his injuries. He had taken bloody surface damage, but had been more fortunate than he expected. There were no broken bones—not even a cracked rib where Sledge had kicked him.

Ellen climbed from the coulee and returned, leading his horse, which had his canteen on the saddle. With water and strips of cloth from his torn shirt and from her own blouse she cleaned the blood and dust from his injuries. Her hands were gentle. There was no shrinking in her from this task that needed doing. For once, Luke stood docile.

Chape Parker was sitting up now, but he was a sick man. His face was puffing out of shape. Sledge also was beginning to breathe more easily. He was conscious. Luke inspected both him and Parker and decided they soon would be able to take care of themselves.

He removed the cylinder from Sledge's pistol and drew the charges. He jammed the muzzle of Parker's rifle with sand so that the gun was useless until cleaned.

"I don't hanker to be shot in the back as we ride away," he told Ellen.

He looked at the buffalo carcass. "You can throw that goat meat you've been cookin' to the coyotes," he said. "It don't shine with hump ribs. I tell you now that this child aims to fill his craw tonight with ——"

Ellen whirled on him. "Stop it! Stop it!" she burst out.

Luke was startled. "Stop what?" he demanded.

"This—this self-pity in which you live! This pretense at being an ignorant child of nature. Your mother and father must be weeping in heaven because of the way you've forgotten their teachings."

Luke's gaze froze, but she did not waver. There was no fear in her, though she must have seen the anger that raged blackly in him.

"So you've heard about my parents," he finally said.

"Yes."

"And so it's self-pity in which I live? So I've forgotten my mother's teachings?"

"Here it is! The Star-Spangled Banner!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Ellen was suddenly near tears. "Can you deny it? You act like a savage. Talk like a savage. Dress like a barbarian. And you fight like an animal."

"I was left to die like an animal by your kind of civilization," Luke said harshly. "And so were my parents. I pulled through thanks to men you call children of nature. It was mountain men who saved me. They and Indians taught me how to take care of myself. Education isn't a matter of book learning."

Abruptly she subsided. "You're right," she said tiredly. "I have no real justification for saying what I did. Humans never change underneath. They cheat and rob, just as they've done since the beginning of time. And kill!"

Her voice had caught a little as she uttered that final word. She glanced at him quickly, a startled look in her face.

Luke wondered what that word "kill" had brought into her mind, what memories it aroused. Silently he climbed out of the coulee, caught her hands and lifted her bodily to the rim. He swung her to the pillion position on his sorrel and mounted and headed for camp, leaving Sledge and Chape Parker.

Ellen laid a hand lightly on his bare shoulder to maintain balance.

"Who told you about—about my parents?" he asked.

"Vance Cameron learned the story from a plainsman who visited the company for a short while," she said.

Luke said nothing. But he was thinking that Vance Cameron made a business of inquiring into every detail of the lives of persons he was interested in.

The horse topped a rise. Luke suddenly straightened, staring.

Off to the north, an antlike string of moving objects was creeping into the plain from the lee of a bluff.

"More buffalo?" Ellen asked.

"Indians!" Luke said softly.

He felt her fingers tighten on his shoulder. She breathed, "Oh!"

The column crept endlessly into view. Ponies by the score dragged travois or carried packs. They were herded along by women and children. Ahead rode mounted warriors. And other mounted Indians hazed along the great herd of ponies which came sweeping into view still farther away.

"Big village," Luke said. "They'll tally a hundred lodges or more. That means up to a hundred and fifty men, counting the young braves. They're Cheyennes, most likely, but I can't tell for sure at this range. They're likely on their way to make meat on the buffalo grounds. I don't think they have any notion of tackling us. The season's late. Meat is more important right now than anything else. And the Cheyennes haven't painted for war anyway, as far as I've heard—at least up to now."

They headed at a lope for camp. Ellen uttered a little excited cry when the wagons came in view. "Look!"

A group of some half a dozen Indians sat on their ponies at a safe distance from the circle. The people of the company were gathered along that flank of the camp, staring with curiosity. The only Indians many of them had seen were the debauched, spiritless tribes of the border.

These visitors were a different proposition. These Indians stared back with arrogance and scorn. They pointed at the wagons and at the oxen and laughed derisively. A few had shields hung on the ponies. The majority wore only vests and breech clouts. One had on flashy deerhide leggings and a vest that bore a heavy beading.

"A hunting party from that outfit we saw," Luke said. "And they're Cheyennes all right. They likely had cut the trail of that same bunch of buffalo I moved in on, but they pulled off to pay a call on the wagon company when they sighted it."

As they rode nearer he added, "Young braves. Not a warrior's feather among them. The most dangerous kind. They're aching to count coup so they can brag about it at the next war council. Tricky. Reckless."

The Cheyennes moved closer, their eyes darting over these interlopers in their land. Luke rode into camp, swung Ellen to the ground and dismounted.

Vance Cameron appeared. He suddenly came up at a run. "Mrs. Jarrett!" he exclaimed. "I missed you! Where——" Then he stared at Luke's bruised face. "Good Lord!" Then he said quickly, "It must have been Mack Sledge." He looked at Ellen, his eyes asking a grim question.

"Sledge is alive," Ellen said.

Then she hurried to her wagon, brought out a medicine kit and clean cloths and liniment and warm water. With these she finished the task of doctoring Luke's injuries.

Meanwhile the young Indians had grown bolder and had moved to within a hundred feet of the wagons.

"Be careful!" Luke warned the company. "Don't start any trouble with 'em. But don't let them come into camp."

Emery Dixon came striding up, outraged. He blinked when he saw Luke's damaged face. "It would be better to bring them among us, sir, so they can see that we are only seeking peace and friendship," he protested. "We can give them small gifts that will prove——"

"They'll figure we're afraid of them if we start handing out presents," Luke interrupted. "These Cheyennes aren't alone, by any manner of means. There's a big——"

He broke off. Abbie had left the shelter of the wagons and was walking toward the mounted Indians. She carried a loaf of bread in her hands as an offering.

Luke began running. A young Cheyenne, his face fiercely agleam, kicked his pony into a full gallop at the same instant and came sweeping down on Abbie. This was the one wearing the beaded vest and leggings. He also wore a great gold earring and silver arm bands. All this finery marked him as the son of a person of some importance.

Abbie realized her danger in the last instant. She dropped the bread and turned to flee, but the young Cheyenne was upon her. Leaning from the saddle, he tried to grasp her by the hair. But Luke arrived in time. His hand smashed down on the Cheyenne's arm, knocking it aside. He caught Abbie, thrusting her behind him.

Then he stood with his knife in his hand, grinning at the young Indian. The Cheyenne glared back at him, grimacing from the pain of the blow that still numbed his arm. He spat something in Cheyenne. Luke answered back—also in Cheyenne. That surprised the young Indian. Then he also laughed. Seeking to save what face he could, he made an insulting gesture and rode back.

Luke glared at Abbie. "If that fellow had ever got you on his horse, nothing on earth could have saved you!" he raged. "They'd have scattered and vanished like a pack of wolves!"

"What—what did he say, and what did you say to him?" Abbie asked faintly.

"He said he hoped someday to lift my scalp with a dull knife, or words to that effect," Luke shrugged. "I told him if I ever caught him trying to steal a squaw again, I'd turn him over my knee and spank him. It was just about what anybody says in a situation like that. No harm done. He made a good try. You invited it. Blame yourself, not him."

The party of young Indians were moving away now, all laughing and pointing jeeringly at the wagons. Luke breathed easier. It was evident the Cheyennes had no present intention of making war on passing caravans.

He walked with Abbie toward the wagons. Emery Dixon came hurrying, ashen-faced, to meet them. At that moment a rifle exploded somewhere across the wagon circle. Luke whirled. The departing Indians were still within easy range. One of them was reeling dizzily, clutching at the mane of his pony. Then he pitched to the ground. His companions pulled up. Shrill cries arose. They left their ponies and gathered around the fallen one.

There was a moment of silence. Then the braves began shouting again. Now there was a different note in their voices—a savage overtone of grief and anger—and of vengeance. They lifted the body across the riderless pony. Luke now saw that it was the young Cheyenne who had tried to kidnap Abbie. It was apparent that he was dead.

Luke glared around at the wagon people. "Who fired that shot?" he demanded.

Nobody spoke. No one dared look at another.

"Who killed that young Indian?" Luke asked again, his voice harsh, angry.

There was no answer. Luke could see a faint haze of powder smoke blowing across the camp in the wind, but its source was indefinable.

Emery Dixon climbed to a wagon step, so that all could see him. "That was wanton murder," he said, his deep voice rolling over the camp. "A life taken merely for the lust of killing. I am a servant of God, a preacher of the Gospel, but it is also my duty to obey the laws of men. It is the duty of all of us. This bloodthirsty wretch should be exposed and turned over to the law at first opportunity, so that he can be punished for this crime."

"I'm afraid there'll be others who will see to that ahead of you, parson," Luke said. "The chances are that none of us will be alive by sunrise."

"What do you mean?" Emery Dixon asked.

"That Cheyenne belonged to a big hunting village that isn't five miles away right now. I figure we're going to have more visitors before sundown. And they'll outnumber us five or six to one."

Tracy Menafee was standing by. "Great guns!" he exclaimed. "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure," Luke nodded. "I sighted 'em not more than half an hour ago."

Menafee ran and caught up his horse and saddled and mounted. Luke joined him and they rode to the rise west of camp. There they pulled up. They waited a long time while the wagon people watched anxiously as they peered westward.

Then they came back at a gallop. "All right," Luke said as he swung down. "Get ready. They're coming. Every warrior. A whole swarm of 'em. We're in for it."

Luke and Vance Cameron stood between the wagons. Both had rifles in their hands. Each carried two pistols and knives on his belt.

"This is the hardest," Cameron murmured. "This infernal waiting. Why don't they come? Are you scared, Storm?"

Luke gave him a wry look. "I'm full of eels inside," he said.

Ellen and Abbie stood nearby. They wore complete masculine garb now and had their hair stuffed into men's hats. The other women were similarly dressed. Luke had insisted on it. "We'll show 'em as much fighting strength as possible," he had said.

They had barricaded the wagons as best they could with supply boxes and whatever belongings would serve, but there had been no time to re-form the heavy vehicles into a more compact position, and their situation was far from strong.

The waiting went on and on. The sun was now setting. Then the naked sky line was no longer barren. A horde of mounted warriors, spread in a long line, came riding over it into view of the camp.

The Cheyennes pulled up, gazed in silence at the wagons for a moment. Then they burst into frenzied, vengeful shouting and began brandishing lances and rifles. They came riding down the slope to come to closer quarters. A woman in the wagon company screamed. Luke saw gray pallor in every face around him. Some of the men lifted their rifles.

"Hold your fire!" Luke shouted. "Wait!"

He stood appraising the advancing Indians. They were now holding their ponies to little more than a walk, and still were spread in a long line. A few rods in advance of the line rode a Cheyenne who wore the fluttering headdress of a war chief. Naked to the waist, he carried a knife and hatchet in his belt and had a bow and a quiver with arrows slung over his shoulder. He had a rifle balanced across the withers of his pony.

Luke suddenly leaped astride his own horse and rode away, moving into the open outside the wagon circle. He held up an arm, making the sign that he wanted to talk. This brought a furious outburst of shouting from the warriors. Then the chief made a motion, and they slowly, rebelliously became silent again.

Luke now rode slowly toward them. Then he twisted in the saddle, looking back.

He pointed and called, "I'll need you also, reverend!"

Emerging from the barricaded wagons, Emery Dixon ran with long, awkward strides and overtook Luke. Then, his rusty, dust-stained black coat flapping in the hot wind, he strode along, a hand resting on Luke's stirrup.

"Thanks," Luke said. "I figured you had the sand."

"You believe then that there's a chance?"

Luke nodded. "The chief hasn't made up his mind to fight. If we can get him into a palaver, maybe we can talk him out of it. It's our only hope. You do the talking. I'll interpret. They will know by your clothes that you are a preacher. They've met missionaries before and are a little in fear of them."

"What shall I say?" Emery Dixon asked humbly.

"Don't try to plead or ask mercy," Luke said. "But don't boast or threaten, either. And, above all, don't try to evade the issue. Don't claim that the murder was justified. For it was murder. Don't lie to them. Indians despise liars. Merely say whatever is in your heart."

"Of course," the minister nodded. "Of course, Storm." He gazed up at Luke searchingly. "Unjustified murder," he nodded sadly. "How right you are, Storm. We cannot

(*Continued on Page 98*)

... ...

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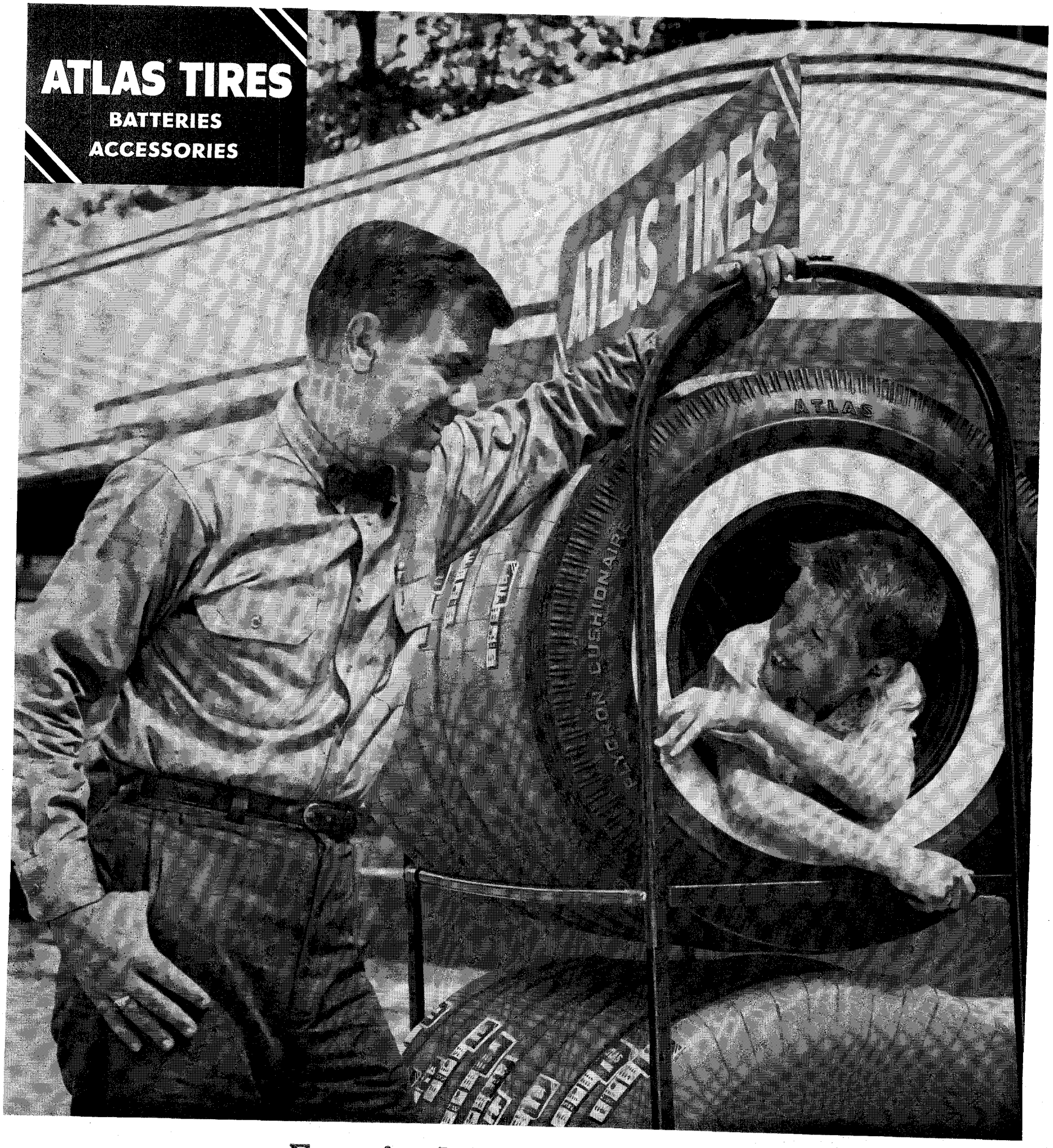

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(*Continued from Page 96*) evade the responsibility. I will not deny it, nor will I defend the person who is guilty."

The war chief now advanced his pony a few paces. Luke halted a dozen yards away.

The chief was a mature, powerfully built man with intelligent eyes. His chest bore the scars of the sun dance. A medicine sign was tattooed on his forehead.

Suddenly Luke guessed who he was. "You are Owl Wing, the Cheyenne," he said, embellishing his knowledge of the dialect with sign language. "I have heard many times of your coups. You are a brave hunter, a mighty leader of your warriors. You ——"

Owl Wing's angry, dark eyes had not relented. He stopped Luke with savage impatience. "One of our young men lies dead in his father's lodge!" he snapped. "His women gash their breasts! Are you the one who killed him?"

Luke interpreted this to Emery Dixon. The missionary pointed at Luke and shook his head. "It was not this man," he said, addressing the chief. "It was one of our number who fired without our knowledge or consent. We will learn who is guilty and turn him over to the law for punishment."

"White man's law!" Owl Wing said scornfully. "That is nothing to us. Bring this man to me. We will punish him for what he has done."

He pointed to the glowing sunset. "We will not wait long," he said. "We do not wish to bring war upon your people, but if what I ask is not done, I will see to it that all of you die before dark."

He wheeled his pony and rode back to his warriors. Luke interpreted the ultimatum as he and Emery Dixon hurried to the wagon circle. The defenders surrounded them, asking anxious questions.

Emery Dixon gestured for silence. "The Cheyenne chief demands that we turn over to him the man who killed that young Indian," he said.

Nobody spoke for a time. Then Tracy Menafee asked, "And if we don't?"

Luke answered that. "He said he'd wipe us off the face of the earth before dark. We're up against Owl Wing."

"Owl Wing?" Menafee was shocked.

Again there was a long silence.

Emery Dixon's tired eyes moved from man to man, from face to face. "Who fired that shot?" he finally asked.

He did not expect an answer. And none came. He spoke again, and now there was the knell of doom in his tone. "Someone here must be aware of the identity of the person who is guilty of this murder. It is his duty to his fellow men to speak."

"So thet he kin be skun alive an' quartered to save your neck, parson?" a man shouted. It was the buck-toothed Missouri Kid.

"So that innocent women and children and men will not be sacrificed because of another's lust for blood," Emery Dixon answered. "In the name of justice, I demand that he be pointed out."

The silence went on. Emery Dixon spread his hands in a gesture of resignation. He turned and walked out of the circle. Apparently he had given up and was turning the responsibility over to anyone who would accept it. It was a duty no one wanted. The group broke into a babble of opinions and dispute.

Emery Dixon climbed into his wagon. He was there with his wife only a minute or two. Then he emerged, descended to the ground with the ache of age and of years weighing him down.

He kissed Abbie gently, smiling down at her with misty wistfulness. Then he did an unexpected thing. He took Ellen's hand. He said, "I will not ask you to forgive me, Mrs. Jarrett. I set myself up as your judge, and from the depths of my intolerance I condemned you. I threw the first stone. I wronged you and I wronged Luke Storm. It will be held against me on Judgment Day."

Then he kissed Ellen's hand. She stood staring, not comprehending, as he moved away.

Emery Dixon was now walking calmly between the wagons and past the barricades. He continued striding in the direction of the restless Cheyennes. The mass of Indians suddenly boiled with a new excitement. A sound came, deep and animallike. Emery Dixon had moved so quietly that only Luke and the two girls had seen him leave the circle. Now both Ellen and Abbie screamed in unison as they were struck by the same horrified realization.

Luke was already running with frantic strides. Emery Dixon looked back, saw this pursuit and broke into a gangling run also. He shouted an imploring command to Luke to turn back.

Indians were breaking from the main group, heel-pounding their horses and sweeping toward the minister. But Luke reached him first, less than a hundred yards from the wagons. He seized the graying minister bodily in his arms, turned and headed back toward the barricades.

"Please, Storm!" Emery Dixon gasped. "It is best this way! Someone has to go!"

He tried to struggle free, but Luke's strength was far too much for him.

The Cheyennes pulled up, baffled. Luke shouted in the dialect, "This is not the man, Owl Wing! This one is a good man! I will not let him die to save me and the others!"

He carried the protesting Emery Dixon to the wagons. The minister was too spent to struggle or even stand, and Luke laid him on a blanket that Ellen and Abbie hurriedly spread in the shade of their wagon.

Everyone was staring. Luke looked at them. "He tried to give himself up to the Cheyennes," he said. "He was going to tell them that he was the guilty man." He paused. After a moment he said levelly, "We'll fight it out, then? All of us?"

"Why should everybody die?" a man exclaimed. "I say to draw for it." The speaker was an Illinois man named Bart Evans who was traveling to California with his wife and son.

"Draw?" Menafee questioned. "What do you mean?"

Then he understood. So did the others. Luke heard men begin breathing harder around him.

"Don't be a fool, Evans!" Menafee snapped. "Why should anyone draw for a thing like that?"

But Luke could see that Evans' proposal, grim as it was, now was being grasped at by the majority. Men, ashen-lipped, were nodding their fearful approval.

Scorn came into Luke's eyes, and all his intolerance of them was in his voice. "I say to fight," he said. "I don't ask any innocent man to sacrifice himself for me."

"Nor I," Vance Cameron said.

But they were ignored. Luke could almost see in the faces of the others the run of their thoughts. They were thinking that the odds were thirty to one or more in each person's favor in such a lottery. But Luke and Cameron were offering only what seemed like certain death.

"Storm should have let the preacher go!" Al Thorne said angrily. "Maybe it was him that knocked off that Indian anyway. Maybe it was his conscience that bothered him."

Vance Cameron removed his dead and frayed stogie. "No," he spoke. "It wasn't the preacher. I can vouch for him."

"An' who can vouch for you?" Thorne asked.

Cameron gave him a thin look and turned so that they were facing each other. Cameron carried one pistol slung in a holster and a second weapon thrust in his belt. Thorne was similarly armed. Luke stepped between the two men. Again it came to him that beneath Cameron's cultured exterior was steel and granite. Few men would have dared offer such a challenge to a man of known gun speed such as Al Thorne.

"We'll take Cameron's word for it," Luke said. "We are wasting time. Either hold your lottery or make up your mind to fight."

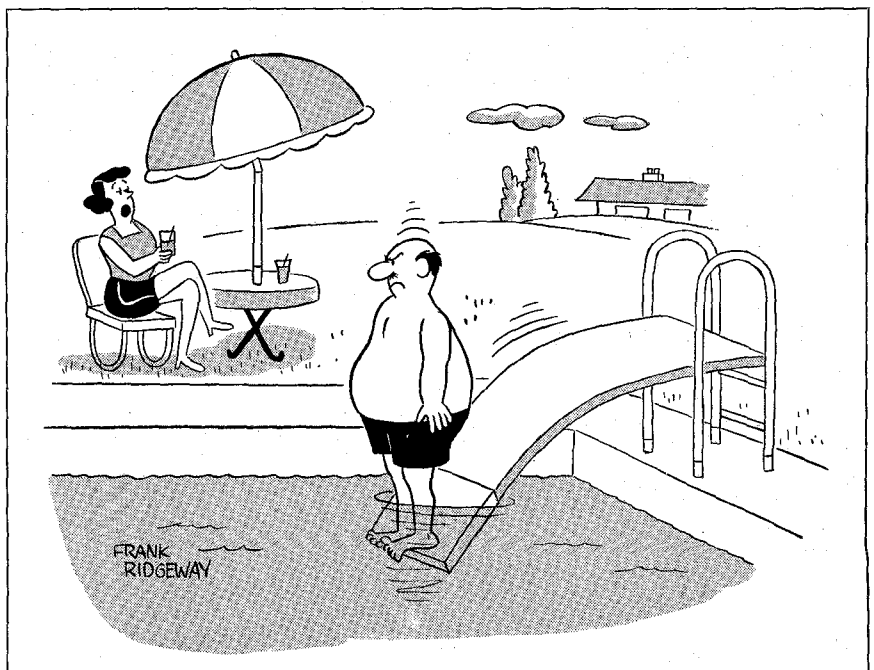
The Cheyennes were beginning to mill around. Rifles exploded in the air. Angry yells drifted. The sunset was fading; the long twilight was at hand.

Bart Evans looked around and said hoarsely, "I reckon it's agreed. We'll draw fer it. Every grown man. No exceptions. An' there'll be no backin' out, win or lose."

Evans took charge. He counted heads.

He turned to Ellen. "Mrs. Jarrett, we'd be obliged if you'd hunt us up thirty-one white beans an' one black one," he said. "Or buttons. Or anything that are all of the same shape an' size."

TO BE CONTINUED



"Now maybe you'll go back on your diet."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Tenderhearted Champ

(Continued from Page 25)

his first title defense against Hurricane Jackson, he enjoys the lengthy tenure as champion that sports writers have predicted for him, they will find him emerging from his shell as did his idol, Joe Louis.

Although he looks the epitome of self-confidence, Patterson privately entertains the same concerns as other fighters.

"I see my opponent when I run on the road," he says. "I see him while I'm shadow-boxin' and throwin' punches. I seen that Moore fight a thousand times in my mind. I seen myself standin' over him, or it goin' the distance and me bein' announced as heavyweight champion of the world. Of course, I see the bad side too. I seen myself lyin' down. The way it would happen, I'd see myself winnin', and that one punch come over and beat me.

"I fought Moore when I was awake, and when I was asleep. One night in Chicago I dreamed that I'd already fought him, and I'd already won. When I woke up, for three or four seconds I thought I was the champ. I lay there with my eyes open, and the realization came that the fight was still a week off. I'd had that good feelin' of bein' champ. That's the hardest part about a fight, waitin' for it."

As his hour of trial approaches, however, Patterson has two advantages over the ordinary fighter. First, he has an unusual capacity for sleep. In training camp he gets in as much as twelve hours a day. He can nap soundly in a room in which a television set is in operation and a card game is in progress. Secondly, he is not given to pointless worrying over what fate may have in store for him.

"I don't think fortune plays a big part," he says. "I believe that if a lot of people didn't give up hope they might have made it. I know what I can do. I feel that if that's not enough to beat a man, I can't beat him."

"His logic is sometimes surprising," says Ernst Papanek, executive director of the Wiltwyck School for Boys, at Esopus, New York, where Patterson spent a year and a half as a juvenile delinquent. "It is surprising, simple and direct."

Cus D'Amato, who has one of the widest vocabularies among fight managers, declares, "I've never met anyone as impersonal as Patterson is in his objectiveness. The only time I ever consulted Floyd about an opponent was when I matched him with Jimmy Slade. I asked him because they'd become good friends in camp, but Floyd said, 'Let me tell you now, so you'll understand. Jimmy Slade is my friend, but when I get in the ring I don't even know who I'm fightin'. They just become another body.'"

Only Slade's defensive savvy saved him from a knockout in that fight at the St. Nicholas Arena in New York on November 19, 1954, as Patterson chased him to an eight-round win by decision. Thirteen months later he stopped Slade in the seventh round in Los Angeles, to cap a year—1955—in which Cus D'Amato predicted that none of Patterson's opponents would go the distance, and none of the nine did.

Now in his fifth year as a professional fighter, Patterson has won thirty-one of his thirty-two fights, twenty-two by knockouts. Since the summer of 1952, when he won the gold medal in the 165-pound division at the Olympic Games, it had been universally assumed that someday he would be world champion. No boxer before him ever had acquired such a reputation as an amateur, with the possible exception of Sugar Ray Robinson, who went on to win the welterweight and middleweight titles as a professional.

In boxing, however, as in all walks of life, there is a price for precocity, and now Patterson must pay it. Not only was it merely the accomplishment of the expected when he won the heavyweight title but also he did it before reaching the maturity of his skills. Patterson's curious plight was apparent the day following his accession to the throne. The tendency still was to regard him as a youngster who has not yet fully proved himself.

Endowed with great reflexes, fast hands and exceptional mobility for a heavyweight, Patterson is an aggressive, inventive, often unorthodox boxer. This last quality is disturbing both to his opponents and to the experts. The former find it difficult to cope with the unusual. The latter fear that Patterson's departures from the tried-and-true fundamentals, while effective, will prevent him from realizing his great potential.

Thus it was that in paying tribute to the new champion, the nation's sports writers almost all raised the same questions: How good will Patterson become? Will he be the greatest of all time?

Fortunately for Patterson, as well as for the fight game, the young man has asked himself the same questions. This is typical of this one-time problem child, who has been trying for ten years to find himself.

"I believe I'm the champion," he said recently. "I believe I won the title, but I feel that after I've beaten all the contenders, I'll really be the heavyweight champion of the world. I say that because there are two or three guys around who might have won it, too, and in better style than I did."

As may be deduced from this self-effacing statement, there is a fundamental difference between Patterson, the fighter, and Patterson, the person. In expressing himself as a fighter, Patterson knows almost complete security. Outside the ring he knows no such security. A shy, sensitive soul-searcher, he volunteers little. He might be called a conversational counterpuncher. When he does speak out, however, it is with a purity reminiscent of Louis.

This was demonstrated on the night of June 7, 1954, when Patterson suffered his only loss as a professional, to clever, cautious Joey Maxim, the former light-heavyweight champion, in what was Patterson's fourteenth fight as a paid performer and Maxim's hundred and fifth.

Although the three officials were unanimous in their decision, eleven of the twelve writers at ringside at the Eastern Parkway Arena, in Brooklyn, were of the opinion that Patterson had won. In the dressing room later they expected verification from the fighter.

"Don't you think you beat him?" one of them asked.

"The officials could see it better than I could," Patterson said. "I was too busy fightin'."

Five weeks later, at the St. Nicholas Arena, Patterson was floored for the only time in his career. He was boxing Jacques Royer-Crecy, the French middleweight, and as he was backing out of close quarters in the first round, he was dropped to one knee by a right cross. He bounced up immediately, and went on to stop Royer-Crecy in the seventh round. Afterward, the press asked Patterson about the knockdown.

"He slipped," said manager D'Amato.

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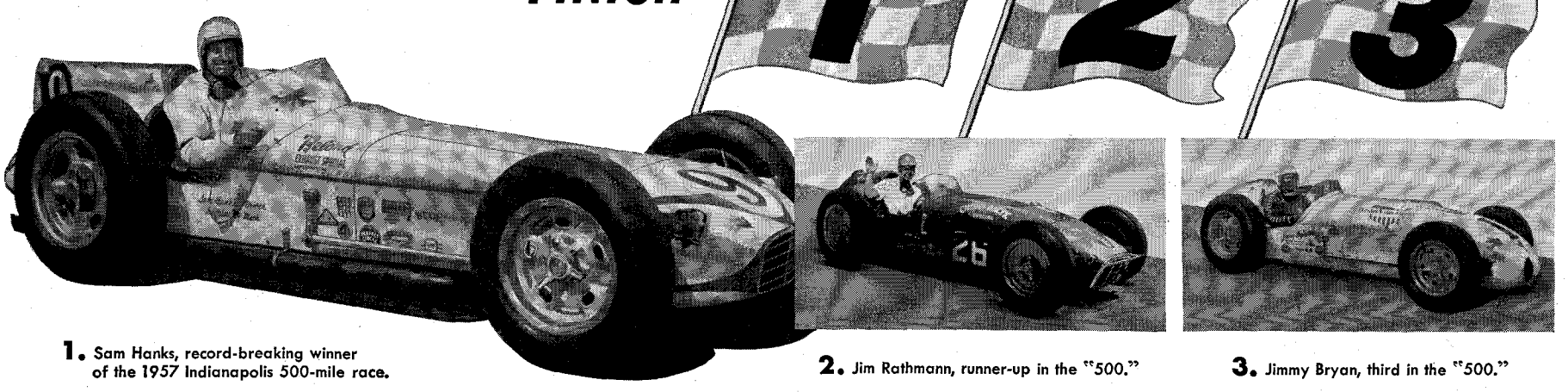

1. Sam Hanks, record-breaking winner of the 1957 Indianapolis 500-mile race.

2. Jim Rathmann, runner-up in the "500."

3. Jimmy Bryan, third in the "500."

Winner Sam Hanks reports: "Raybestos completely whipped the terrific HEAT and WEAR brake problems in the '500.'"

Sam Hanks averaged 135.601 mph to set a new record for the Indianapolis 500-mile classic. At speeds up to 170 mph he shot down the straightaways and battled the turns for almost 4 hours. **About every 30 seconds he used his brakes.** Here's what Sam says about them: "I used my brakes more this year than ever before—and this is my 12th '500'. Sometimes doing 170 I'd get caught in a jam. **My brakes always responded.**— And when I hit those turns at anywhere between 140 and 150, I really needed good brakes. I guess I used my brakes over 500 times, and that's giving them a beating at those speeds. We checked the linings at the end of the race. **There was only fifteen thousandths of an inch wear.** That fact says more about Raybestos Brake Linings than I ever could."

Jim Rathmann, who finished only 18 seconds behind Hanks, is sold on new improved Raybestos Brake Linings as is third place finisher Jimmy Bryan.

Remember . . . you too can lick heat and wear brake problems with the new improved brake lining Raybestos manufactures for every make and model passenger car, truck and bus. Make sure your brakes are safe, see your Raybestos dealer for the famous Raybestos 7-Point Brake Check . . . it includes adjustment.

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"No," Patterson said. "He knocked me down. I know he hit me, because I don't remember goin' down. Otherwise I'd remember."

Patterson is a basically humble man. Recalling the moment in Chicago when his hand was raised by referee Frank Sikora after his victory over Archie Moore, he says, "I felt good. Then I felt so sorry for Archie Moore. I knew how I'd have felt if he had knocked me out. I put myself in his place, and I looked at him and I could see how badly he felt."

Three hours before Patterson had entered the ring, his wife, Sandra, had given birth in New York to their first child, a six-pound, two-ounce daughter. An hour and a half after Patterson climbed out of the ring he was in a car with two friends, driving to New York because his wife worries when he travels by plane. At about noon the next day they stopped at a roadside restaurant.

"The fight was all over the front pages of the newspapers by then," Patterson says, "and I could see the people around the place recognizin' me and startin' to whisper, so I figured we'd better get out of there quick."

Last August, Patterson bought a ten-room, white-shingled house in Mount Vernon, New York, for his parents and the eight youngest of their eleven children. Shortly after he won the title there was a torchlight parade in his honor.

"When I first heard about the parade," he says, "I was ashamed. I mean, me sittin' in a car and wavin' to people. Those are things you only see kings or a president doin'."

This past winter, with Patterson booked to receive awards at a series of dinners, D'Amato made him purchase a Tuxedo. The idea of himself in a dinner jacket embarrasses Patterson.

"I don't like to go to formals," he says. "I don't feel that's my walk of life. That's for people who were born that way and raised that way. I wasn't."

Pete Mello, who coached the 1952 United States Olympic boxing team and has been in the sport for forty-one years, describes Patterson as "the nicest kid I ever handled," and recalls a daily occurrence in the chow line at Helsinki.

"I noticed that Patterson used to gather himself three or four steaks," Mello says. "I watched to find out what he was doing. Some of those Finns didn't have too much to eat, and he'd make up a package of that food and give it to them."

Patterson trained for the Moore fight at the Sportsman's Park race track in Cicero, Illinois. Two nights before the fight, he and a group of camp personnel started to crowd into a station wagon to drive to a movie.

"There wasn't room for one of the sparring partners," Sam Taub remembers. "Somebody said one of them would have to stay in camp, but Floyd said, 'No. If one is left out, none of us will go.' So they made room."

One of Patterson's sparring mates was Esau Ferdinand, who was scheduled to box six rounds on the Patterson-Moore card. Patterson and Ferdinand had fought twice. On October 11, 1954, at the Eastern Parkway, Patterson won an eight-round decision, after taking oral abuse from Ferdinand throughout the fight. On March 17, 1955, at Oakland, California, he stopped Ferdinand in the tenth round.

"Four days before the Moore fight," says Taub, "Ferdinand got a cut under his left eye. That meant he couldn't fight on the card, so Floyd said to D'Amato, 'Is it all right, when we pay him, if we also give him the five hundred he would have got if he'd fought? He's got five kids.' So they paid Ferdinand on their own."

On several occasions Patterson has exhibited the same compassion in the course of a fight—a deviation that has given the experts pause. In January of 1953, for example, Patterson fought Chester Mieszala, a Wisconsin middleweight, in Chicago. During the week before the fight both boxers were training in that city's Midtown Gym, but Patterson refused to watch Mieszala box.

"I'd be takin' unfair advantage," he told D'Amato. "I learn a lot watchin' a fella, and he wouldn't have a chance."

During the fight Mieszala's mouthpiece flew out, and he stopped and bent to recover it. Patterson also stooped down, and the two groped for it together. When it was back in place, they touched gloves and resumed fighting. Patterson finished Mieszala in the fifth round.

Even Patterson's knockdown by Royer-Crecy did not cause the killer instinct to flame up. When the Frenchman suffered a cut over one eye, Patterson shifted to body punching until the fight was stopped. Three weeks later, fighting Tommy Harrison at the Eastern Parkway, he stopped punching in the first round when he detected, before it was obvious to the referee, that the Los Angeles light-heavyweight was in no condition to continue. The referee then halted the battle.

"I interpret these things," says D'Amato, "as an unconscious demonstration of complete confidence on Floyd's part."

Ernst Papanek, the Wiltwyck School director, has a different interpretation. "I believe Floyd does not want to hurt people," he declares. "What he did in the Mieszala fight I expect him to do. I did not expect him to be a boxer. He is so very gentle. I do not mean he is weak, but he is soft."

Says Patterson, "I guess knockin' a man out is pretty bad, but I try to feel that a man is dazed for just ten or fifteen seconds, and then he's all right."

While such traits may prevent Patterson from completely fulfilling his promise as a fighter, they have been his salvation as a person. The prize ring, as a refuge for the underprivileged boy, has often afforded an outlet for the individual's resentment against society. It would appear, however, that Patterson was never in revolt against his surroundings, but intimidated by them.

His boyhood environment was one of overcrowding and poverty. The third oldest of a family of nine boys and two girls, Patterson was born on January 4, 1935, in Waco, North Carolina. He was brought North when his family moved to the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn in 1937. His father, Thomas, now forty-four and a truck helper at the Fulton Fish Market, held a number of manual jobs. His mother worked as a domestic, and then in a bottling plant.

The family moved seven times, and Patterson irregularly attended seven schools. From the beginning, his instinct was to escape. When he was six he used to hide in the basement of P.S. 25. As he became older he hid in the Regent, Apollo and Banko movie theaters. When he lacked the admission price of eighteen cents, he would spend the day watching the animals in the Prospect Park Zoo. Some nights he slept in that park. Others he spent sleeping in subway stations.

The school authorities who worked with Patterson feel that, once he fell behind his age group academically, his embarrassment erected an almost insurmountable barrier. The one attempt he made to conform, in a tenement area where juvenile gangs ruled, resulted in his apprehension with a group of boys who had broken into a store and taken a bicycle.

"What the authorities liked about Floyd," says his mother, a serene, sympathetic, soft-spoken woman of forty-five, "is that he'd tell the truth where the other boys wouldn't. If somebody said Floyd did something when he didn't, though, he'd always cry. That's how I knew when he was telling the truth."

At the age of ten Patterson was unable to read. He refused to talk, and when spoken to, couldn't bring himself to look another person in the face. How difficult his struggle was is indicated by one of his earliest memories.

"I was just a little kid," he says, "and I used to have long hair and my father would comb it. Then he'd send me around the corner for cigarettes, and I remember one day a lady stoppin' me and runnin' her fingers through my hair. I was so embarrassed that I wanted to cry, and I ran. I guess I was just a tiny kid, for a lady to do that, but I never forgot it.

"Then I used to have a lot of trouble lookin' people in the face because it seemed to me they could read what was on my mind. There was nothin' there to read, but it was embarrassin', when you'd think that you couldn't look people in the face. Then one morning I got up, and I could do it. I could look people in the face. It had kind of sneaked its way in."

By then Patterson was sixteen. Various important influences had been at work. He had developed self-assurance as an amateur boxer. Although his efforts to acquire a formal education were to end the following year after one term at Alexander Hamilton Vocational High School, in the meantime he had found understanding and help at Wiltwyck, a school for emotionally disturbed boys, and later at P.S. 614, one of New York City's five schools for maladjusted children.

Today, Patterson's ties to P.S. 614 are strong. At graduations, he annually presents the Floyd Patterson Award to the boy who has shown the greatest improvement in character and sportsmanship.

In 1951 he met Sandra Elizabeth Hicks, then thirteen, whom he was to marry on July twelfth of last year. This was not, however, a smooth-running romance. On November 30, 1953, at the age of eighteen, Patterson married sixteen-year-old Gloria Wanamaker. They had two children, a boy, now three years old, and a girl, now two. They were divorced in June of last year under terms calling for a $13,000 cash settlement to his wife, $250 a month for the support of the children until they are eighteen and $10,000 to be placed in trust.

The news of Patterson's previous marriage and divorce—which was revealed last winter by a scandal magazine—came as a surprise to the whole fight game. It was pointed out to D'Amato how much better he and Patterson would have looked if, instead of trying to keep it a secret, they had revealed this to "legitimate" reporters. Said he, "Now I know you're right."

Of his present wife, Patterson says, "Sandra lived in the neighborhood of my grandmother, and the more I'd see her the more I'd visit my grandmother. When I first met her she couldn't look me in the face and I couldn't look her in the face. The fact that she was more shy than I was helped me, though, because she was the first one I could look in the face."

Back around the age of eleven, when Patterson was sent to Wiltwyck, he was "very impressionable and a great sufferer," according to Walter Johnson, now resident director of the school. He says that Patterson was suspicious of help, and seemingly did not want to be with others. Johnson failed in various attempts to get Patterson involved in group activity.

"Then I thought of boxing," Johnson says, "and I put him in a tournament. He won his first three bouts, and for the first time found success in the group. We had found the tool whereby he could relate to others."

When Patterson left Wiltwyck, his interest in boxing was stimulated by two older brothers, Billy and Frank. Billy had sixteen fights as a professional welterweight before a detached retina forced him to quit the ring. Frank won the 1949 New York Golden Gloves middleweight title. But Floyd was destined to go farther than either of them.

"Around the house," says Patterson's mother, "when the radio would be playing and the others would be dancing, Floyd would be in the kitchen boxing the cord hanging down from the light."

"I used to shadow-box in front of the mirror in the bathroom, too," Patterson says. "I used to beat the pillows to death. You can hit a pillow in the belly and it will fold over, and you can hit it a right uppercut and it will somersault over like a man. Then, too, we used to see cowboy movies, and you know those fake punches they throw? I used to practice that with my brothers and my sister, Diana, and I can still make that noise to sound like the punch is landin'."

At the age of twelve, Patterson followed his brothers to the Carlton Y.M.C.A. in Brooklyn, where they were under the guidance of Frank Lavelle, an employee at the United States Customs House in Manhattan, who trains amateurs in his spare time. Two years later Lavelle had moved his fighters to the Gramercy Gym, at 116 East (*Continued on Page 102*)

"Why can't he ride in the back seat like other dogs?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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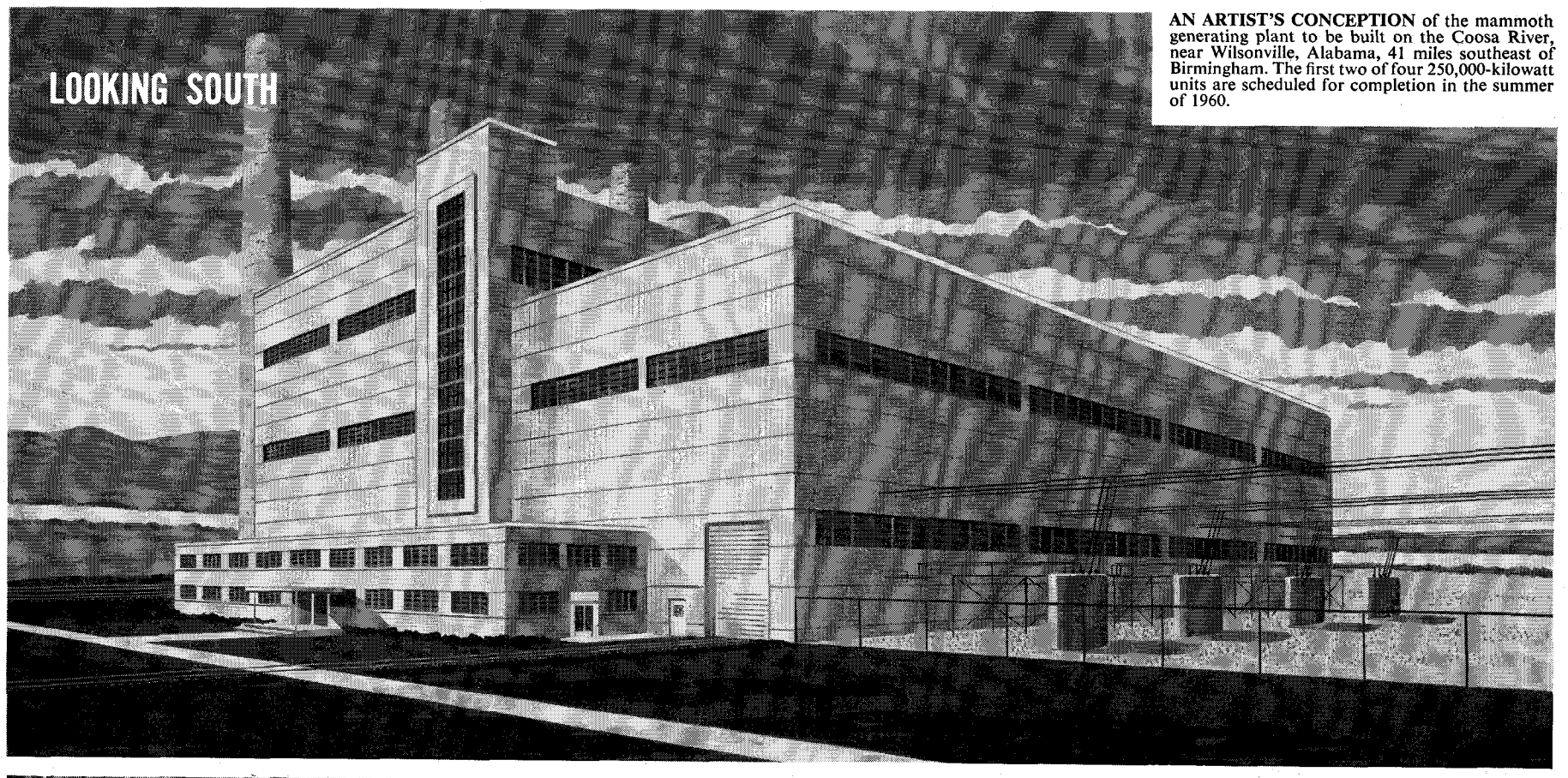

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THROUGH TAXES PAID in 1956 The Southern Company system made a tremendous contribution to the education of these children and thousands of others throughout its four-state service area. Highway construction, public health and other important services were also aided by the companies' tax payments — representing their largest single item of operating expense.

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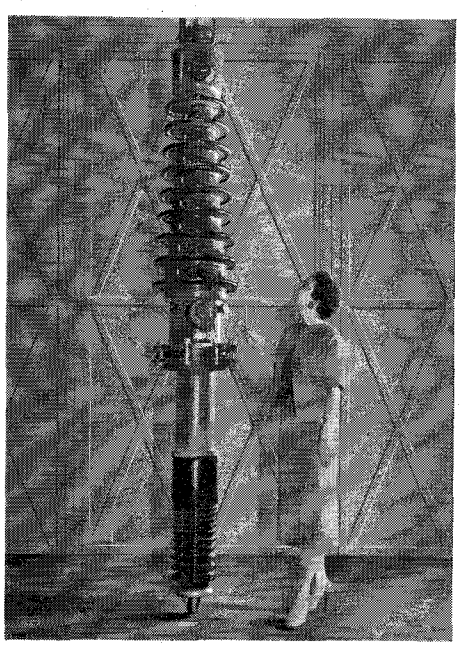
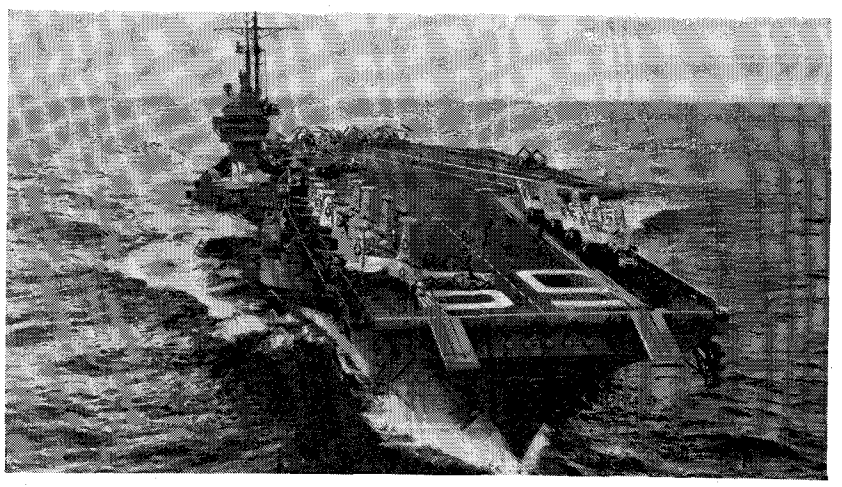
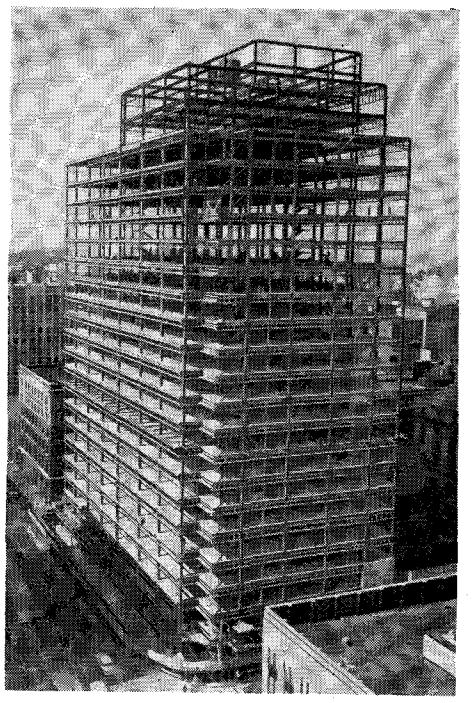


EVERYTHING FROM gigantic substation equipment to office supplies is purchased by The Southern Company group totalling many millions of dollars each year, substantially benefiting merchants and suppliers in the four-state area and throughout the nation.



THE GIANT AIRCRAFT CARRIER *U.S.S. Forrestal* could steam night and day at standard speed for *a third of a century* on the fuel consumed last year by members of The Southern Company group to provide electric power for its users. This group's fuel bill averaged more than $100,000 per day during 1956.



SINCE 1947, construction expenditures of The Southern Company and its affiliates have exceeded the total amount of construction permits issued in fast-growing Atlanta. The Southern Company group has spent an average of almost $73 million per year during this period for additional facilities to meet growing electric power requirements of its four-state area. Present plans call for an investment of $436 million in new facilities during the next three years.

Shaded section designates area served by the four investor-owned electric power companies in The Southern Company system.

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(*Continued from Page 100*) 14th Street, Manhattan, and there Patterson met D'Amato for the first time.

Lavelle, no longer associated with Patterson, contends that he was moved out when the fighter began to prove himself as a pro. Patterson and D'Amato assert that Lavelle wasn't fired, but quit after Dan Florio was brought in as a trainer, because Lavelle was free for such chores only at night.

Several years ago, D'Amato, when asked what Patterson was like, described the young fighter as "a kind of a stranger." In the minds of other fight managers, this characterization also applies to the forty-nine-year-old, white-haired D'Amato, who has the appearance and manner of a bank president or a diplomat.

In twenty years, D'Amato has turned out hundreds of amateur fighters, dozens of whom won New York and national titles, but he never had a professional fighter in a main event in Madison Square Garden until Patterson fought Joe Gannon there on October 22, 1954. It is the stated belief of D'Amato, who was more than $15,000 in debt to friends when Patterson won the title, that money is merely an encumbrance.

"When I'm broke I feel better," insists D'Amato, who would now seem to be in for some bad times. "When I've got money I'm bored. I've always felt that working is a useless thing. If I wanted to accumulate money, I could make a hundred thousand easy. I've never married and I've kept my life simple, because then I can do something the way it should be done. I figure that if a thing is done right, the money will come, but it's not important."

In Patterson, D'Amato found a young man who, even at the age of fifteen, seemed to have everything nature could give a fighter, and who, finally having found an endeavor at which he could excel, was determined to prove himself in it. In D'Amato, Patterson found a friend and counselor from whom he has refused to be wooed, in spite of other offers—one of which included the gift of a fine car.

"Success in teaching any boy to fight," says D'Amato, "revolves around overcoming the obstacles that prevent him from becoming a good fighter. After all, there are only seven punches, and a person doesn't have to be an Einstein to learn seven punches.

"What is the first obstacle? Fear. I told Floyd, like I've told other fighters, that fear is like fire. It can destroy you, but if you learn how to control it, you can make it work for you like a slave. The first thing is to recognize it, to know that all fighters are afraid when they start. If you recognize this, there's no restriction on the cure."

Patterson says that he knew fear as an amateur, but conquered it, just as at Wiltwyck he had once conquered the fear of a high wall. Standing atop the wall, he recalls, he felt his fear growing. But the bigger it became the bigger grew the desire to jump. So he jumped.

As an amateur he won forty of forty-four fights, thirty-seven by knockouts. In 1952, his final year, he took both the Golden Gloves light-heavyweight and the National Amateur Athletic Union 165-pound titles before going to the Olympics in Helsinki. There he won a three-round decision over Omar Tebbaka, of France; then knocked out Leonardus Jansen, of Holland, in the first round. In the semi-finals, he won from Stig Sjolin, of Sweden, who, after sampling Patterson's punches, was disqualified for persistent holding. In the finals Patterson flattened Vasile Tita, of Rumania, the hope of the Communist claque, in twenty seconds.

When Patterson turned professional following the Olympics, his reputation already was so awesome that managers of preliminary fighters ran from suggestions that they put their boys in with him. Meanwhile D'Amato had his own suspicions that the matchmakers were seeking to overmatch Patterson for the sake of a good fight. The problem of finding opponents became even more difficult after Patterson won his first five battles by knockouts, each in five rounds or less.

The key fights in Patterson's development were a close win over Dick Wagner, a light-heavyweight from Toppenish, Washington, at the Eastern Parkway Arena in April, 1953, and his disputed loss there to Maxim. D'Amato says that in the Wagner fight he wanted to test Patterson's capacity to absorb body punishment, and that he accepted Maxim to "find the ceiling of Floyd's performance" against an experienced man who lacked a dangerous punch.

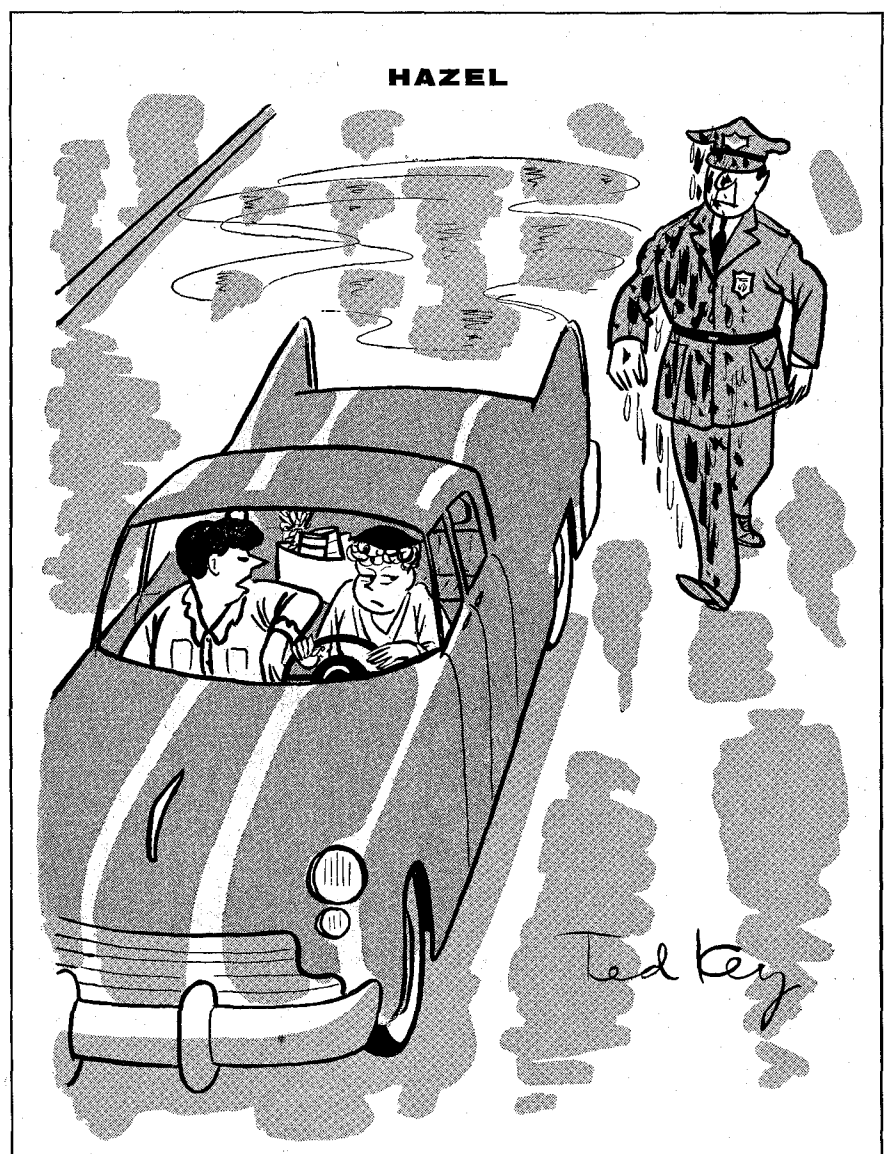
"I kept telling Floyd that he had to learn to move and jab, because that would make fighting less dangerous," D'Amato says, "but I also told him this because I couldn't tell him to carry anybody. If I had let him go like he wanted, I'd only been able to get the toughest fighters for him."

D'Amato's problem of "moving" his fighter was also complicated by a cold war he conducted for four years with the International Boxing Club, recently ruled a monopoly by Federal Judge Sylvester J. Ryan. Patterson won the heavyweight title under I.B.C. auspices, but broke away from that organization when he signed to fight Jackson on July twenty-ninth at the Polo Grounds in New York for Emil Lence, an independent promoter. Later D'Amato announced the even more radical plan of having Patterson make a subsequent title defense in Seattle against an amateur—Pete Rademacher, the 1956 Olympic heavyweight champion. However, officials of the National Boxing Association declared that they would not sanction such a match.

Back in the days when D'Amato was unable to book opponents to his liking, he hired seasoned, tough light-heavyweights and heavyweights to box Patterson for twenty-five dollars a round at Ehsan's training camp in Summit, New Jersey. He would exhort the fighters to attempt to knock Patterson out, and then tell Patterson what they had in mind.

"One guy went two rounds," D'Amato says, "but none of the others went more than one."

When Patterson ascended the heavyweight throne last November, he was fourteen months younger than Joe Louis had been, and he got there in eight fewer fights. However, so far, he has failed to excite the public as Louis did. At six feet and 182¼ pounds—his weight for Moore—Patterson lacks an inch and a half and fifteen pounds of matching Louis' stature. Patterson's broad shoulders are squared. Louis had the sloping shoulders associated with smooth and forceful punching, and he was heavier through the chest. In the ring Louis was a classicist. Stalking an opponent, he wasted few punches, and forced openings with what was possibly the greatest jab of all time. Patterson mounts his assaults with flashing flurries of punches that are not so pleasing to the eye. Some of them are thrown while Patterson is off balance, and others while he is in mid-air. Many miss or are blocked.



"Be firm."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"But they can't block them all," says D'Amato. "That's how Floyd gets through to them. Even when he's off balance he can knock a man out."

Although Patterson does not create the impression of controlled, rhythmical grace that Louis did, he is superior in several respects. Louis moved basically on a straight line, while Patterson has greater mobility and speed. Patterson is more inventive and a better defensive fighter. Louis had the flaw of dropping the left hand after the jab without compensating for it by stepping to his own left.

"When a man is doing things successfully it's difficult to change him," D'Amato admits. "Floyd has youth, and youth means fire. People are looking for maturity in Floyd, and that'll come when experience begins to replace that drive."

It is feared by some that Patterson has been allowed to cling to his amateur traits too long. There were signs in the Moore fight, however, that he may keep right on developing, despite the potential disadvantage of finding success too easily and too soon.

In preparing for the Moore fight, D'Amato and Florio agreed that it would be folly for Patterson to box the cagey, counterpunching veteran upright and at sparring distance. They schooled the youngster to weave in low and throw to the body. Patterson, who is an alert student of boxing styles, also noticed in motion pictures of Moore's fight with Rocky Marciano that Moore's best punch was a countering right to Marciano's right. He decided to depend primarily on his own left hook.

Patterson executed the battle plan almost perfectly. In the first three rounds Moore was obviously disconcerted by Patterson's crouch, and by his refusal to lead to the head. In the fourth and fifth rounds Moore was forced to take the lead himself. In the fifth Moore left an opening for the hook that lifted him off his feet and dropped him face down. When he got up, Patterson finished him with a combination, using a right for the last punch.

Patterson would undeniably benefit if he could fight every five or six weeks. As champion he will be confined to fighting two or, at most, three times a year, when opponents can be nurtured to readiness and the public's interest aroused. Aware of the danger of getting rusty, he works hard at the training camp at the Long Pond Inn, in Greenwood Lake, New York, whenever he can free himself from the social responsibilities of a heavyweight champion.

Patterson disclaims any ambition to break the record of Louis, who held the title for eleven years, eight months and seven days.

"My main purpose in fightin'," he says, "is to see that my family and my mother will be in a comfortable position. Ten years from now I don't expect to be fightin'. I expect to be livin' somewhere in upstate New York on a farm, so I can raise my family in the country, where it's better to bring up kids."

His big struggle is still with himself. Two years ago he was converted to Catholicism by Father Archibald McLeese, of Brooklyn's Holy Rosary Church. Through this, as through the understanding he discovered at Wiltwyck, at P.S. 614 and in boxing, he is working toward an inner peace. However, he remains burdened by shyness and sensitivity.

"My feelings are still rather delicate," he says. "You can hit me and I won't think much of it, but you can say something and hurt me very much. You try to make yourself stronger, but you can't get rid of it." THE END

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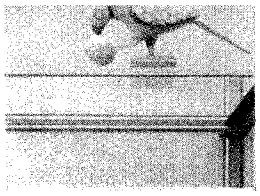

Forecast:

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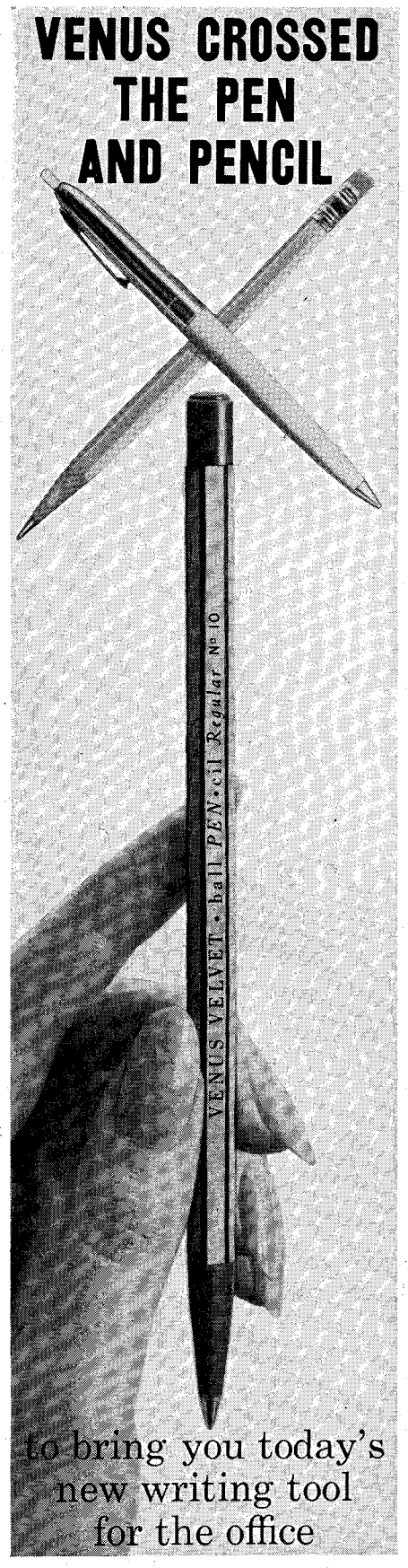

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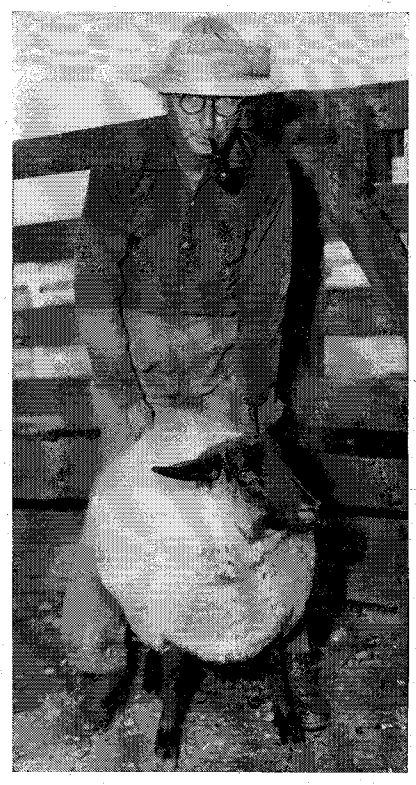
Keeping Posted

Editor Down on the Ranch

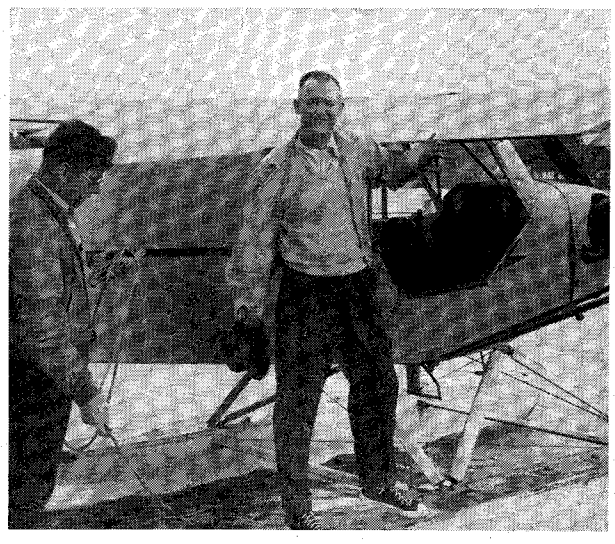
Stanley Walker of page 22, for years the distinguished city editor of the New York Herald Tribune, today corresponds from Lampasas, Texas, near where he was born in '98, and he signs himself "Cowman, Patriot, Sage and Former Boulevardier." Eleven years ago Walker and his wife ("a Yankee of great culture and one of the world's great cooks") took over a small run-down ranch and are running it up again. "While abolishing Overhead we have sometimes damn-near abolished Income, yet we are ahead of the game." They eat well, raising their beef, lamb, pork, etc., and if the slim and energetic Walker wants to add a few pounds, he takes aboard some Italian meals, a charming all-round diet indeed. So life is a contented isolation spiced by visits from friends old and new—and by the latest of his books: Home to Texas (Harper's, 1956).

Walker reminisces that in his time on the Herald Tribune he had his share of victories, most of which he has forgotten, but that among his defeats were two that still horrify him: when the old World beat him on the disappearance of Judge Crater, and when The Times scooped him on the closing of Hitchcock's, famed beef-and-beans establishment. "I cannot forget these blows if I live to 101, which is probable."



Stanley Walker.

Saved by the Coast Guard



Bud Whiting, left, and Jim Lockhart take off in an ill-fated plane.

In the picture **Jim Lockhart** (illustrator on page 31) is taking off on a Gulf of Mexico fishing trip which wasn't any fun at all. While Lockhart and Bud Whiting, owner of the pontoon plane, were fishing from an infinitesimal oyster mound off Gulfport, a sudden storm lashed up, blew the plane away and left the men clinging precariously to the surf-battered "key" for hours until a Coast Guard helicopter found and rescued them. Later they learned that nine men had been lost from a wave-tossed oil rig near them. But all this won't in the least slow up Lockhart's interest in outdoor pursuits, and his frequent painting (and writing articles) in this milieu. For human models, the illustrator's teen-age son and daughter have come in mighty handy, and recently his wife thoughtfully provided a new source of models for him—she became dean of studies of a girls' school near their Lake Forest, Illinois, home.

Short Report Department

Bill Heinz.

Bill Heinz, page 25, went to see boxer Floyd Patterson at his training place and had to wait four hours in a country-hotel lobby before Patterson showed up. Here Bill acquired an insight into Floyd's personality—it seems that a group of teen-agers were dancing in the lobby and the champion of the world was just too shy to face 'em.

W. R. Wilkerson, in an article in the Hollywood Reporter, speaks of the many years during which the Post has covered Hollywood activities, and he comments, "Out of a proud tradition of dignity and fair play the Post has never . . . stooped to sensationalism and slander. **Pete Martin's** cogent commentaries . . . have won . . . a host of new readers—cleanly, decently, legitimately." (See Martin on page 36). Wilkerson thinks that for fairness toward the Hollywood scene few magazines can match the Post, and he points out that more than sixty Post stories were selected last year for production by major companies—another way in which the Post has befriended filmland.

To grasp the extremely complex ideas involved in nerve gas for war use (page 28), **John Kobler** had to have long sessions with a number of America's—and the world's—leading scientists. "I doubt," says the author gratefully, "whether such a mentally high-powered group ever worked harder to din difficult concepts into a scientific illiterate like myself."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Secrets of the Unknown War"

A few brave men were pitted in desperate combat across one of the earth's most desolate regions. Beginning a record of high adventure that has never been told before.

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